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REV. LOUIS FITZGERALD BENSON, D. D.

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PRINCETON THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

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The 1st Edition of a Book
Ed. by an unknown Lady,
Commended by Franklin (see
Preface) & frequently represented
in London.

It opens with
a hymn & contains other
Items. The confusion of having neg-
lected to note the author's
names is amusing

MISCELLANIES,

MORAL AND INSTRUCTIVE,

IN

PROSE and VERSE;

COLLECTED FROM

VARIOUS AUTHORS,

FOR THE

USE OF SCHOOLS,

AND

IMPROVEMENT

OF

YOUNG PERSONS OF BOTH SEXES.

"'Tis Education forms the common Mind;
"Just as the Twig is bent, the Tree's inclin'd." POPE.

PHILADELPHIA:
Printed by JOSEPH JAMES, in Chesnut-Street,
between Front and Second-Streets.
M.DCC.LXXX.VII.

LIBRARY OF PRINCETON
APR 26 1938
THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

PREFACE.

THE right education of youth, being a point of great importance to the preſent and ſucceeding generations, it is to be regretted, that the want of proper books for the uſe of ſchools, ſhould have been ſo general a ſubject of complaint; and that very few attempts have been made to ſupply this deficiency, by introducing ſomething on ſuch a plan, as might, beſides improving the underſtandings and morals, inſtructively amuſe the vacant hours of young people, and have a tendency to render the taſk of teaching a more agreeable employment.

WITH a view to theſe objects, the following Miſcellaneous Compilation is now offered to the public. Moſt of the extracts which compoſe it, were collected ſome years ago, from a variety of authors, by a perſon who had no other intention, at the time, but that of preſerving them for her own peruſal and amuſement; and who, from motives wholly diſintereſted, has lately, at the requeſt of her friends, conſented to their publication, with a hope, that if they are favourably received, it may prove an incitement to ſome perſon of greater abilities, to purſue this or a better plan, whereby our ſchools may be furniſhed with a book more deſerving their acceptance.

IT gives ſome concern to the compiler, that ſhe neglected to diſtinguiſh the different parts, with the names of their authors, at the time they were ſelected, as it is not now in her power to ſupply the omiſſion.

THE

THE editor has thought it neceſſary to remark, that a few verbal alterations have been made in ſome of the extracts, the better to adapt them to the uſe of the preſent deſign; but as the ſentiments and tenor of the original pieces are not thereby materially changed, it is hoped this freedom will be excuſed by their reſpective authors, to whom not the leaſt injury or offence has been intended.

THE EDITOR.

ONE of the moſt approved judges of books amongſt us, after peruſing ſome parts of the manuſcript, has expreſſed his approbation thereof as follows:

"I HAVE read, with much pleaſure, the manuſcript ſpecimen communicated to me of the Miſcellanies in Proſe and Verſe. I am glad to hear they are now ordered for the preſs.

"A BOOK, containing ſo many well choſen ſentiments, and excellent inſtructions, put into the hands of our children, cannot but be highly uſeful to the riſing generation.

B. FRANKLIN."

A MORNING

A MORNING HYMN.

TO thee, let my firſt offerings riſe,
Whoſe ſun creates the day,
Swift as his glad'ning influence flies,
And ſpotleſs as his ray.
What numbers with heart-piercing ſighs
Have paſt this tedious night!
What numbers too have clos'd their eyes,
No more to ſee the light!
Sound was my ſleep, my dreams were gay,
How ſhort ſuch time review'd!
My night ſtole unperceiv'd away;
I'm like the day renew'd.
This day thy fav'ring hand be nigh,
So oft vouchſaf'd before;
Still may it lead, protect, ſupply,
And I that hand adore.
If bliſs thy Providence impart,
For which reſign'd I pray,
Give me to feel the grateful heart,
And without guilt be gay.
Affliction, ſhould thy love intend,
As vice or folly's cure,
Patient to gain that gracious end,
May I the means endure.
Thus from my fix'd or varying fate,
Some virtue let me gain,
That Heaven, nor high, nor low eſtate,
When ſent, may ſend in vain.
Be this, and ev'ry future day
Still wiſer than the paſt,
That life's improvement to ſurvey
May well ſuſtain my laſt.

THE

THE duties of religion, ſincerely and regularly performed, will always be ſufficient to exalt the meaneſt, and to exerciſe the higheſt underſtanding. That mind will never be vacant, which is frequently recalled by ſtated duties to meditations on eternal intereſts; nor can any hour be long, which is ſpent in obtaining ſome new qualification for celeſtial happineſs.

TO love an enemy, is the diſtinguiſhing characteriſtic of a religion, which is not of man but of God. It could be delivered as a precept, only by him who lived and died to eſtabliſh it by his example.

IF thou doſt good to man, as an evidence of thy love to God, thy virtue will be exalted from moral to divine; and that happineſs, which is the foretaſte of paradiſe, will be thy reward upon earth.

RECREATION after buſineſs is allowable; but he that follows his pleaſure inſtead of his buſineſs, ſhall in a little time have no buſineſs to follow.

RESIGNATION.

THOU Pow'r Supreme, by whoſe command I live,
The grateful tribute of my praiſe receive;
To thy indulgence, I my being owe,
And all the joys which from that being flow.
Scarce eighteen ſuns have form'd the rolling year,
And run their deſtin'd courſes round the ſphere,
Since thou my undiſtinguiſh'd form ſurvey'd,
Among the lifeleſs heaps of matter laid;
Thy ſkill my elemental clay refin'd,
The ſtraggling parts in beauteous order join'd;
With perfect ſymmetry compos'd the whole,
And ſtampt thy ſacred image on my ſoul;
A ſoul, ſuſceptible of endleſs joy!
Whoſe frame, nor force, nor time, can e'er deſtroy,
But ſhall ſubſiſt, when nature claims my breath,
And bid defiance to the power of death, The

To realms of bliſs, with active freedom ſoar,
And live when earth and hell ſhall be no more.
Indulgent God, in vain my tongue aſſays,
For this immortal gift, to ſpeak thy praiſe.
How ſhall my heart, its grateful ſenſe reveal,
When all the energy of words muſt fail?
Oh! may its influence in my life appear,
And every action, prove my thanks ſincere.
Grant me, great God! a heart to thee inclin'd,
Increaſe my faith, and rectify my mind;
Teach me betimes to tread thy ſacred ways,
And to thy ſervice conſecrate my days;
Still as thro' life's uncertain maze I ſtray,
Be thou the guiding-ſtar to mark my way;
Conduct the ſteps of my unguarded youth,
And point their motions to the paths of truth;
Protect me by thy providential care,
And teach my ſoul t' avoid the tempter's ſnare;
Thro' all the various ſcenes of human life,
In calms of eaſe, or bluſtering ſtorms of ſtrife,
Thro' every turn of this inconſtant ſtate,
Preſerve my temper, equal and ſedate;
Give me a mind that bravely does deſpiſe,
The low deſigns of artifice and lies;
Be my religion, ſuch as taught by thee,
Alike from pride and ſuperſtition free;
Inform my judgment, rectify my will,
Confirm my reaſon, and my paſſions ſtill;
To gain thy favour be my only end,
And to that ſcope may every action tend;
Amidſt the pleaſures of a proſp'rous ſtate,
Whoſe flatt'ring charms too oft the mind elate,
Still may I think to whom theſe joys I owe,
And bleſs the bounteous hand from whence they flow;
Or if an adverſe fortune be my ſhare,
Let not its terrors tempt me to deſpair,
But bravely arm'd, a ſteady faith maintain,
And own all beſt which thy decrees ordain;
On thy Almighty Providence depend,
The beſt protector and the ſureſt friend:

Thus

Thus on life's ſtage may I my part maintain,
And at my exit thy applauſes gain ;
When thy pale herald ſummons me away,
Support me in that great cataſtrophe ;
In that laſt conflict guard me from alarms,
And take my ſoul, expiring, to thy arms.

"BLESSED are the poor in ſpirit, for their's is the king-
"dom of Heaven."—Thus our bleſſed Saviour opened his ſer-
mon on the mount ; and from his example we may be aſſured,
that humility is the richeſt garment that the ſoul can wear. By
this word is to be underſtood, not an abject poorneſs of ſpirit,
that would ſtoop to do a mean thing ; but ſuch an humble ſenſe
of human nature, as ſets the heart and affections right towards
God, and gives us every temper that is tender and affectionate
towards our fellow creatures. This is the ſoil of all virtues,
where every thing that is good and lovely grows.

DESPISE not labour ; if you do not want it for food, you
may for phyſic ; It ſtrengthens the body, invigorates the mind,
and prevents the ill conſequences of idleneſs.

OBSERVE the ant, for ſhe inſtructs the man,
And preaches labour, gath'ring all ſhe can,
Then brings it to increaſe her heap at home,
Againſt the winter which ſhe knows will come ;
And when that comes ſhe creeps abroad no more,
But lies at home and feaſts upon her ſtore.

AN EVENING REFLECTION.

WHILE night, in ſolemn ſhade, inveſts the pole,
And calm reflection ſooths the penſive ſoul ;
While reaſon, undiſturb'd, aſſerts her ſway,
And life's deceitful colours fade away—

To thee, all-conſcious Preſence! I devote
This peaceful interval of ſober thought.
Here all my better faculties confine,
And be this hour of ſacred ſilence thine.
If by the day's illuſive ſcenes miſled,
My erring ſoul from virtue's path has ſtray'd,
Snar'd by example or by paſſion warm'd,
Some falſe delight my giddy ſenſe has charm'd;
My calmer thoughts the wretched choice reprove,
And my beſt hopes are center'd in thy love.
Depriv'd of this, can life one joy afford!
Its utmoſt boaſt, a vain, unmeaning word.
But, ah! how oft my lawleſs paſſions rove,
And break thoſe awful precepts I approve!
Purſue the fatal impulſe I abhor,
And violate the virtue I adore!
Oft when thy better Spirit's guardian care,
Warn'd my fond ſoul to ſhun the tempting ſnare,
My ſtubborn will his gentle aid repreſt,
And check'd the riſing goodneſs in my breaſt;
Mad with vain hopes, or urg'd by falſe deſires,
Still'd his ſoft voice and quench'd his ſacred fires.
With grief oppreſt, and proſtrate in the duſt,
Should'ſt thou condemn, I own the ſentence juſt.
But, oh! thy ſofter titles let me claim,
And plead my cauſe by mercy's gentle name—
Mercy, that wipes the penitential tear,
And diſſipates the horror of deſpair;
From rig'rous juſtice ſteals the vengeful hour,
Softens the dreadful attribute of pow'r,
Diſarms the wrath of an offended God,
And ſeals my pardon in a Saviour's blood.
All-pow'rful grace, exert thy gentle ſway,
And teach my rebel paſſions to obey,
Leſt lurking folly, with inſidious art,
Regain my volatile, inconſtant heart;
Shall every high reſolve devotion frames,
Be only lifeleſs ſounds and ſpecious names?
Oh! rather while thy hopes and fears controul,
In this ſtill hour, each motion of my ſoul,

Secure its ſafety by a ſudden doom,
And be the ſoft retreat of ſleep my tomb;
Calm let me ſlumber in that dark repoſe,
'Till the laſt morn its orient beam diſcloſe;
Then when the great archangel's potent ſound
Shall echo thro' creation's ample round,
Wak'd from the ſleep of death, with joy ſurvey
The op'ning ſplendors of eternal day.

PRIDE hides a man's faults from himſelf, and magnifies them to others.

"THERE is nothing (ſays Plato) ſo delightful, as the hear-"ing or the ſpeaking of truth." For this reaſon, there is no converſation ſo agreeable, as that of the man of integrity, who hears without any intention to betray, and ſpeaks without any intention to deceive.

Truth is always conſiſtent with itſelf, and needs nothing to help it out; it is always near at hand, and ſits upon our lips, and is ready to drop out before we are aware: Whereas a lie is troubleſome, and ſets a man's invention on the rack, and one trick needs a great many more of the ſame kind to make it good.

MORAL virtues themſelves, without religion, are but cold, lifeleſs and inſipid: It is religion only which opens the mind to great conceptions, fills it with the moſt ſublime ideas, and warms the ſoul more than ſenſual pleaſures.

BY reading we enjoy the dead, by converſation, the living, and by contemplation, ourſelves. Reading enriches the memory, converſation poliſhes the wit, and contemplation improves the judgment.

THE commands of Heaven (in the obſervance of which religion principally conſiſts) are very plain and obvious to the meaneſt underſtanding, and are nothing elſe but exhortations to love and directions for ſocial happineſs.

GREAT

GREAT is the ſteadineſs of ſoul and thought,
By reaſon bred, and by religion taught:
Which like a rock amidſt the ſtormy waves,
Unmov'd remains, and all affliction braves.

WISDOM's an evenneſs of mind and ſoul,
A ſteady temper which no cares controul;
No paſſions ruffle, no deſires inflame;
Still conſtant to itſelf, and ſtill the ſame.

ACCOMPLISHMENTS by Heaven were firſt deſign'd,
Leſs to adorn, than to amend the mind;
Each ſhould contribute to this gen'ral end,
And all to virtue as their centre tend;
Th' acquirements which our beſt eſteem invite,
Should not project, but ſoften, mix, unite,
In glaring light not ſtrongly be diſplay'd,
But ſweetly loſt, and melted into ſhade.

AS the gay flowers which nature yields
So various on the vernal fields,
Delight the fancy more than thoſe
The garden gives to view in equal rows;
As the pure ſtream, whoſe mazy train,
The prattling pebbles check in vain,
Gives native pleaſure, while it leads
Its random waters ſwiftly thro' the meads;
As birds on boughs, in early ſpring,
Their wood-notes-wild near rivers ſing,
Grateful their warbling ſtrains repeat,
And ſoothe the ear irregularly ſweet;
So ſimple dreſs and native grace,
Will beſt become the lovely face;
For the judicious man ſuſpects
In artful ornaments conceal'd defects.

MOST of the miſeries of life, undoubtedly reſult from our ſtraying from the path which leads to content.

FRIEND-

FRIENDSHIP delights in equal fellowſhip,
Where purity of rank, and mutual offices,
Engage both ſides alike, and keep the balance ev'n.
'Tis irkſome to a gen'rous, grateful heart,
To be oppreſs'd beneath a load of favours,
Still to receive and run in debt with friendſhip,
Without the power of paying ſomething back.

NEVER ſay any thing directly tending to your own praiſe; nor when you have done or ſaid any thing that deſerves it, receive it from others with indifference. Be neither too covetous of it, nor appear diſpleaſed or confuſed at receiving it; but when you have done any thing worthy of praiſe, ſuffer yourſelf to be told of it, without rebuffing thoſe who are doing you juſtice. In your private thoughts diveſt yourſelf of it, and return it to God, as the giver of the gift, and the bleſſer of the action. Give him unfeigned thanks, for making you an inſtrument of his glory for the benefit of others.

THE advice of Pythagoras is, that as the body is no more than the ſervant of the ſoul, it ſhould only be nouriſhed ſo as it may beſt perform an humble and obedient ſervice to it.

THE duties that are owing to friends, are integrity, love, counſel and aſſiſtance. It is not intimacy and frequency of converſation, that makes a friend, but a diſintereſted obſervance of theſe duties.

THERE is no manner of life ſo ſtrait, or miſerable, that hath not ſome ſolace and conſolation. Jonah had leiſure to make his prayer unto God, even in the belly of the whale, and was heard.

IT is ſome ſhort refreſhment to friends and relations, to ſee and hear from one another, but it paſſeth away; and we have here no continuing city, no abiding delights in this world; our reſt remains elſewhere. Thoſe we have, loſe much of their ſweetneſs, from the thoughts of parting with them, even while we enjoy them; but the happineſs to come is eternal. BE

BE very careful in your promiſes, and juſt in your performances, and remember it is better to do, and not promiſe, than to promiſe, and not perform.

NEVER do any thing for your friends, that is not conſonant to your honour and your conſcience; you ought always to prefer thoſe to your friends.

———————WITH ſtealing foot,
Time follows mortals; overtakes the ſwift;
Stops the career of youth, and clogs the wheels
Of trembling age; and to one common doom
Brings kings and peaſants, conquerors and ſlaves.

RELIGION's force divine is beſt diſplay'd
In deep deſertion of all human aid;
To ſuccour in extremes is her delight,
And chear the heart, when terror ſtrikes the ſight;
We, diſbelieving our own ſenſes, gaze,
And wonder what a mortal's heart can raiſe,
To triumph o'er misfortunes, ſmile in grief,
And comfort thoſe, who come to bring relief:
We gaze, and as we gaze, wealth, fame decay,
And all the world's vain glories fade away.

WE need not travel, ſeeking ways to bliſs,
He that deſires contentment cannot miſs;
No garden-walls this precious flow'r embrace,
It common grows in ev'ry deſart place.

THE varying ſeaſons ev'ry virtuous ſoul
With various pleaſures, in their changes bleſs;
Raiſe chearful hopes, and anxious fears controul,
And form a paradiſe of inward peace.

WHEN conſtant faith, and holy hope ſhall die,
One loſt in certainty, and one in joy;
Then thou, more happy pow'r, fair charity,
Triumphant ſiſter, greateſt of the three,

Thy office and thy nature ſtill the ſame,
Laſting thy lamp, and unconſum'd thy flame,
Shalt ſtill ſurvive—
Shalt ſtand before the throne of Heaven confeſt,
Forever bleſſing, and forever bleſt.

DEATH ſeems to enter a cottage only as a gentle deliverer from the miſeries of human life; but into courts and the ſeats of grandeur, with inſult and terror. To languiſh under a gilded canopy, to expire on ſoft and downy pillows, and give up the ghoſt in ſtate, has a more gloomy aſpect, than at the call of nature, to expire on a graſſy turf, and reſign the breathleſs clay, back to its proper element. What does a crowd of friends or flatterers ſignify in that important hour, to the moſt glorious mortal? Which of his numerous attendants would ſtand the arreſt of death, deſcend into the ſilent priſon of the grave for him, or anſwer the ſummons of the ſupreme tribunal?

BEAUTY is a ſhort-lived flower, which is eaſily withered: A cultivated mind is a treaſure, which encreaſes every moment; it is a rich ſoil, which brings forth an hundred fold.

A PERSON never appears ſo ridiculous by the qualities he has, as by thoſe he affects to have. He gains more by being contented to be ſeen as he is, than by attempting to appear what he is not.

TRUE greatneſs of ſoul pays itſelf, as it were, with its own hands, by the ſatisfaction of doing good.

PEOPLE may talk like good Chriſtians at their eaſe; but pretty ſentences, and formal ſpeeches, are very trifling remedies to a real and unaffected ſorrow.

THAT little incendiary, called the tongue, is more venomous than a poiſoned arrow; and more killing than a two-edged ſword.

HOW

HOW few there are, that can be freely kind,
Or know to fix their favours on the mind;
Hence ſome, whene'er they would oblige, offend,
And while they make the fortune, loſe the friend.

KNOW that wherever love and virtue guide,
They lead us to the ſtate of Heav'nly bliſs,
Where joys unknown to guilt and ſhame preſide,
And pleaſures, unallay'd, each hour encreaſe.

THE princely pine, on hills exalted,
Whoſe lofty branches cleave the ſky,
By winds long-brav'd at laſt aſſaulted,
Is head-long whirl'd in duſt to lie;
Whilſt the mild roſe, more ſafely growing
Low in its unaſpiring vale,
Amidſt retirement's ſhelter blowing,
Exchanges ſweets with every gale.

IMITATION of the 126th PSALM.

1

WHEN God reveal'd his gracious name,
And chang'd my mournful ſtate,
My rapture ſeem'd a pleaſing dream,
The grace appear'd ſo great.

2

The world beheld the glorious change,
And did thine hand confeſs;
My tongue broke out in unknown ſtrains,
And ſung ſurprizing grace.

3

Great is the work, my neighbours cry'd,
And own'd the pow'r divine;
Great is the work, my heart reply'd,
And be the glory thine!

4

The Lord can change the darkeſt ſkies,
Can give us day for night;
Make floods of ſacred ſorrow riſe
To rivers of delight.

5

Let thoſe that ſow in ſadneſs wait,
'Till the fair harveſt come;
They ſhall confeſs their ſheaves are great,
And ſhout the bleſſings home.

A MIND formed upon the principles of the goſpel, may look down with contempt upon the luſtre of a throne, and yet know the value, and feel a ſenſe of gratitude, in the poſſeſſion of a crumb. The moſt exalted ſituation in the preſent life is expoſed; yea, probably moſt expoſed, to the faſcinating allurements of temptation; and whoſoever ſhall look heedfully upon thoſe who are eminent for their riches, will not think their condition ſuch as that he ſhould hazard his quiet, and much leſs his virtue, to obtain it. The rich and the poor have their hours of ſorrow, and their intervals of joy; neither poverty nor wealth exempt them from feeling the common calamities of life, nor confer that happineſs we ſo eagerly purſue, but which we muſt not experience, till our race is finiſhed, and our work done.

WHAT in this life, which ſoon muſt end,
Can all our vain deſigns intend?
From ſhore to ſhore why ſhould we run,
Where none his tireſome ſelf can ſhun?
For baneful care will ſtill prevail,
And overtake us under ſail:
'Twill dodge the great man's train behind,
Outrun the doe, outfly the wind.

INDUSTRY

INDUSTRY is needful in every condition of life; we cannot, without it, act in any ſtate to the benefit or ſatisfaction of others, or to our own advantage and comfort; it is requiſite for procuring eaſe and ſatisfaction to the mind; and if attended with a good conſcience, ſweetens our enjoyments, and ſeaſons our attainments; and is a guard to innocence, and a bar to temptation.

A PERSON under the influence and temper of the goſpel, will ſay with gratitude and joy, "I have learned, in whatſoever ſtate I am, therewith to be content." In the moſt trying circumſtances, I have a ſure and certain promiſe, that my bread ſhall be given, and my water ſhall be ſure; and if I am not favoured with all the elegancies of life, yet I am confident that the God whom I ſerve, will afford me ſuch temporary ſupplies, as ſhall be moſt conducive to my own happineſs and his glory.

TRUE religion will ſhew its influence in every part of our conduct; it is like the ſap of a living tree, which penetrates to the moſt diſtant boughs.

ACTION keeps the ſoul in conſtant health, but idleneſs corrupts and ruſts the mind; for a man of great abilities may by negligence and idleneſs become ſo uſeleſs as to be an incumbrance to ſociety and a burthen to himſelf.

HE is the moſt worthy of poſſeſſing riches, who knows beſt how to do without them.

KEEP no company with a man who is given to detraction; to hear him patiently, is to partake of his guilt, and prompt him to a continuance in that vice which all good men ſhun him for.

THOU ſhalt not curſe the deaf, Lev. xix. 14. Thoſe that are abſent are deaf; they cannot right themſelves, and therefore ſay no ill of them.

HAPPY are thoſe who can ſee the beauty of virtue!—Is it poſſible to ſee her, without loving her? Is it poſſible to love her, without being happy?

Seeking for HAPPINESS.

NOT all that parent earth can give,
Can make her children ever live;
Nor yet afford them happineſs—
For creatures ne'er can truly bleſs.
If what we drink, and what we eat,
Can never make our bliſs complete—
To rich variety of food,
And gay attire, and ev'ry good,
Give honour, titles, pomp and fame,
With ev'ry bleſſing we can name;
Give pleaſure, profit, knowledge, eaſe,
Whatever can inſtruct or pleaſe;
Authority—a vaſt eſtate,
With all that maketh rich and great;
Yet theſe could never conſtitute
A man much happier than a brute:
For while our wretched paſſions reign,
Felicity is ſought in vain.
Where then ſhall happineſs be found?
That lovely, pleaſing, joyous ſound.
Great ſource of bliſs! vouchſafe to ſhew,
How I this pearl of price may know.
If grateful ſouls—if ſouls reſign'd
To thy bleſt will, this treaſure find,
To me, great God! do thou impart,
A thankful and contented heart;
Drive far away all diffidence,
And give me, Lord! true confidence,
In thy unerring Providence.
Let all my vices be ſubdu'd,
Replace them, Lord, with gratitude!
My every want do thou redreſs,
Give me, oh give me, happineſs!

RELIGION, the balm of life, the anchor of hope, the diſpeller of fears, the haven of reſt, will carry us into the arms of him, who is mighty to ſave from every trouble; defended by

by his ſhield, tho' afflictions ſpring not out of the duſt, they ſhall not hurt us; ſupported by his power, tho' the mighty rage, they ſhall not prevail againſt us; guided by his wiſdom, tho' ſnares and evils encompaſs our paths, we ſhall eſcape them all. In vain may be our toil for riches to ſecure us; but our truſt in him will never be in vain. The arrows of affliction may reach the very pinnacle of greatneſs, and cares and terrors climb up to us, how ever high we may place ourſelves; but he is a tower of defence, a place of ſafety, a rock of ſalvation. O then! amidſt all the ſtorms, and tumults of the world, give ear to that voice which ſpeaketh peace, and ſays, "Come unto me, all "ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you reſt; "take my yoke upon you, and ye ſhall find reſt to your ſouls; "for my yoke is eaſy, and my burthen is light."

VIRTUE has ſecret charms which all men love;
And thoſe that do not chooſe her, yet approve.

TRUE happineſs—man's gen'ral aim and end,
The point of reſt to which our wiſhes tend,
To no externals ever was aſſign'd,
But fixt the portion of a ſteady mind;
A ſteady mind, that no deſires inflame,
Still conſtant to itſelf, and ſtill the ſame;
The ſame when fortune blows an adverſe gale;
The ſame when on a throne or in a jail:
A mind that can each mad exceſs controul,
Subdue the paſſions, and direct the ſoul;
That, ſummon'd, chearfully reſigns her breath,
Nor trembles, anxious at th' approach of death.

Epitaph upon Epictetus, the Stoic Philoſopher.

"EPICTETUS, who lies here, was a ſlave and a cripple; poor as the beggar in the proverb, and the favourite of "Heaven."

In

In this diſtich is comprized the nobleſt panegyric, and the moſt important inſtruction. We may learn from it, that virtue is impracticable in no condition, ſince Epictetus could recommend himſelf to the regard of Heaven, amidſt the temptations of poverty and ſlavery. Slavery has been found ſo deſtructive to virtue, that, in ſome languages, a ſlave and a thief are expreſſed by the ſame word. And we may be admoniſhed by it, not to lay any ſtreſs on a man's outward circumſtances, in making an eſtimate of his real virtue, ſince Epictetus the beggar, the cripple, and the ſlave, was the favourite of Heaven.

Occaſioned by a Recovery from a tedious Illneſs.

FATHER Divine, Eternal One!
While Heav'n pure homage pays,
From this dark point, beneath the ſun,
Accept a mortal's praiſe.
Yet what's the praiſe my breath can give;
What's all that I can ſay,
But that the God in whom I live
Has giv'n me health to-day?
The theme my voice in vain aſſays,
Then let my life purſue;
Let what I am record thy praiſe,
Expreſs'd in what I do.
Thee more than all—and as myſelf,
Oh teach me man to love:
Be this my fame, my glory, wealth,
My bliſs below—above!
Nor let my love to man be vain,
My love to God be blind;
Of thee ſome knowledge let me gain,
Some bleſſing give mankind.
Thro' ev'ry change my life may know,
My ebbing, flowing tides,
Firm be my faith, that all below,
Love, join'd with wiſdom, guides.
That e'en thy juſtice tends to bleſs,

Tho'

Tho' little underſtood ;
That partial evils love expreſs,
And work the gen'ral good.
But frail, alas ! this mortal clay,
This reaſoning mind how frail !
Let ſtrength be equal to my day,
Nor height nor depth prevail.
When o'er my roof affliction low'rs,
Suſtain my ſinking heart ;
In all my gay, unguarded hours,
Oh keep my better part !
And when this tott'ring fabric falls,
Aſſiſt my ſoul to ſoar,
Where full poſſeſſion never palls,
To know and love thee more.

THE uſe of learning is not to procure popular applauſe, or excite vain admiration, but to make the poſſeſſor more virtuous and uſeful to ſociety, and his virtue a more conſpicuous example to thoſe that are illiterate.

WHAT exalted mortal, in the laſt hour of life, would not reſign all the advantages of greatneſs and power, for a few moments of leiſure and obſcurity.

IF there is any happineſs below the ſtars, it conſiſts in a freedom from the hurry and cenſure of the world, where the mind may devote all its bright and ſerene intervals to Heaven.

THE courſe of human things is all decreed,
With each minuteſt circumſtance, above :
No fickle chance ; no blind contingencies ;
No unforeſeen events ariſe, to croſs
The purpoſes divine.———————

Hope

Hope travels through.—POPE.

THE ſweet deceiver, hope, deſtroys,
By airy viſions, real joys;
Each future ſcene, by her array'd
In brightneſs, makes the preſent fade;
All the long day we wiſh for night,
Then ſigh for the return of light;
Thro' gloomy winter's reign we mourn,
'Till pleaſure-pinion'd ſpring's return;
But here, with joyleſs feet, we tread
The verdant lawn, or painted mead,
'Till ſummer comes—yet e'en from this
Enjoyment's fled—the promis'd bliſs
Is now poſtpon'd, 'till autumn ſhews
Her golden fields and loaded boughs;
Hither we preſs—but vain the chace!
The phantom flies with equal pace.
Now winter charms—again it comes,
And her ſtill taſteleſs reign reſumes;
The trav'ler thus thick miſts encloſe,
But ſeem to fly where e'er he goes.

HE is no fool, who parts with that which he cannot keep, when he is ſure to be recompenced with that which he cannot loſe.

THE purſuit of glory and happineſs in another life, by every means of improving and exalting our own minds, becomes more and more intereſting to us, the nearer we draw to the end of all ſublunary enjoyments.

AS that God, whom we all adore, is a God of peace and concord, there ought to be a ſacred harmony between all that profeſs and believe in the ſame Saviour.

THEY muſt certainly be perſons of narrow and mean conceptions, who (tho' under the maſk of ſuperficial greatneſs of ſpirit) cannot raiſe their little ideas above pleaſures familiar to their ſenſes.

BUT

BUT the main ſtreſs of all our cares muſt lie,
To watch ourſelves with ſtrict and conſtant eye:
To mark the working mind when paſſion's courſe
Begins to ſwell, and reaſon ſtill has force;
Or if ſhe's conquer'd by the ſtronger tide,
Obſerve the moments when they firſt ſubſide;
For he who hopes a victory to win
O'er other men, muſt with himſelf begin,
Elſe like a town, by mutiny oppreſs'd,
He's ruin'd by the foe within his breaſt.

ARISE my ſoul, ſurvey the morn,
And purple beauties of the dawn,
In order as they ſhine;
The herbs that with the dew-drops glow,
The graſs, the ſhrubs, the flow'rets ſhew
Their Maker all divine!
Hark how the warbling feather'd throng
Now tune their ſoft melodious ſong,
From ev'ry leafy ſpray;
The black-bird here with mellow throat
And there the thruſh with ſofter note,
In concert pour the lay.
Do thou my ſoul reſponſive join,
Ambitious of a theme divine,
And ſing thy Maker's praiſe:
Unnumber'd objects he ſupplies,
For contemplation's wandering eyes,
And all the Muſes lays.

FRIENDSHIP's a pure, a Heav'n deſcended flame,
Worthy the happy region whence it came;
The ſacred tye, that virtuous ſpirits binds,
The golden chain that links immortal minds.

WE ſhould never be over eager for any thing, either in our purſuits or our prayers, leſt what we endeavour, or aſk too violently for our intereſt, ſhould be granted us by Providence only in order to our ruin. Concluding

Concluding Stanzas of an Elegy on the Death of a Sifter.

BUT lo! to give the unhappy mourners eaſe,
From pale affliction's eye to wipe the tear;
To bid the plaintive voice of ſorrow ceaſe,
Behold religion's Heavenly form appear.
" Attend (ſhe cries) poor mortal! grieve no more,
" No more lament thy dear departed friends;
" Their ſouls are wafted to a happier ſhore,
" Where every ſorrow, every trouble ends.
" Follow my ſteps, and ſoon you'll meet again,
" Will meet in yonder bliſsful realms above;
" Forever there to join the ſeraph's ſtrain,
" And ſing the wonders of redeeming love."

None but the Almighty author of our beings, who knows our inmoſt thoughts and deſires, and from whom no ſecrets are hid, can ſee into futurity: And he only knows what is beſt and moſt proper for us; if we cheerfully rely on his all-wiſe Providence, and confidently truſt in his powerful protection, we may reſt ourſelves aſſured, that he, who is our trueſt friend, will guard and ſecure us from the many evils and dangers, which every where ſurround us. He will guide and direct the future events of our lives in ſuch a manner, as will prove, by happy experience, to be the moſt conducive to our own good, and the moſt conſiſtent with the ſcheme of our own happineſs, both here and hereafter.

AS ſome fair vi'let, loveliеſt of the glade,
Sheds its mild fragrance on the lonely ſhade,
Withdraws its modeſt head from public ſight,
Nor courts the ſun, nor ſeeks the glare of light;
Should ſome rude hand prophanely dare intrude,
And bear its beauties from its native wood,
Expos'd abroad its languid colours fly,
Its form decays, and all its odours die.

So

So woman born to dignify retreat,
Unknown to flouriſh, and unſeen, be great;
To give domeſtic life its ſweeteſt charm,
With ſoftneſs poliſh, and with virtue warm;
Fearful of fame, unwilling to be known,
Should ſeek but Heaven's applauſes and her own;
No cenſures dread but thoſe which crimes impart,
The cenſures of a ſelf-condemning heart.
With angel kindneſs ſhould behold diſtreſs,
And meekly pity, where ſhe can't redreſs.
Like beaming mercy wipe affliction's tear,
But to herſelf, not juſtice ſo ſevere.
Her paſſions all corrected or ſubdu'd
But one—the virtuous thirſt of doing good.
This great ambition ſtill ſhe calls her own,
This beſt ambition makes her breaſt its throne.

HAIL Power Eternal, infinite, immenſe,
Creator and Redeemer, Lord of life,
All good, all wiſe, all perfect, all divine!
Increaſe my ardour, elevate my ſoul,
And draw me from this idle, uſeleſs world,
To better thoughts—the thoughts of that to come!
Let me not beg of bleſſings from thy hand,
But for increaſe of virtue: Gracious pour
Thy Holy Spirit on my ſoul; ſo make
Thy ſervant perfect, fit for Heav'n and thee:
And thou art good! Oh guide me with thy hand,
Cure all the fond, vain evils of my heart,
And ſtifle every growing folly there!
Oh! my Redeemer, kindly condeſcend
To hear my prayer and grant—yet wherefore ſpeak!
If it ſeems good, beſtow the boon I wiſh;
(Thou knoweſt my thoughts) if not, thy will be done!

AN humble man leans not to his own underſtanding, he is ſenſible of the deficiency of his own power and wiſdom, and truſts not in it; he is alſo ſenſible of the all-ſufficient power, wiſdom and goodneſs of Almighty God, and commits himſelf to him for counſel, guidance, direction and ſtrength.

VIRTUE is the higheſt exerciſe and improvement of reaſon, the integrity, the harmony and juſt balance of affection, the health, ſtrength and beauty of the mind.

WITH the talents of an angel a man may be a fool, if he judges amiſs in the ſupreme point; judging aright in all elſe but aggravates his folly, as it ſhews him wrong, though bleſt with the beſt capacity of being right.

WHAT a great deal of time and eaſe that man gains, who is not troubled with the ſpirit of curioſity, who lets his neighbours thoughts and behaviour alone, confines his inſpections to himſelf, and takes care of the point of honeſty and conſcience.

A MAN of true piety, that has no deſigns to carry on, like one of an eſtabliſhed fortune, always makes the leaſt noiſe. One never pulls out his money, the other never talks of religion, but when there is occaſion for it.

ADVERSITY does not make merit loſe its name, it ſerves only as a foil to virtue.

RETIREMENT.

HOW happy he who crowns, in ſhades like theſe,
A youth of labour, with an age of eaſe;
Who quits a world where ſtrong temptations try,
And ſince 'tis hard to combat, learns to fly!
For him no wretches born, to work and weep,
Explore the mine, or tempt the dang'rous deep;
No ſurly porter ſtands, in guilty ſtate,
To ſpurn imploring famine from the gate;
But on he moves to meet his latter end,
Angels around befriending virtue's friend;
Bends to the grave with unperceiv'd decay,
While reſignation gently ſlopes the way,
And all his proſpects, bright'ning to the laſt,
His Heav'n commences e'er the world be paſt!

HYMN

HYMN TO THE EVENING.

E'ER the ſun's declining ray
Has left yon' diſtant ſky,
And the parting ſtreak of day
Has ſhut upon the eye—
Come, modeſt ev'ning, kindly ſpread
Thy duſk-enſabled veſt,
And teach reflective thought to ſpread
Devotion on the breaſt.
Oh! lift the mind to bleſs the pow'r,
Whoſe mem'ry ſtill ſhall laſt,
And bid him ſerve the preſent hour,
Whoſe madneſs loſt the paſt.
Inſtructive, tell the pomp of ſtate,
The pride of mighty blood,
That none are ever truly great,
That are not truly good.
To all one admonition give,
Unfearful of reply,
That he alone deſerves to live,
Who beſt prepares to die.

WHEN modeſt merit ſeems to ſhun that praiſe
Th' admiring world to merit ever pays,
It takes, unknowingly, the road to fame,
And, by declining, gains a ſurer name.

BE mine to live in private bliſs,
Safe and obſcure in ſome receſs,
Since faction and high-minded ſtrife
But ſhake the peaceful lake of life;
And better is the little home,
Where conſcious ſafety cheers the dome.

A PRAYER OF PRINCE EUGENE.

I BELIEVE in thee, oh my God! do thou ſtrengthen my faith; I hope in thee, confirm my hope; I love thee, inflame

ſiame my love more and more; I repent of all my ſins, but do thou increaſe my repentance. As my firſt beginning, I worſhip thee; as my laſt end, I long for thee; as my eternal benefactor, I praiſe thee; and as my ſupreme protector, I pray unto thee, that it may pleaſe thee, O Lord! to guide and lead me by thy providence; to keep me in obedience to thy juſtice; to comfort me by thy mercy; and to protect me by thy almighty power. I ſubmit unto thee all my thoughts, words and deeds, as well as my afflictions, pains and ſufferings; and I deſire to have thee always in my mind, to do all my works in thy name, and for thy ſake to bear all adverſity with patience. I will nothing, but what thou willeſt, O God! becauſe it is agreeable unto thee. O give me grace, that I may be attentive in my prayer, temperate in my diet, vigilant in my conduct, and immoveable in all good purpoſes. Grant, moſt merciful Lord! that I may be true and faithful to thoſe who have entruſted me with their ſecrets; that I may be courteous and kind towards all men; and that both in my words and actions I may ſhew unto them a good example. Diſpoſe my heart to praiſe and admire thy goodneſs; to hate all errors and evil works; to love my neighbour; and to deſpiſe the world. Aſſiſt me, good God! in ſubduing luſt by mortification; covetouſneſs by liberality; anger by mildneſs; and lukewarmneſs by zeal and fervency. Enable me to conduct myſelf with prudence in all tranſactions; and to ſhew courage in danger; patience in adverſity; and in proſperity an humble mind. Let thy grace illuminate my underſtanding; direct my will; ſanctify my body; and bleſs my ſoul. Make me diligent in curbing all irregular affections; zealous in imploring thy grace; careful in keeping thy commandments; and conſtant in working out my own ſalvation. Finally, O God! make me ſenſible, how little is the world; how great thy Heavens; how ſhort time; and how long will be the bleſſed eternity. O! that I may well prepare myſelf for death; that I may dread thy judgments; that I may avoid the torments of hell; and obtain of thee, O God! eternal life, thro' the merits of Jeſus Chriſt our Lord. Amen.

THERE is one ſure way of pleaſing in company, which is in every one's power to practiſe, viz. ſhewing a diſpoſition to be pleaſed.

IT

IT often happens, that thoſe are moſt deſirous of governing others, who are leaſt able to govern themſelves.

IT is indeed a ſerious thing to die; but virtue diſarms the gloomy king of all his terrors, and brightens the proſpect of futurity.

SENECA ſays, there is no difference betwixt poſſeſſing a thing and not deſiring it.

VAIN are all forms preſcrib'd by art,
All outward modes of worſhip vain;
An honeſt, gen'rous, pious heart,
Can only true acceptance gain.

FAREWELL, ye vain, I hate your ways,
Ye grov'ling ſons of pride, adieu;
Poor av'rice, how thy hope decays!
Thy ſteps I tremble to purſue.
To Sion's hill I lift my eye,
To Sion's hill direct my feet;
From all things learn to live and die,
From all the vile and vain retreat.

The character of the Lady of one of the antient Earls of Weſtmoreland, written by her huſband, and inſcribed in the chimney-wall of a large room, at Budſtone Place, in Kent, once the ſeat of that noble family.

SHE feared God, and knew how to ſerve him; ſhe aſſigned times for her devotion, and kept them; ſhe was a perfect wife, and a true friend; ſhe joyed moſt to oblige thoſe neareſt and deareſt to me; ſhe was ſtill the ſame, ever kind and never troubleſome; often preventing my deſires; diſputing none; providently managing all that was mine; living in appearance above mine eſtate, while ſhe advanced it; ſhe was of a great

ſpirit; ſweetly tempered; of a ſharp wit; without offence; of excellent ſpeech; bleſt with ſilence; of a chearful temper; mildly governed; of a brave faſhion to win reſpect, and to daunt boldneſs; pleaſing to all of her ſex; intimate with few; delighting in the beſt; ever avoiding all perſons and places in their honour blemiſhed; and was as free from doing ill as giving the occaſion. She died as ſhe lived, well; and bleſt in the greateſt extremity; moſt patiently ſending forth her pure ſoul with many zealous prayers and hymns to her Maker; pouring out her affectionate heart in paſſionate ſtreams to her Saviour.—**********

N. B. The beginning and ending of this inſcription being defaced by time, the date is uncertain.

MAN may, in ſcenes of ev'ry kind,
Fit leſſons of inſtruction find:
The bird, for injury and wrong,
Repays th' oppreſſor with a ſong;
Oh! bluſh to think, that, Heav'n inſpir'd,
Thy breaſt ſhould be with malice fir'd!
Learn hence thy paſſion to reſtrain,
And ſtill that god-like rule maintain,
To ſeek no vengeance on a foe,
But bleſs the hand that gives the blow.

IF you deſire to live in peace and honour, in favour with God and man, and to die in the glorious hope of riſing from the grave to a life of endleſs happineſs—if theſe things appear worthy your ambition, you muſt ſet out in earneſt in the purſuit of them. Virtue and happineſs are not attainable by chance, nor by a cold and languid approbation; they muſt be ſought with ardour, attended to with diligence, and every aſſiſtance muſt be eagerly embraced that may enable you to obtain them.

TO take ſincere pleaſure in the bleſſings and excellencies of others, is a much ſurer mark of benevolence than to pity their calamities.

EQUALLY vain and abſurd is every ſcheme of life that is not ſubſervient to, and does not terminate in that great end of our being, the attainment of real excellence, and of the favour of God. Whenever this becomes ſincerely our object, then will pride and vanity, envy, ambition, covetouſneſs, and every evil paſſion, loſe their power over us; and we ſhall, in the language of ſcripture, "walk humbly with our God."

Extract from a Poem called antient and modern Rome.

REFLECTION hath its joy, a penſive calm
That ſhrouds the ſoul, and bears it on the wings
Of vagrant thought, to mem'ry's wide domain!
Now let's indulge it, while we here remark
The mad career of fortune, and behold
Imperial Rome, 'midſt all her triumphs, fall'n!
So cloſes ev'ry ſcene, and thus decay
The works of man—allow'd a little ſpace
To ſhine, attract, then fade, and be forgot!
For ſee the paths that lead to pow'r, and fame,
And thoſe which feel the peaſant's ſilent ſtep,
End in one point; obſerve ambition's flight,
And laugh at all the wild fantaſtic dreams
Of human folly. Seeking then thy arms,
Oh, virtue! let us court thee as our good;
Our only treaſure, and our only hope;
Our ſhield, to guard us 'gainſt a faithleſs world,
And all its poiſon'd arrows: Thou unhurt,
Sprung from immortal truth, ſerenely bright,
Suſtain'ſt the general wreck; and like the ſun
Shalt ſtill appear with undiminiſh'd light,
When all the boaſted monuments of pride
Shall ſink, and mingle with the duſt they hid!

HABITUAL

HABITUAL evils are not quickly chang'd;
But many days muſt paſs, and many ſorrows,
Conſcious remorſe, and anguiſh muſt be felt,
To curb deſire, to break the ſtubborn will,
And work a ſecond nature in the ſoul,
'Ere virtue can reſume the place ſhe loſt:
'Tis elſe diſſimulation.———————

IN the works of man, perfection is aimed at, but it can only be found in thoſe of the Creator.

CONSCIENCE is the law of the all-wiſe author of nature, written on our hearts, or properly the application of this law, as it regards the judgments we ſhould form of particular actions.—It is like a cenſor noting and obſerving our actions, and therefore it has not undeſervedly been called by ſome a portion of the virgin ſoul, as not admitting the leaſt blemiſh of prevarication. Hence good actions beget ſecurity in the conſcience, but bad cauſe anguiſh and vexation, which is better known by experience than explained by words: For, if it is painful to us to abide by the judgments of thoſe we live with, and to put up with their reprehenſions, it will be more ſo to be condemned by our own reaſon, and to carry about us ſo ſevere a judge of our actions. And thus it is, that conſcience performs the function both of a witneſs and judge, when it reprimands us for having done amiſs, as Juvenal ſays——

Not ſharp revenge, nor hell itſelf can find
A fiercer torment than a guilty mind;
Which day and night does dreadfully accuſe,
Condemns the wretch, and ſtill the charge renews.

RICHES, alas! are tranſient things,
And titles but an airy dream;
Our pleaſures flow from nobler ſprings,
And give more laſting peace than them.
Let ſordid mortals hope for wealth,
This never ſhall my pray'r employ;
Give me but competence and health,
I envy not their ſhort-liv'd joy.

PRIDE

PRIDE AND HUMILITY.

MARK how the ſtately tree diſdainful rears
His tow'ring head, and mingles with the clouds!
But by his fatal height the more expos'd
To all the fury of the raging ſtorm;
His honours fly, the ſport of angry winds,
'Till the loud blaſt, with direful ſtroke, deſcends:
Torn from his baſis, low on earth he lies,
And the hills echo to the ſounding fall.
So pride with haughty port, defies in vain
The force of rough adverſity, which rends,
With double violence, the ſtubborn heart.
But like a tender plant humility
Bends low before the threat'ning blaſt, unhurt
Eludes its rage, and lives through all the ſtorm.
Pride is the liv'ry of the prince of darkneſs,
Worn by his ſlaves, who glory in their ſhame;
A gaudy dreſs, but tarniſh'd, rent, and foul,
And loathſome to the holy eye of Heav'n.
But ſweet humility, a ſhining robe,
Beſtow'd by Heav'n upon its fav'rite ſons;
The robe which God approves, and angels wear;
Fair 'ſemblance of the glorious prince of light,
Who ſtoop'd to dwell (divine humility!)
With ſinful worms, and poverty, and ſcorn.
Pride is the ſource of diſcord, ſtrife and war,
And all the endleſs train of heavy woes
Which wait on wretched man! the direful ſting
Of envy, and the dreaded frowns of ſcorn,
And gloomy diſcontent, and black deſpair.
But ſweet humility, the ſource of peace,
Of amity and love, content and joy;
Where ſhe reſides a thouſand bleſſings wait
To gild our lives, and form a Heav'n below.
Pride leads her wretched vot'ries to contempt,
To certain ruin, infamy and death.
But ſweet humility points out the way
To happineſs, and life, and laſting honours.

Humility, how glorious! how divine!
Thus cloath'd and thus enrich'd, O may I ſhine;
Be mine this treaſure, this celeſtial robe,
And let the ſons of pride poſſeſs the globe.

WHAT walls can bound, or what compelling rein
Th' ungovern'd luſt of avarice reſtrain?
Wealth he has none, who mourns his ſcanty ſtore,
And 'midſt of plenty ſtarves, and thinks he's poor.

WHEN Ulyſſes entruſted the education of his ſon to the nobles of Ithaca, "O my friends," ſaid he, "if ever you "loved his father, ſhew it in your care towards him; but "above all, do not omit to form him juſt, ſincere, and faith-"ful in keeping a ſecret."

THE ſureſt way to purchaſe happineſs, muſt be, to let as little of our time as poſſible ſlip away unobſerved and unimproved.

VARIOUS are the innocent diverſions of life, by which we may lengthen time in general, and prevent any part of it to be uſeleſs, or tedious.

BEFORE you make an abſolute promiſe, weigh all the conſequences of keeping it; but, when once you have made it, let the circumſtances be important, or ever ſo trifling, hold it as ſacred; and never be influenced to break it, unleſs the making it good prove injurious to virtue.

THE table of a good œconomiſt, is always attended with neatneſs, plenty and chearfulneſs. When we have provided enough to maintain us, in the order ſuitable to our character, we ought to be proportionably hoſpitable; but the more we live within decent bounds, the more of our fortune may be converted to noble uſes.

HE

HE that keeps not open a conſtant intercourſe with Heaven, by frequent fervors of rational devotion, knows not the ſublimeſt joy.

THERE are attractions in modeſt diffidence, above the force of words. A ſilent addreſs is the genuine eloquence of ſincerity.

WHO look on diſappointments, toils and ſtrife,
And all the conſequential ills of life,
Not as ſeverities, or cauſeleſs woes,
But eaſy terms indulgent Heav'n allows
To man, by ſhort probation to obtain
Immortal recompence for tranſient pain;
The intent of Heav'n, thus rightly underſtood,
From ev'ry evil we extract a good;
This truth divine, implanted in the heart,
Supports each drudging mortal thro' his part;
Gives a delightful proſpect to the blind,
The friendleſs thence a conſtant ſuccour find;
The wretch, by fraud betray'd, by power oppreſs'd,
With this reſtorative, ſtill ſooths his breaſt;
This ſuffering virtue chears, this pain beguiles,
And decks calamity herſelf in ſmiles.

WHEREVER a great deal of gratitude is found in a poor man, it may be taken for granted there would be as much generoſity, if he were a rich man.

ADDISON, after a long and manly, but vain ſtruggle with his diſtemper, diſmiſſed his phyſicians, and with them all hopes of life; but with his hopes of life, he diſmiſſed not his concern for the living, but ſent for a youth nearly related and finely accompliſhed, but not above being the better for good impreſſions from a dying friend; he came, but life now glimmering in the ſocket, the dying friend was ſilent; after a decent

cent and proper pauſe, the youth ſaid, "dear ſir! you ſent "for me I believe, and I hope that you have ſome commands; "if you have, I ſhall hold them moſt ſacred." May diſtant ages not only hear but feel the reply!—Forcibly graſping the youth's hand, he ſoftly ſaid, "ſee in what peace a Chriſ- "tian can die." He ſpoke with difficulty, and ſoon expired.

Thro' grace divine, how great is man! thro' divine mercy how ſtingleſs death! who would not thus expire?

BLEST ſolitude! how ſweet thy peaceful ſcenes!
Where contemplation's vot'ries love to ſtray;
Where in her ſapient dreſs, religion reigns,
And ſhines more ſplendid than the noontide ray.

LET angry zealots quarrel for a name,
The good, the juſt, the virtuous are the ſame;
Virtue and grace are not to ſects confin'd,
They blend with all, and ſpread amongſt mankind.
And the pure flame that warms the pious breaſt,
Thoſe cannot merit who condemn the reſt.

THE terms of charity are never hard,
Love and compaſſion are their own reward;
A ſoul that ſuccours virtue when diſtreſt,
Can with reflection make a noble feaſt,
Which nouriſhes the mind, and overpays
A gen'rous deed with ſelf-approving praiſe.

WHAT can the man fear, who takes care in all his actions to pleaſe a Being that is omnipotent?—A Being who is able to cruſh all his adverſaries?—A Being that can divert any misfortune from befalling him, or turn any ſuch misfortune to his advantage? The perſon who lives with this conſtant and habitual regard to the great ſuperintendant of the world, is indeed ſure that no real evil can come into his lot. Bleſſings may appear under the ſhape of pains, loſſes and diſappointments; but let him have patience, and he will ſee them

in

in their proper figures. Dangers may threaten him, but he may reſt ſatisfied, that they will either not reach him, or that if they do, they will be the inſtruments of good to him. In ſhort, he may look upon all croſſes and accidents, ſufferings and afflictions, as means which are made uſe of to bring him to happineſs.

ALL the ways of growing rich, are equal to perſons greedy of gain. Riches, in their eſteem, obtain the place of equity, reputation, their friends, relations, and frequently their God.

THE WISH.

I ASK not fortune's partial ſmile,
Exhauſtleſs ſource of care;
Not all her fancied gay delights
Can claim a ſerious prayer.
Nor pleaſure's ſoft alluring form,
With ardent wiſh I ſeek;
Far leſs the captivating bloom
That glows on beauty's cheek.
I aſk not, that in calm repoſe
My even days may flow,
Unruffled by adverſity,
Exempt from human woe.
Enough that no reflections keen,
No crimes my ſoul oppreſs,
To rob me of the flattering hope
Of future happineſs.
But grant me that bleſt frame of mind,
Where no vain thoughts intrude;
That bleſt ſerenity which ſprings
From conſcious rectitude.

THE love of pleaſure has ſo blinded the eyes of the preſent age, that they cannot ſee clearly the ſatisfaction of a pure and rational life.

WHEN you see the choler of a friend begin to kindle, if you would do good, throw water thereon to cool, not wood to inflame it.

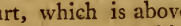
NO simple custom is more blamable, than that of lying shut up in the arms of sloth and darkness, when the cheerful return of day invites the whole creation to joy and business. Sleep, any further than as it is a necessary refreshment, is the poorest, dullest state of existence we can be in; and it is so far from being a real enjoyment, that it bears the neareſt resemblance of death, and carries all the horrors of oblivion in it. We are forced to receive it, either in a state of insensibility, or in the delusive folly of dreams. Sleep, when too much humoured, gives a softness and idleness to all our tempers; and no sluggish person can be qualified, or disposed, to enter into the true spirit of prayer, or the exercise of any active virtue.

IT is not when misfortunes come upon us, the time to set about the philosophy of bearing, or the resignation of submitting to them; it is in health we should prepare ourselves against sickness.

IF affectation could be entirely banished, how few, in comparison with the present state of things, would be the number of preposterous mistakes.

THE nicest rule in œconomy, is to make our being one uniform and consistent scene of innocent pleasures, and moderate cares; and not to be transported with joy on occasions of good fortune, or too much dejected, in circumstances of distress.

VAGRANT desires, and impertinent mirth, will be too apt to engage our minds, unless we can possess ourselves in that sobriety of heart, which is above all transient pleasures, and which will fix our affections on things above.



——————BEHOLD, fond man!
See here thy pictur'd life: Pass some few years;
Thy flow'ring spring, thy summer's ardent strength, Thy

Thy ſober autumn fading into age,
And pale-concluding winter comes at laſt
And ſhuts the ſcene.—Ah! whither now are fled,
Thoſe dreams of greatneſs? thoſe unſolid hopes
Of happineſs? thoſe longings after fame?
Thoſe reſtleſs cares? thoſe buſy buſtl'ing days?
Thoſe gay-ſpent feſtive nights? thoſe varying thoughts
Loſt between good and ill, that ſhar'd thy life?
All now are fled! Religion ſole remains
Immortal, never-failing friend of man,
His guide to happineſs on high.

IF people took as much pains to be good, as they do to appear ſo, they would, through grace, bring about their purpoſe.

GOD the Lord and Father of all, has given no one of his children ſuch a property in his peculiar portion of the things of this world, but that he has given his needy brother a right in the ſurpluſage of his goods; ſo that it cannot juſtly be denied him, when his preſſing wants call for it.

WHO is wiſe? He that learns from every one. Who is powerful? He that governs his paſſions. Who is rich? He that is content.

FIX'D in the ſhade of this imperfect ſtate,
'Tis ours, ſubmiſſive, better ſcenes to wait,
And plaintive muſing on each various pain,
Or o'er the pebbly brook or on the plain;
In love with nature, let us, while we ſtay,
To nature's parent true devotion pay;
By him ſoon ſummon'd, ſhall we take our flight,
Far to the realms of uncreated light.

TRANSPORTING period! when wilt thou appear?
Thou bliſsful dawn of that immortal day,

That

That ne'er ſhall ſee a duſky ev'ning ſpread
To veil its light; which ne'er ſhall need the ſun,
Nor ſtars, nor glimm'ring moon, to cheer its ſhade.
Ye fair inhabitants of bliſsful ſeats,
Unfold your golden gates, and call me hence;
Sick of this mortal ſtate, this round of error,
Of darkneſs and miſtake, I long for reſt.

THY force alone, religion, death diſarms,
Breaks all his darts, and every viper charms.
Soften'd by thee, the griſly form appears
No more the horrid object of our fears.
We, undiſmay'd, this awful pow'r obey,
That guides us thro' the ſafe, tho' gloomy way,
Which leads to life.———————

THE advantages of frequent thoughts of death are certainly unſpeakable; and moſt erroneous is the notion, that gloominess muſt be the conſequence of ſuch meditation.

IT moſt certainly becomes us, as we are rational and mortal, to conſider the high things expected of us as rationals; and the haſte we ought to make in accompliſhing them as we are mortal; and it would beſpeak us wiſe, as we ourſelves would receive the benefit, if we, with great ſerioufneſs and attention, pondered over and meditated upon that, which muſt, 'ere long, be our lot; that hour, which high and low, rich and poor, muſt all arrive at; and by which the beggar and the prince will be levelled with the duſt.

LET prudence always attend your pleaſures; it is the way to enjoy the ſweets of them, and not to be afraid of the conſequences.

COMPANY and cheerfulneſs are neceſſary, and of uſe; but a conſtant courſe of mirth betrays ſuch a levity of mind, that your preſence will never be deſired, but to divert others, whoſe regard ceaſes the inſtant the laughter is over; and ſhould your wit offend, you may be aſſured of an enemy.

IF

IF you have any good quality, do not make eulogiums yourſelf upon it, as it will not be credited upon your word only.

WE have to do with one whoſe power is unbounded, whoſe knowledge is infinite, and whoſe juſtice is perfect; therefore from him we can hide no guilt; we can fly to no place of defence, nor can we expect acceptance, but in the paths of reaſon and religion; in them we ſhall find the higheſt pleaſure, and join to the cheerful enjoyment of the things of this world, the proſpect of a continuance and encreaſe of pleaſures when this world has no more to give.

SHORT is the date and narrow is the ſpan,
Which bounds the little life of fooliſh man.
Gay ſcenes of bliſs the raviſh'd ſoul ſurprize,
Raiſe his vain hopes, and glitter in his eyes;
Of ſwelling titles he ſupinely dreams,
Vaſt are his projects, and refin'd his ſchemes;
But when his morning views of joy are paſt,
The melancholy ev'ning comes at laſt;
The tyrant, death, a haſty ſummons ſends,
And all his momentary glory ends.

SINCE then old time ſteals all away,
Take heed the ſunſhine of your day
Nought but true joys may find:
To proper uſe apply what's ſent;
For know no beauty's permanent,
But beauty of the mind.

THE life of man is compared to the herbage of the field, but a ſhadow is a more ſtriking emblem; and the flux of time, meaſured by a ſhadow, is a leſſon that teaches us the neceſſity of preparing ourſelves for a more permanent ſtate.

AS too long a retirement weakens the mind, ſo too much company diſſipates it. It is good ſometimes to recollect one's

ſelf; nay, it is even neceſſary to give an exact account of one's words and thoughts to one's ſelf; and of the progreſs we have made in wiſdom. A man that would reap the fruits of reading and converſation, and improve by what he has ſeen, muſt be no ſtranger to ſilence, repoſe and meditation.

AS arrogance and conceitedneſs of our own abilities are very diſguſtful to men of ſenſe and virtue, we may be ſure they are highly diſpleaſing to that being who delights in an humble mind.

THE reproofs of a relation may be thought to proceed from an affectation of ſuperiority; of an enemy, from a ſpirit of malice; and of an indifferent perſon, from pride or impertinence, and ſo be ſlighted: But when they come from one who loves us, and come armed with all the tender concern that an unfeigned affection is known to dictate, they ought of courſe to take effect, and become irreſiſtible.

IT is poſſible to be happy in the abſence of all that people call amuſement and diverſion. When the mind is in a ſituation ſuperior to the changing ſcenes below the ſun, in purſuit of boundleſs and immortal bliſs, the ſoul, with a noble freedom, aſcends the celeſtial heights, in ſearch of its great original, the fountain of its exiſtence, and centre of all its hopes.

ON CONTENTMENT.

O THOU! whoſe pow'r can ſharpeſt grief aſſuage,
Or ſtop the torrent of impetuous rage;
Contentment, hear; Oh liſten to my ſtrain!
Nor let the muſe implore thy aid in vain;
Teach me thro' life's advent'rous paths to go,
T' enjoy the good, and calmly bear the woe;
To view unmov'd the miſer's hoarded ſtore,
Without a ſigh, or greedy wiſh for more;
To ſcorn the pomp, and pageantry of ſtate,
The empty ſhew, and titles of the great,

Grant

Grant me to live a peaceful, rural life,
Remote from envy and tumultuous ſtrife ;
There may I paſs each hour by virtue's rules,
Nor vainly ſeek th' applauding breath of fools.

GLIDE on ſecurely, wiſely tread,
The paths where truth and virtue lead.
It matters not how great the man,
If all's confin'd to life's ſhort ſpan ;
It matters not how rich or poor,
Peace is no gift in human pow'r ;
They find her who contented dwell
In the cool grot or moſſy cell.

TO keep the paſſions of others ſubmiſſive, there is a neceſſity of triumphing over one's own ; to oblige them to be virtuous, one muſt ſet the example and be the model : There is not a better leſſon than that, which a ſuperior makes it his duty to practiſe.

THERE is ſo great a grace and authority in virtue, that it never fails to attract the eſteem even of thoſe that are moſt abandoned to vice and immorality ; ſo that religion, by its own authority, and the reaſonable force of it, is ſufficent to eſtabliſh its empire in the mind of any thinking perſon.

LET your expectations be higher than any dignity or enjoyment this world can boaſt. Let a celeſtial crown fire your ambition ; and in the purſuit of infinite happineſs, graſp at nothing below the glories of immortality. With what a divine ambition does the proſpect of Heavenly joys inſpire the ſoul. If you are reckoned by any of the gay and giddy world the leſs polite for entertaining ſuch exalted thoughts of pleaſure, be content in being unfaſhionably good, ſince thereby you can keep your peace ; be fearleſs and open to the inſpection of Heaven ; juſtify yourſelf to your own conſcience, and ſecure the divine intereſt. Be always aſſured, that no character is more amiable, than that of a female, who in the gayeſt bloom

of

of youth, and triumph of beauty, practiſes the rules of purity and virtue ; and that in the exerciſe of thoſe qualities the fineſt breeding conſiſts.

IN all things preſerve integrity ; the conſciouſneſs of thy own uprightneſs will alleviate the toil of buſineſs, and ſoften the harſhneſs of ill ſucceſs and diſappointments, and give thee an humble confidence before God, when the ingratitude of man, or the iniquity of the times, may rob thee of other due reward.

THE time of ſickneſs or affliction is like the cool of the day was to Adam, a ſeaſon of peculiar propriety for the voice of God to be heard ; and may be improved into a very advantageous opportunity of begetting or encreaſing ſpiritual life in the ſoul.

LIFE IS SHORT.

Man's life, like any weavers' ſhuttle flies,
Or like a tender flowret fades and dies ;
Or like a race it ends without delay,
Or like a vapour vaniſhes away ;
Or like a candle which each moment waſtes,
Or like a veſſel under ſail it haſtes ;
Or like a poſt it gallops very faſt,
Or like the ſhadow of a cloud 'tis paſt.
Our caſtle is but weak, and ſtrong the foe,
Our breath is ſhort, our death is certain too ;
But as his coming is a ſecret ſtill,
Let us be ready, come death when he will.

Concluding Stanzas of a Piece wrote on Recovery from Sickneſs.

FATHER of life ! whoſe arm with equal power,
And equal goodneſs, can depreſs or raiſe ;
Complete the bleſſings thou haſt deign'd to ſhow'r,
And grant encreaſing worth to length of days.

Oh !

Oh! grant me ſtill to truſt thy tender care,
In humble praiſe to uſe this added breath,
In health, the innocence of ſickneſs wear,
And keep, thro' life, the ſober thoughts of death.

A WISE Heathen, with great juſtice, compares proſperity to the indulgence of a fond mother to her child, which often proves his ruin; but the affection of the Divine Being to that of a wiſe father, who would have his ſons exerciſed with labour, diſappointment and pains, that they may gather ſtrength and improve their fortitude. Sometimes too, a misfortune may happen to a good man, to preſerve him from a much greater one. Thus ſickneſs may be a very great mercy to him, if it keeps him from embarking in a veſſel which will be loſt in its paſſage. Thus poverty may ſcreen him from a great many evils which would be brought upon him by riches, and the like. We are ſo ſhort-ſighted, that we know not how to diſtinguiſh, and often take the greateſt bleſſings for misfortunes, and the heavieſt curſes for bleſſings. We are like mariners, who by fair winds might run into the way of pirates; but by thoſe contrary to their wiſhes, reach their port in ſafety.

Extempore Exclamation on the Proſpect of Winter.

O H! may our follies, like the falling trees,
Be ſtript of ev'ry leaf by autumn's wind;
May ev'ry branch of vice embrace the breeze,
And nothing leave but virtue's fruit behind.
Then when old age, life's winter, ſhall appear,
In conſcious hope, all future ills we'll brave,
With fortitude our diſſolution bear,
And ſink, forgotten, in the ſilent grave.

THE man within the golden mean,
Who can his boldeſt wiſh contain,
Securely views the ruin'd cell,
Where ſordid want and ſorrow dwell,
And in himſelf, ſerenely great,
Declines an envied room of ſtate.

IT

IT is a melancholy conſideration, that our comforts often produce our greateſt anxieties; and that an encreaſe of our poſſeſſions is but an inlet to new diſquietudes.

WEAK and feeble minds are moſt prone to anger, and by their exceeding fierceneſs, generally diſappoint their own purpoſe; but the greateſt and braveſt of men, are always calm and ſedate; they are above being diſturbed with little injuries, and can generouſly pardon the greateſt; taking more delight in mercy and forgiveneſs, than in proſecuting revenge when it is in their power.

OTHER vices are confined within certain bounds, and have a particular object, but affectation diffuſes itſelf over the whole man, and infects the good qualities both of body and mind.

SHUN the leaſt appearance of evil, that you may not be ſuſpected; and if you cannot avoid both, chooſe rather to be ſuſpected, when you do not deſerve it, than to do evil, without being ſuſpected.

BE very cautious of ſpeaking or believing any ill of your neighbours; but be much more cautious of making haſty reports of them to their diſadvantage.

LET virtue and innocence accompany your recreations; for unlawful pleaſures, tho' agreeable for a moment, are too often attended with bad conſequences; and inſtead of relaxing the mind, plunge us into an abyſs of trouble and affliction.

FILIAL, ſubmiſſive to the ſov'reign will,
Glad of the good—and patient of the ill,
I'll work, in narrow ſphere, what Heav'n approves,
Abating hatreds, and encreaſing loves;
My friendſhips, ſtudies, pleaſures all my own,
Alike to envy and to fame unknown;
Such in ſome bleſt aſylum let me lie,
Take off my fill of life, and wait, not wiſh to die.

WHEN

WHEN beauty's charms decay, as ſoon they muſt,
And all its glories humbled in the duſt,
The virtuous mind, beyond the rage of time,
Shall ever bloſſom in a happier clime,
Whoſe never-faſting joys no tongue can tell,
Where everlaſting youth and beauty dwell;
Where pain and ſorrow never more ſhall move,
But all is pleaſure, harmony and love.

SEARCHING AFTER HAPPINESS.

OH! happineſs, thou pleaſing dream,
Where is thy ſubſtance found?
Sought through the varying ſcenes in vain,
Of earth's capacious round.
The charms of grandeur, pomp and ſhew,
Are nought but gilded ſnares;
Ambition's painful ſteep aſcent,
Thick ſet with thorny cares.
The buſy town, the crowded ſtreet,
Where noiſe and diſcord reign,
We gladly leave, and tir'd, retreat,
To breath and thinke again.
Yet, if retirement's pleaſing charms
Detain the captive mind,
The ſoft enchantment ſoon diſſolves,
'Tis empty all as wind.
Religion's ſacred lamp alone,
Unerring points the way,
Where happineſs forever ſhines,
With unpolluted ray;
To regions of eternal peace,
Beyond the ſtarry ſkies,
Where pure, ſublime, and perfect joys,
In endleſs proſpect riſe.

OH would'ſt thou, man! but now and then deſcend
Into the dark receſſes of thy breaſt,

Before

Before the ſeeds of baleful vice have ſprung,
And tak'n poſſeſſion of thy eaſy heart;
Then might'ſt thou think on other worlds to come,
And live in ſolitude without a fear.

HAPPY the man! whoſe tranquil mind,
Sees nature in her changes kind,
And pleas'd the whole ſurveys;
For him the morn benignly ſmiles,
And evening ſhades reward the toils,
That meaſure out his days.
The varying year may ſhift the ſcene,
The ſounding tempeſts laſh the main,
And Heaven's own thunders roll;
Calmly he ſees the burſting ſtorm,
Tempeſts nor thunder can deform
The morning of his ſoul.

THE induſtrious ant, by nature taught,
With more than common prudence fraught,
Lays up ſecure an annual ſtore,
(It's little date, perhaps no more:)
Would man (who Lord of all preſides,
Alone whom reaſon's influence guides,
Whom Heav'n, in mercy unconfin'd,
For nobler purpoſes deſign'd)
Thus hoard againſt that common ſtate
We all muſt prove, or ſoon or late;
How calm might he reſign his breath,
And ſmiling, meet the arm of death!
With joy his ſoul to Heav'n commend,
And fearleſs, wait his latter end.

NOT all the gifts of wealth, the pomp of ſtate,
The gilded palace, or the envied throne,
Deſerve the real tribute of applauſe.
Praiſe rather thoſe who ſteadily purſue
The precepts of humility, who hear
The voice of cooler reaſon, nor deſire
More than their flocks, and herds, the tufted cell,

Or

Or moſs-grown cottage, the abode of peace:
They ſteer ſecurely down life's placid ſtream,
Rich in themſelves, and crown'd with length of days.

TEMPORAL things more raviſh in the expectation, than in fruition; but things eternal, more in the fruition than expectation.

VIRTUE is the greateſt ornament; it is to the young neceſſary, to the aged comfortable, to the poor ſerviceable, to the rich an ornament, to the fortunate an honour, to the unfortunate a ſupport. She ennobles the ſlave, and exalts nobility itſelf. In ſhort, let it be remembered, that none can be diſciples of the graces but in the ſchool of virtue; and that thoſe who wiſh to be lovely, muſt learn to be good.

THE ſolid joys of human kind,
Are thoſe that flow from peace of mind,
For who the ſweets of life can taſte,
With vice and tim'rous guilt oppreſt?
'Tis virtue ſoftens all our toils,
With peace our conſcience crowns;
Gives pleaſure when our fortune ſmiles,
And courage when it frowns;
Calms ev'ry trouble, makes the ſoul ſerene,
Smooths the contracted brow, and cheers the heart within.

OH virtue, how lovely are thy charms! not half ſo fair the beauteous bluſhes of the morn, the flowery meads, or all the cheering verdure of the groves.

THE man who has ſo little knowledge of human nature, as to ſeek happineſs by changing any thing, but his own diſpoſitions, will waſte his life in fruitleſs efforts, and multiply the griefs which he purpoſes to remove.

THERE can be no true and ſincere pleaſure in any ſinful and vicious courſe, tho' it be attended with all the pomp and ſplendour of outward happineſs and proſperity; for wherever ſin or vice is, there muſt be guilt; and wherever guilt is, the mind will be reſtleſs and unquiet.

PURE are the joys above the ſkies,
And all the regions peace;
No wanton lips nor envious eyes,
Can ſee or taſte the bliſs.
Theſe holy gates forever bar
Pollution, ſin and ſhame;
None ſhall obtain admittance there,
But followers of the Lamb.

O THOU, ſupremely wiſe, ſupremely good!
Whoſe ways are like th' unfathomable flood,
Grant me to celebrate thy glorious name,
'Till death diſſolves this late preſerved frame;
And when this earth ſhall haſten to decay,
When ſeas ſhall burn, and mountains melt away;
When ſuns and ſtars, in wild confuſion hurl'd,
Now cruſh each other, now deſtroy a world,
May I reſume the ſacred theme above,
Forever praiſe thee, and forever love.

HAIL, moderation! virtue, Heav'nly bright,
Thou ſhining path, thou ever glorious light!
Steer'd and conducted by thy certain thread,
The lab'rinth of life we ſafely tread;
And with a ſure unerring eye ſurvey,
The various perils of our painful way;
From thee alone the mighty bleſſings flow,
To double pleaſure and to leſſen woe;
In every caſe t' apply the healing balm,
And ſooth out ſtormy paſſions to a calm.

OF all the calamities to which the condition of mortality expoſes mankind, the loſs of reaſon appears, to thoſe who have the leaſt ſpark of humanity, by far the moſt dreadful; and they behold that laſt ſtage of human wretchedneſs with deeper commiſeration than any other.

THE forgiving of injuries, is a virtue which not only Chriſtianity, but morality enforces. The Heathens practiſed it to admiration; the primitive Chriſtians exceeded them: But what a glorious example have we in the Lord and Maſter of our ſalvation, who prayed for his crucifiers—"Father, forgive them," &c. Luke xxiii. 34.

A Wiſe man will deſire no more, than what he may get juſtly, uſe ſoberly, diſtribute cheerfully, and leave contentedly.

EXPENSIVE dreſs is not a crime, becauſe there is any harm in good apparel; but becauſe it ſhews a depravity of mind, which turns the neceſſary uſe of clothes into extravagance, pride and folly.

O 'TIS a Heav'nly virtue, when the heart
Can feel the ſorrows of another's boſom!
It dignifies the man. The ſtupid wretch,
Who knows not this ſenſation, is an image,
And wants the feeling to make up a life.

SHORT is the date of our exiſtence here,
As the light rain-bow in the lucid ſphere;
Tho' ſacred ſcience all her ſtores expand,
Tho' wealth and honour flow from fortune's hand;
Tho' every virtue in progreſſion riſe,
To make us learn'd, benevolent and wiſe;
Tho' great in title, and renown'd in birth,
Our laſt retreat's to the oblivious earth.

THOU Pow'r Supreme! whoſe influence benign,
O'er all creation's infinite extent
Shines forth ineffable, inſpire my heart With

With kindneſs univerſal; let not pride,
Envy malignant, ſordid luſt of gain,
Or any kindred diſcord-brooding vice,
Diſturb my tranquil breaſt, but let me paſs
Thro' all the varied ſcenes which life unfolds,
In ſocial harmony with all around,
Serene and calm as glides the lucid ſtream.

REPUTATIONS are of a ſubtile, inſinuating nature—like water, derived from the cleareſt ſpring, when it chances to mix with a foul current, it runs undiſtinguiſhed in one muddy ſtream; and they both partake of the ſame colour and condition. If we keep bad company, however little we may be criminal in reality, we muſt expect the ſame cenſure that is due to the worſt of our aſſociates.

HUMILITY is a virtue, which highly adorns the character in which it reſides, and ſets off every other virtue; it is an admirable ingredient of a contented mind, and an excellent ſecurity againſt many of thoſe ills in life, which are moſt ſenſibly felt by people of a delicate nature.

THAT man is moſt bleſſed, who receives his daily bread with gratitude and thankfulneſs from the hand of God; and he who does, experiences a pleaſure that exceeds deſcription. It is this that gives a reliſh to every repaſt; it is this that makes the coarſeſt morſel delicious to the taſte; and it is the want of this that makes affluence a burthen, inſtead of a bleſſing to the rich.

THE ſleep of the labouring man is ſweet; and if he toil hard for the bread that periſheth, he has, in the midſt of every want, if a follower of Chriſt, bread to eat that the world knows nothing of. It is not ſaid, happy are they who poſſeſs abundance; but happy is the man who findeth wiſdom, which is Chriſt, the pearl of great price. In him are hid thoſe durable riches and righteouſneſs, the merchandize of which is better than that of ſilver, and the gain thereof than fine gold.

TO

TO complain that life has no joys, while there is a single creature whom we can relieve by our bounty, assist by our counsels, or enliven by our presence, is to lament the loss of that which we possess; and is just as rational as to die of thirst with the cup in our hands.

ENOUGH has Heav'n indulg'd of joy below,
To tempt our tarriance in this lov'd retreat;
Enough has Heav'n ordain'd of useful woe,
To make us languish for a happier seat.

YE prou'd, ye selfish, ye severe,
How vain your mask of state!
The good alone have joy sincere;
The good alone are great.

LIFE's road let me cautiously view,
And no longer disdain to be wise,
Forbearing such paths to pursue,
As my reason should hate or despise.
To crown both my age and my youth,
Let me mark where religion has trod,
Since nothing but virtue and truth
Can reach to the throne of my God.

O DAYS, long lost to man in each degree,
The golden days of hospitality!
When lib'ral fortunes vi'd with lib'ral strife,
To fill the noblest offices of life;
The poor, at hand their natural patrons saw,
And law-givers were supplements of law!

NEVER treat common beggars with contempt or aversion, though their appearance be ever so offensive; but remember the kindness of our Saviour and his apostles towards them. Consider, that even they have an equal right with you, to the

protection of Heaven; be thankful that you are not afflicted with their diſorders, their ſores, or their poverty, but always treat them as your fellow-creatures; for, as they are ſuch, it is your duty to wiſh them peace of mind in this world, and eternal happineſs in the next; which it is impoſſible you can ſincerely do, and yet not have the heart to give them a ſmall relief.

THE poor man is, from his ſituation, cut off from a thouſand temptations to vice; and that levity and diſſipation of thought which are the common attendants of eaſe and affluence, are obliged to give way to the ſteady exerciſe of reaſon and cool reflection, which are as cloſely connected with wiſdom, as vice is with folly.

THE cheſt of the miſer might as well contain braſs as gold, unleſs benevolence ſhould pour it into the lap of diſtreſs, or generoſity place it in the hands of merit.

THE accidents of life are numerous; it is impoſſible to guard againſt them all; he that meets with the feweſt, has a double tie of gratitude to that Being who is about his bed and his paths; he that meets with moſt, may convert them into bleſſings, by uſing them as means to exalt and improve his virtues. On both ſides there is a ſtrong call for the exerciſe of patience and compaſſion; and he that exerciſes them moſt, bears the ſtrongeſt reſemblance to him whoſe mercy endureth forever.

WE often overlook the bleſſings which are in our poſſeſſion, to hunt after thoſe which are out of our reach.

TRUE greatneſs of ſoul ought to be conformable to the rules of equity; its object ought to be the doing of all the good it is capable of, without requiring any retribution for the favours granted, or the treaſures diſtributed.

TEACH me, oh thou! that teacher art
Of every duty here below;

The

The number of my days impart;
Be thou my guide where e'er I go.
I aſk no gold nor length of days,
I meet thy will, thy will be done;
I know that time itſelf decays,
And gold but ſparkles in the ſun.
When chaſten'd, let me kiſs the rod;
I wiſh no tranſient joy to claim;
Be thou my portion, oh, my God!
Thro' Heaven's eternal year the ſame.

Extract from an Ode to Senſibility.

NE'ER let my ſoul, with haughty ſcorn,
The prayer of injur'd virtue ſpurn;
Ne'er let my heart, with ſour neglect,
Treat modeſt worth with diſreſpect;
But let my breaſt, like wax receive,
Each fair impreſſion thou canſt give;
Taſte all thy pleaſures, all thy pain,
And pity the unfeeling train!

POOR were the expectations of the ſtudious, the brave, the modeſt and the good, if the reward of their labours and virtues was to be determined by this life.

THAT friendſhip, which makes the leaſt noiſe, is often the moſt uſeful; and a prudent friend, is generally of more ſervice than a zealous one.

THE ſureſt means we can uſe, to arrive at a true eſtimate of ourſelves, and to find out the ſecret faults and vices that lurk within us, is to examine ourſelves by the rules which are laid down for our direction in ſacred hiſtory, and to compare our lives with the life of him who lived up to the perfection of human nature, and is the ſtanding example, as well as the great guide and inſtructor, of thoſe that receive his doctrines.

NO

NO perſon is inſenſible to the injury of contempt; nor is there any talent ſo invidious, or ſo certain to create ill will, as that of ridicule. The natural effects of years, which all hope to attain, and the infirmities of the body, which none can prevent, are ſurely of all others the moſt improper objects of mirth.

TO receive advice, reproof and inſtruction, properly, is the ſureſt ſign of a ſincere and humble heart, and ſhews a greatneſs of mind, which commands our reſpect and reverence, while it appears ſo willingly to yield to us the ſuperiority.

AVOID the folly of ſlighting thoſe excellencies in others which you have not acquired. Rather endeavour, with a well tempered emulation, to imitate them.

NEVER add confuſion to the inquietudes of thoſe who have failed of ſucceſs in any attempt; nor expreſs a malicious joy at their diſappointment.

WHENE'ER you would an erring friend reprove,
Let gentle cautions ſhew the motive's love;
Do not begin with raſhneſs to exclaim,
But rather hint the fault, before you blame;
'Tis not enough your admonition's juſt,
Prudence muſt guide it, or the labour's loſt;
Friends ſhould allure, and charm us into ſenſe,
Harſh counſels leſs reform, than give offence.

A Thought on firſt waking.

TO God, who guards me all the night,
Be honour, love, and praiſe;
To God, who ſheds the morning light,
And gives me length of days.
His pow'r firſt call'd us forth from nought,
Inſpir'd the vital flame,
And with amazing wiſdom wrought,

The

The whole material frame.
He gave the ſoul its Heav'nly birth,
He by his word divine
Prepar'd the fit encloſing earth,
And bade them both combine.
Strange, that a pure, immortal mind,
A bright celeſtial ray,
Should be with fraileſt nature join'd,
And mixt with common clay.
O! wond'rous union, ſo compoſ'd,
That none can underſtand,
'Tis ſuch as evidently ſhews
Th' Almighty Maker's hand.

GREAT inconveniencies attend running into any extremes. Much of our happineſs depends upon an evenneſs of temper, in not ſuffering the ſcale of our reaſon to mount us too high, in the ſeaſon of proſperity; nor to ſink us too low, with the weight of adverſity.

AS whatever worldly ſubſtance you enjoy, is the gift of Providence, make it, in all caſes, ſerve the wiſe and reaſonable ends of a benificent, hoſpitable life.

WE travel through time, as through a deſart of wild and empty waſtes, which we would fain hurry over, to get at the imaginary points of reſt and pleaſure.

IT is a melancholy truth, that though among the talents of our ſtewardſhip, TIME is the moſt valuable, yet in general, we are more profuſe and regardleſs of it than of any other.

HAPPY, thrice happy, he whoſe conſcious heart,
Enquires his purpoſe and diſcerns his part;
Who runs, with heed, th' involuntary race,
Nor lets his hours reproach him as they paſs;

Weighs

Weighs how they ſteal away, how ſure, how faſt,
And as he weighs them, apprehends the laſt ;
Or vacant, or engag'd, our minutes fly,
We may be negligent, but we muſt die.

THE lab'ring bee, by God inſtructed, knows,
Where op'ning flowers their balmy ſweets diſcloſe ;
The riſing ſun, her daily taſk renews,
Wide, o'er the plains, ſhe ſips the pearly dews ;
From mead to mead, ſhe wanders through the ſkies,
And yellow thyme diſtends her loaded thighs.
Each rifl'd flow'r rewards her painful toil,
And her full hive receives the golden ſpoil ;
On flagging wings each load ſhe thither bears,
And while the ſummer ſmiles, for winter's wants prepares.

The Ants and the Graſshopper.

THE ants, a prudent, painful train,
Brought forth and dri'd their heaps of grain,
A graſshopper half ſtarv'd went by,
Who bow'd and beg'd their charity :
To whom a hoary ant reply'd,
In harveſt how's your time employ'd ?
I ſing (the inſect ſaid) and play,
To make the lab'ring peaſants gay ;
Ah ! cry'd the ant, how juſt the chance—
As then you ſung, you now may dance ;
In vain you here for food apply,
I'll feed no idle folks, not I.

The Fall of the Leaf.

SEE the leaves around ye falling,
Dry and wither'd to the ground,
Thus to thoughtleſs mortals calling,
In a ſad and ſolemn ſound.
" Sons of Adam, once in Eden,
When like us he blighted fell,
Hear the lecture we are reading,

'Tis,

'Tis, alas! the truth we tell.
Virgins much, too much presuming,
On your boasted white and red,
View us, late in beauty blooming,
Number'd now among the dead.
Griping misers, nightly waking,
See the end of all your care,
Fled on wings of our own making,
We have left our owners bare.
Sons of honour, fed on praises,
Flutt'ring high in fancied worth,
Lo, the fickle air that raises,
Brings us down to parent earth.
Learned sires, in system jaded,
Who for new ones daily call,
Cease, at length, by us persuaded,
Every leaf must have a fall.
Youth, tho' yet no losses grieve you,
Gay in health and many a grace,
Let not cloudless skies deceive you,
Summer gives to autumn place."
On the tree of life eternal,
Man, let all thy hopes be stay'd,
Which alone, forever vernal,
Bears the leaves that never fade.

A MAN who entertains an high opinion of himself, is naturally ungrateful. He has too great an esteem of his own merit, to be thankful for any favours received.

WHEN tired and sick of all mortal vanities, the religious mind reposes itself in the firm expectation of drinking at the fountain of life, and of bathing in rivers of immortal pleasure; even death (which to the guilty is the gloomy period of all their joys, and the entrance to a gulph of undying wretchedness) brightens into a smile, and, in an angel's form, invites the religious soul to endless rest from labour, and to endless scenes of joy.

THOU

THOU great, ador'd! thou excellence divine!
Beauty is thine in all its conq'ring pow'rs—
What is there lovely in the ſpacious earth,
Or in th' etherial round, compar'd to thee?
In thee we trace up pleaſure to its ſource!
Thou art the great original of joy,
Th' eternal ſpring of life, the ſource of love
Divine—beyond ſimilitude ſupreme;
With whoſe immenſity we're all ſurrounded!

ACTIVE in indolence, abroad we roam,
In queſt of happineſs, which dwells at home;
With vain purſuits fatigu'd, at length we find,
No place excludes it from an equal mind.

O H what a ſcene of bliſs the ſoul employs,
Wrapt in the proſpect of eternal joys!
Where all immortal Hallelujahs ſing,
And praiſe the world's Redeemer, Heaven's King;
Where hymns of glory, every voice employ;
Where all is love, and harmony and joy.

A COURSE of virtue, innocence and piety, is ſuperior to all the luxury and grandeur, by which the greateſt libertines ever propoſed to gratify their deſires; for then the ſoul is ſtill enlarged, by graſping at the enjoyments of eternal bliſs. The mind, by retiring calmly into itſelf, finds there capacities formed for infinite objects and deſires, that ſtretch themſelves beyond the limits of this creation, in ſearch of the great original of life and pleaſure.

SUCH is the uncertainty of human affairs, that we cannot aſſure ourſelves of the conſtant poſſeſſion of any objects that gratify any one pleaſure or deſire, except that of virtue; which, as it does not depend on external objects, we may promiſe ourſelves always to enjoy.

WHEN you are lawfully engaged in the buſineſs of life, take heed that your heart and affections cleave not to the duſt.

IT

IT is not without good reaſon that we are exhorted to paſs the time of our ſojourning in fear; an attachment to riches, to worldly greatneſs, or its cares, has a natural tendency to divert the mind from better objects, to draw off its attention from the one thing needful, and to impede its progreſs in the purſuit of that happineſs, which is only worth purſuing.

O WHILE we breathe this fleeting air,
May we for endleſs life prepare;
To love divine, continue chaſte,
All its ſweet effluences taſte;
'Till at the ſource, when going hence,
We drink our fill of joy immenſe!

PROVIDENCE is commonly indulgent to the honeſt endeavours of induſtrious perſons, that the more laborious they are in their employments, the more they thrive and are bleſſed in them.

KNOWLEDGE, ſoftened with complacency and good breeding, will make a perſon beloved and admired; but being joined with a ſevere and moroſe temper, it makes him rather feared than reſpected.

WHEN once the ſoul, by contemplation, is raiſed to any right apprehenſion of the divine perfections, and the foretaſtes of celeſtial bliſs, how will this world, and all that is in it, vaniſh and diſappear before his eyes! With what holy diſdain will he look down upon things, which are the higheſt objects of other men's ambitious deſires! All the ſplendour of courts, all the pageantry of greatneſs, will no more dazzle his eyes, than the faint luſtre of a glow-worm will trouble the eagle after it hath been beholding the ſun.

WERE there but a ſingle mercy apportioned to each minute of our lives, the ſum would riſe very high; but how is our arithmetic confounded, when every minute has more than we can diſtinctly number!

Reflections on the Close of the Year.

THE year expires, and this its lateſt hour—
Ah think, my ſoul, how ſwift the moment flies,
Nor idly waſte it while it's in thy pow'r ;
Attend time's awful call, and be thou wiſe.
Twelve months ago, what numbers, blithe and gay,
Thoughtful, plan'd ſchemes for the ſucceeding year ;
How vain were all their hopes, to death a prey,
Nor wealth they aſk, nor poverty they fear.
I've follow'd worth and merit to the grave,
The laſt ſad duties to their aſhes paid ;
How ſoon may I the ſame kind office crave,
The pitying tear, ſad ſigh and friendly aid ?
Almighty Lord ! be pleaſed to extend
Thy wonted kindneſs ; ſtill thy bleſſings pour—
Oh ! may thy grace into my breaſt deſcend,
Teach me to work thy will, and thee adore.

OF all the cauſes which conſpire to blind
Man's erring judgment, and miſguide the mind—
What the weak head, with ſtrongeſt bias rules,
Is PRIDE, the never failing vice of fools.

A RICH man is no way happier than another man, but that he hath more opportunities miniſtered unto him of doing more good than his neighbour.

HUMILITY is the grand virtue that leads to contentment ; it cuts off the envy and malice of inferiors and equals, and makes us patiently bear the inſults of ſuperiors.

POVERTY has not always the nature of an affliction or judgment, but is rather merely a ſtate of life appointed by providence for the proper trial and exerciſe of the virtues of contentment, patience and reſignation : And for one man to murmur againſt God becauſe he poſſeſſes not thoſe riches he ſees given to another, " is the wrath that killeth the fooliſh man, " and the envy that ſlayeth the ſilly one." SURELY

SURELY if we did not loſe our remembrance, or at leaſt our ſenſibility, that view would always predominate in our lives, which alone can afford us comfort when we die.

A Serious and contemplative mind ſees God in every thing. Every object we behold, the food by which we are ſuſtained, the raiment wherewith we are cloathed, ſuggeſt thoughts of piety and gratitude; and if we attend to the ſilent voice of meditation, we ſhall

" Find tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
" Sermons in ſtones, and good in every thing."

OUR principles only become pleaſing and delightful, when by the influence of them we learn to calm and govern our paſſions; and are formed by them into ſuch a temper, as renders us capable of cheerfully enjoying the bleſſings of the preſent world, and the higher happineſs of a better.

THE moſt momentous concern of man, is the ſtate he ſhall enter upon, after this ſhort and tranſitory life is ended: And in proportion as eternity is of greater importance than time, ſo ought men to be ſolicitous upon what grounds their expectations, with regard to that durable ſtate, are built; and upon what aſſurances their hopes or their fears ſtand.

WE ſhould take all the care imaginable, how we create enemies, it being one of the hardeſt things in the Chriſtian religion, to behave ourſelves as we ought to do towards them.

THE HAPPY MAN.

HAPPY the man, who free from noiſy ſports,
And all the pomp and pageantry of courts,
Far from the venal world can live ſecure,
Be moral, honeſt, virtuous—tho' poor;
Who walking ſtill by equity's juſt rules,
Deteſting ſordid knaves, and flatt'ring fools;
Regarding neither fortune, pow'r nor ſtate,

Nor

Nor ever wiſhing to be vainly great ;
Without malevolence and ſpleen can live,
And what his neighbour wants, with joy would give ;
A foe to pride, no paſſion's guilty friend,
Obeying nature, faithful to her end ;
Severe in manners, as in truth ſevere,
Juſt to himſelf, and to his friends ſincere ;
His temper even, and his ſteady mind
Refin'd by friendſhip, and by books refin'd :
Some low-roof'd cottage holds the happy ſwain,
Unknown to lux'ry, or her ſervile train ;
He, ſtudying nature, grows ſerenely wiſe,
Like Socrates he lives, or like him dies.
He aſks no glory, gain'd by hoſtile arms,
Nor ſighs for grandeur with her painted charms ;
With calm indiff'rence views the ſhifting ſcene,
Thro' all magnanimous, reſign'd, ſerene :
On hope ſuſtain'd, he treads life's devious road,
And knows no fear, except the fear of God ;
Would Heav'n, indulgent, grant my fond deſire,
Thus would I live, and thus ſhould life expire.

THE middle ſtate of life is beſt,
Exalted ſtations find no reſt ;
Storms ſhake th' aſpiring pine and tow'r,
And mountains feel the thunder's pow'r.
The mind, prepar'd for each event,
In every ſtate maintains content ;
She hopes the beſt when ſtorms prevail,
Nor truſts too far the proſp'rous gale ;
Should time returning winters bring,
Returning winter yields to ſpring ;
Should darkneſs ſhroud the preſent ſkies,
Hereafter brighter ſuns ſhall riſe.

A WISE Heathen was of opinion, that if mankind, in general, had the power given them to change their ſtation in life, and at the ſame time were made acquainted with the inconveniencies

niences attending every other ſtate, as well as their own, they would unanimouſly chooſe to continue in the ſituation they were at firſt placed in by Providence.

THE firſt ingredient in converſation is truth; the next good ſenſe; the third good humour; the laſt wit.

DISCREET people generally have a reſerve of neceſſaries before-hand, that when the time comes for uſing them, there may be no hurry and confuſion.

CIVILITY overacted, is always ſuſpicious. A blaſt of thorns begins in a blaze, and ſoon ends in a ſmoke; but a fire made of proper materials, deſigned to be uſeful and laſting, at its firſt kindling breaks out from a cloud of ſmoke, and grows clearer and brighter as it burns.

PLUTARCH (in his book of friendſhip) directs us, to "make a trial of our friends, as of our money, and to be equally cautious of chooſing both." Tacitus tells us, that "the longer a friendſhip is contracted, ſo much the ſurer and more firm it is." From this we may collect, that an old friend is always to be moſt valued, the beſt to be loved, and the firſt to be truſted.

THE duties that are owing to friends, are integrity, love, counſel and aſſiſtance. It is not intimacy, and frequency of converſation, that makes a friend, but a diſintereſted obſervance of theſe duties.

NEVER admit (ſays the philoſopher Seneca) vain glory into your heart; for human glory is at beſt no more than human folly.

THE pleaſing gales that gentle ſummer yields,
Amid the gay profuſion of his ſtore;
The ſmiles of nature, and of verdant fields,
Are all, alas! but bleſſings of an hour.

How vaſt the beauties they around diſplay,
Till dreary winter reaſſumes his reign,
And ſternly bids them vaniſh and decay,
And leave no traces on the penſive plain.
The golden cowſlip on th' enamell'd mead,
Diſplays his youthful glories to the view,
But ſoon he droops his ſolitary head,
And yields his virtue to the evening's dew.
Alas! how tranſient is the dream of life,
And every heart-felt comfort we enjoy;
And fraught with care, ſolicitude and ſtrife,
Each hour attempts our bleſſings to deſtroy.
All human ſcenes are ſubject to decay,
And time aſſerts an all-prevailing pow'r;
Expanding beauties to the morning's ray,
We bloom to wither, as the tender flow'r.
Not ſo the ſoul—its views ſublime and pure,
Where faith, and hope, and charity unite,
Shall riſe, and dwell eternally ſecure,
In Heaven's unfading manſions of delight.

MERE baſhfulneſs, without merit, is awkward; and merit, without modeſty, inſolent: But modeſt merit has a double claim to acceptance, and generally meets with as many patrons as beholders.

XENOPHON in his Cyrus, which he deſigned for the perfect idea of a good prince, repreſents him in the laſt minutes of his life, addreſſing himſelf to God to this purpoſe: "Thou "knoweſt that I have been a lover of mankind; and now that "I am leaving this world, I hope to find that mercy from "thee which I have ſhewn to others."

THE man who keeps the golden mean
Where raging ſtorms are ſeldom ſeen,
Avoids the dang'rous rocks and pools,
That fright the wiſe, and ſwallow fools.

THE

THE limits of our life, how like a ſhade—
A paſſing cloud—our vain exiſtence flies!
Yet all our boundleſs hopes, our future views,
For endleſs ages, on this narrow ſpan,
This little rivulet of time, depend.
And Oh! how faſt the gliding current flows!
Nothing retards its everlaſting courſe;
Ev'n now our haſty moments paſs away,
Forever, O forever are they gone!
We die with every breath; no calling back
The niceſt point of all our vain duration;
'Tis paſt beyond retrieve!———but Oh! there reſt
Eternal things on this important point:
This ſpan of life, this ſhort allotted ſpan,
Is all we have to manage for the ſtake
Of an immortal ſoul; the glorious weight
Of Heav'nly crowns and kingdoms are ſuſpended,
And Oh!—if loſt, can never be recall'd!

WHAT impreſſion can treaſure and great poſſeſſions make upon the mind that is contemplating, ſeriouſly, on the kingdom of Heaven, and a crown of glory that never fades away? What are the pomp and majeſty of an earthly court; the magnificence of palaces and crouded theatres, to one who has in view the glories of Heaven; the triumphs of the ſaints; and the ineffable ſplendour of the angelic order? What are feaſts, ſports, plays, and all the varieties of ſenſual pleaſures and delights, to him who ſtedfaſtly fixes his eye on celeſtial bliſs, and everlaſting tranſports of joy?

HE that would paſs the latter part of life with honour and decency, muſt, when he is young, conſider that he ſhall one day be old, and lay up knowledge for his ſupport, when his powers of acting ſhall forſake him; and remember when he is old, that he has once been young, and forbear to animadvert, with unneceſſary rigour, on faults which experience only can correct,

Written

Written in the Holy Bible.

YE ſacred tomes, be my unerring guide,
Dove-hearted ſaints, and prophets eagle-ey'd!
I ſcorn the moral fop and ethic ſage,
But drink in truth from your illumin'd page:
Like Moſes' buſh, each leaf's divinely bright,
Where God inveſts himſelf in milder light;
Taught by your doctrines we devoutly riſe,
Faith points the way, and hope unbars the ſkies.
You tune our paſſions, teach them how to roll,
And ſink the body but to raiſe the ſoul;
To raiſe it, bear it to myſterious day,
Nor want an angel to direct the way!

TO THE MOTHER.

SAY, while you preſs, with growing love,
The darling to your breaſt,
And all a mother's pleaſures prove,
Are you entirely bleſt?
Ah! no; a thouſand tender cares,
By turns your thoughts employ;
Now riſing hopes, now anxious fears,
And grief ſucceeds to joy.
Dear innocent, her lovely ſmiles,
With what delight you view!
But ev'ry pain the infant feels,
The mother feels it too.
Then whiſpers buſy, cruel fear,
"The child, alas, may die!"
And nature prompts the ready tear,
And heaves the riſing ſigh.
Say, does not Heav'n our comforts mix
With more than equal pain,
To teach us, if our hearts we fix
On earth we fix in vain?
Then be our earthly joys reſign'd,
Since here we cannot reſt;
For earthly joys were ne'er deſign'd
To make us fully bleſt.

PATIENCE

PATIENCE conſiſts in a well pleaſed ſubmiſſion to the divine will, and a quiet yielding to whatever it pleaſes the Deity to afflict us with. If we are poſſeſſed with a ſincere reverence and eſteem of God, humility will fortify us with patience to ſuffer, and not murmur, at his diſpenſations.

IN every affair of life, deſpair ſhould give way to hope, and impatience to content; for the hand of Providence is always neareſt to aſſiſt us, when perils are moſt evident.

AFFLICTIONS, if we make a diſcreet uſe of them, are meſſengers of love from Heaven to invite us thither.

A SOUL immortal, ſpending all her fires,
Waſting her ſtrength in ſtrenuous idleneſs,
Thrown into tumult, raptur'd or alarm'd,
At aught this ſcene can threaten or indulge,
Reſembles ocean into tempeſt wrought,
To waft a feather, or to drown a fly.

The Knowledge of God natural to Man.

THAT gracious Pow'r, who, from his kindred clay,
Bids man ariſe to tread the realms of day,
Implants a guide, that tells what will fulfil
His word, or what's repugnant to his will;
The author of our being marks ſo clear,
That none, but thoſe who will be blind, can err;
Or whereſoe'er we turn th' attentive eyes,
Proofs of a God on ev'ry ſide ariſe;
Nature, a faithful mirror, ſtands to ſhew
God, in his works, diſclos'd to human view;
Whate'er exiſts beneath the chryſtal floods,
Or cuts the liquid air, or haunts the woods;
The various flow'rs, that ſpread th' enamell'd mead,
Each plant, each herb, or ev'n the graſs we tread,
Diſplays Omnipotence: None elſe could form
The vileſt weed, or animate a worm.

Or

Or view the livid wonders of the ſky,
What hand ſuſpends thoſe pond'rous orbs on high?
The comets flight, the planets myſtic dance!
Are theſe the works of Providence or chance?
Themſelves declare that univerſal cauſe
Who fram'd the ſyſtem, and impos'd their laws.

CHRISTIANITY is not a ſpeculative ſcience, but a practical obligation.

PIETY and pride can no more thrive together, than health and ſickneſs, light and darkneſs.

THO' our nature is imperfect and corrupt, yet it is ſo far improvable, by the grace of God upon our own good endeavours, that we all may, tho' not equally, be inſtruments of his glory, ornaments and bleſſings to this world, and capable of eternal happineſs.

THERE is a certain candour in true virtue, which none can counterfeit.

IN the moderate uſe of lawful things, there can be no crime; but in all extremes there is.

"WE cannot (ſays Amaſis in his epiſtle to Polycartes) ex-
"pect in this world an unmixt happineſs, without being fre-
"quently tempered with troubles and diſaſters."

THE family is the proper province for private women to ſhine in.

TEMPERANCE is a regimen into which all perſons may put themſelves.

GOD hath promiſed pardon to him that repenteth; but he hath not promiſed repentance to him that ſinneth.

HEAV'N's

HEAV'N's favours here are trials, not rewards;
A call to duty, not diſcharge from care,
And ſhould alarm us full as much as woes;
Awake us to their cauſe and conſequence,
O'er our ſcan'd conduct give a jealous eye,
And make us tremble, weigh'd with our deſert.

TO man's falſe optics (from his folly falſe)
Time, in advance, behind him hides his wings,
And ſeems to creep, decrepid with his age;
Behold him when paſs'd by! what then is ſeen
But his broad pinions ſwifter than the winds?
And all mankind, in contradiction ſtrong,
Rueful, aghaſt! cry out at his career.

A DREAM.

TORTUR'D with pain, as late I ſleepleſs lay,
Oppreſs'd with care, impatient for the day,
Juſt at the dawn, a gentle ſlumber came,
And to my wand'ring fancy brought this dream.
Methought my pains were huſh'd, and I was laid
In earth's cold lap, among the ſilent dead;
Prop'd on my arm, I view'd, with vaſt ſurprize,
This laſt retreat of all the great and wiſe;
Where fool, with knave, in friendly conſort lies.
Whilſt thus I gaz'd, behold a wretch appear'd,
In beggar's garb, with loathſome filth beſmear'd,
His carcaſe, Lazar like, was cruſted o'er
With odious leproſy, one horrid ſore;
This wretch approach'd, and laid him by my ſide,
Good Heaven!—how great a ſhock to mortal pride;
Enrag'd I cry'd—"friend, keep the diſtance due
"To us of rank, from beggars ſuch as you;
"Obſerve ſome manners, and do me the grace,
"To move far off, and quit your betters place."
"And what art thou? audacious (he reply'd!)
"That thus doſt ſhew ſuch reliques of thy pride?
"What tho' in life the harder lot was mine,
"Of eaſe and plenty every bleſſing thine,

"Yet

" Yet here, diſtinctions ceaſe ; a beggars duſt
" Shall riſe with kings—more happy if more juſt ;
" Till then we both one common maſs ſhall join,
" And ſpite of ſcorn, my aſhes mix with thine."

ON WRITING.

BLESS'D be the man, his memory at leaſt,
That found the art, thus to unfold his breaſt,
And taught ſucceeding times an eaſy way,
Their ſecret thoughts by letters to convey ;
To baffle abſence, and ſecure delight,
Which, till that time, was limited to ſight ;
The parting farewell ſpoke the laſt adieu,
The leſs'ning diſtance paſt, then loſs of view ;
The friend was gone, which ſome kind moments gave,
And abſence ſeparated like the grave.
When for a wife the youthful Patriarch ſent,
The camels, jewels, and a ſervant went,
And wealthy equipage, tho' grave and ſlow,
But not a line that might the lover ſhew.
The rings and bracelets woo'd her hands and arms ;
But had ſhe known of melting words the charms,
That under ſecret ſeals in ambuſh lie,
To catch the ſoul when drawn into the eye,
The fair Aſſyrian had not took his guide,
Nor her ſoft heart in chains of hair been ti'd.

WERE it lawful and becoming in man to chooſe his circumſtances in life, a mediocrity would perhaps be the moſt uſeful, and the freeſt from temptation ; though notwithſtanding theſe advantages, ſome might think it not the moſt deſirable. Opulence may tempt us to diſſipation, indolence, ſenſuality, and total forgetfulneſs of God ; poverty, to envy, falſhood, diſhoneſty and perjury. Let us, therefore, ſay with Agur, " Give me neither poverty nor riches, feed me with " food convenient for me ; leſt I be full and deny thee, and " ſay, who is the Lord ? or be poor and ſteal, and take the

" name

" name of my God in vain." But even thoſe Chriſtians, who move in this middle ſphere, have their ſorrows and their joys; they feel ſome degree of pain, ſome proportionable meaſure of anxiety and care; they taſte a bitter mixed with every ſweet, and they find a faithful monitor within, who tells them that the earth is not their portion, was not given as their reſt, nor intended as their home.

MY God, the ſteps of pious men
Are order'd by thy will;
Tho' they ſhould fall, they riſe again,
Thy hand ſupports them ſtill.
I chooſe the path of Heav'nly truth,
And glory in my choice;
Not all the riches of the earth
Could make me ſo rejoice.

To Mira, on removing into the Country.

MIRA, while on earth we ſtay,
Change our reſidence we may;
Change it often, and yet ſtill
May be happy if we will.
Virtue ſtill ſhall be our care,
The Deity is every where;
Every where to bleſs the good,
Seen, tho' little underſtood.
Seen his wiſdom, goodneſs, pow'r,
When we cultivate the flow'r;
Wiſdom all its hues diſcloſe,
Its perfume with goodneſs glows;
Finite pow'rs in Heav'n or earth
Cou'd not give the charmer birth.
God ſhall ſend our board to ſpread
Healthful herbage from the bed;
Cooling fruit from every bough,
Milk and butter from the cow;
From the hive the comb replete,
Such was Iſrael's Canaan treat;

Chicks that once before our door
Pick'd the crumbs and aſk'd for more ;
Pigs that grunted in our ſty,
Lambs that ſkip'd when we were by ;
This is goodneſs in exceſs,
Oh! how Heav'n delights to bleſs.
From the vine the gen'rous juice,
Not for luxury but uſe,
Pour'd for Mira, pour'd for me—
If content, how happy we.
Wherſoe'er we turn our eyes,
How the varying proſpects riſe!
Fertiliz'd by ſun and rain,
Earth how cloath'd with graſs and grain ;
Groves with muſick fill our ears,
How the God, the God! appears ;
He o'er barren hill and dale
Bade the farmers toil avail ;
Gave the linnet's note refin'd,
With its joys to charm mankind.
Mira, what ſo clear as this,
Joy in others gives us bliſs ?
With our ſuperfluous ſtore
Let us clothe and feed the poor.
Worth that from the public flies,
Let us ſeek and patronize ;
Worth that hopes for no diſplay,
'Till that all diſcloſing day ;
Mira! then may you and I,
Claim a manſion in the ſky.

FORTITUDE has its extremes, as well as the reſt of the virtues ; and ought, like them, to be always attended by prudence.

THE end of learning is, to know God, and out of that knowledge, to love him, and to imitate him, as we may the neareſt, by poſſeſſing our ſouls of true virtue.

CICERO

CICERO says, " Vicious habits are so great a stain to " human nature, and so odious in themselves, that every person " actuated by right reason, would avoid them, though he was " sure they would be always concealed both from God and " man, and had no future punishment entailed upon them."

AS to be perfectly just, is an atribute of the divine nature; to be so to the utmost of our abilities, is the glory of a man.

A VIRTUOUS habit of mind is so absolutely necessary to influence the whole life, and beautify every particular action; to overbalance or repel all the gilded charms of avarice, pride, and self-interest, that a man deservedly procures the lasting epithets of good or bad, as he appears either swayed by, or regardless of it.

A MAN of virtue is an honour to his country, a glory to humanity, a satisfaction to himself, and a benefactor to the world. He is rich without oppression or dishonesty, charitable without ostentation, courteous without deceit, and brave without vice.

ANGER may glance into the breast of a wise man, but rests only in the bosom of fools.

WHEN the last hour seems to be approaching, all terrestrial advantages are viewed with indifference; and the value that we once set upon them, is disregarded or forgotten. And if the same thought was always predominant, we should then find the absurdity of stretching out our arms incessantly to grasp that which we cannot keep; and wearing out ourselves in endeavours to add new turrets to the fabric of ambition, when the foundation itself is shaking, and the ground on which it stands is mouldering away.

TO him who is animated with a view of obtaining approbation from the Sovereign of the universe, no difficulty should seem insurmountable.

WE have seen those virtues which have, while living, retired from the public eye, generally transmitted to posterity, as the truest objects of admiration and praise.

A Hymn.—Pſalm VIIIth.

LORD! how illuſtrious is thy name,
Whoſe pow'r both Heav'n and earth proclaim!
When I the Heav'ns, thy fabric, ſee,
The moon and ſtars, diſpos'd by thee;
O! what is man, or his frail race,
That thou ſhould'ſt ſuch a ſhadow grace?
Next to thy angels moſt renown'd,
With majeſty and glory crown'd!
All that on dales and mountains feed,
All that the woods and deſarts breed,
Whate'er thro' airy regions flees,
Or ſwims in deep and ſtormy ſeas,
Thou all beneath his feet haſt laid,
King of thy whole creation made;
Lord! how illuſtrious is thy name,
Whoſe pow'r both Heav'n and earth proclaim!

I ENVY no one's birth or fame,
Their title, train or dreſs;
Nor has my pride e'er ſtretch'd its aim,
Beyond what I poſſeſs.
I aſk not, wiſh not, to appear,
More beauteous, rich or gay;
Lord make me wiſer every year,
And better every day.

A WISE and virtuous man can never be proud; nor can he be exalted in his thoughts at any advantages he has above others, becauſe he is conſcious of his own weakneſs and inability to become either wiſe or virtuous, by any thing he finds in his own power; and his ſenſe of the goodneſs of the bountiful God in beſtowing upon him more abundantly, what he has been pleaſed more ſparingly to vouchſafe to others, will inſpire his ſoul with humility, thankfulneſs and adoration.

MEN

MEN generally love to have their praiſes proclaimed, not whiſpered. There are not many who can have the patience to ſtay till the day of judgment, to receive the approbation and applauſe of their good actions.

Verſes written on the Severity of Winter.

WHILE the fierce winter rages all around,
And the hard earth's with froſty fetters bound;
While clothes its ſurface a thin garb of ſnow,
And rapid rivers now no longer flow:
Tho' keen the piercing cold, the vital flood,
The rich can warm with raiment, fire and food;
But whence the poor enable to ſuſtain
Oppreſſive want, and hunger's urgent pain?
How is it, naked, hungry—they can bear,
In their defenceleſs ſtate, the piercing air?
Whence ſhall their wants the juſt ſupply receive?
Ought man refuſe, when God empow'rs to give?
None can—but thoſe in whom compaſſion fails;
In whom nor love of God nor man prevails;
In whom all ſerious ſenſe of duty's loſt,
Colder their hearts than ſnow, and harder than the froſt.

ALL have their frailties. Whoever looks for a friend without imperfections, will never find what he ſeeks; we love ourſelves with all our faults, and we ought to love our friend in like manner.

THERE is nothing ſo engaging as a benevolent diſpoſition. This temper makes a man's behaviour inoffenſive, affable and obliging; it multiplies friends, and diſarms the malice of an enemy.

A MAN without complaiſance, ought to have a great deal of merit in the room of it.

HE whoſe honeſt freedom makes it his virtue to what he thinks, makes it his neceſſity to think what is

HYMN for the MORNING.

ON thee, each morning, O my God!
My waking thoughts attend,
In whom are founded all my hopes,
And all my wiſhes end.
My ſoul, in pleaſing wonder loſt,
Thy boundleſs love ſurveys,
And, fir'd with grateful zeal, prepares,
Her ſacrifice of praiſe.
Thou lead'ſt me thro' the maze of ſleep,
And bring'ſt me ſafe to light,
And with the ſame paternal care,
Conduct'ſt my ſteps till night.
When ev'ning ſlumbers preſs mine eyes,
With thy protection bleſt,
In peace and ſafety I commit
My wearied limbs to reſt.
My ſpirit, in thy hand ſecure,
Fears no approaching ill;
For, whether waking or aſleep,
Thou, Lord! art with me ſtill.
What fit return can I, weak fleſh,
Make to Almighty Pow'r!
For ſo much goodneſs, ſo much love!
Such mercies every hour!
I'll daily, to th' aſtoniſh'd world,
His wond'rous acts proclaim,
Whilſt all with me ſhall praiſes ſing,
With me ſhall bleſs his name.
At morn, at noon, at night, I'll ſtill,
The growing work purſue;
And him alone will praiſe, to whom
Alone all praiſe is due.

IT is a ſign of great prudence, to be willing to receive inſtruction; the moſt intelligent perſon, ſometimes, ſtands in need of it.

THERE is nothing more diſagreeable, than continual jeſting. By endeavouring to purchaſe the reputation of being pleaſant, a man loſes the advantage of being thought wiſe.

IT is ungenerous to give a perſon occaſion to bluſh at his own ignorance in any one thing, who perhaps may excel us in many.

THE greateſt wiſdom of ſpeech, is to know when, and what, and where to ſpeak; the time, matter and manner. The next to it, is ſilence.

AS we ſhould never conſtrue that in earneſt, which is ſpoken in jeſt, ſo we ſhould not ſpeak that in jeſt, which may be conſtrued in earneſt.

THE talent of turning men into ridicule, and expoſing thoſe we converſe with, is the qualification of little, ungenerous tempers. What an abſurd thing it is to paſs over all the valuable parts of a man, and fix our attention on his infirmities; to obſerve his imperfections more than his virtues!

AS, amongſt wiſe men, he is the wiſeſt who thinks he knows leaſt, ſo, amongſt fools, he is the greateſt who thinks he knows moſt.

THERE is far more ſatisfaction in doing, than receiving good. To relieve the oppreſſed, is the moſt glorious act a man is capable of; it is in ſome meaſure doing the buſineſs of God and Providence; and is attended with a Heavenly pleaſure, unknown but to thoſe that are beneficent and liberal.

LET worldly minds the world purſue,
It has no charms for me;

Once

Once I admir'd its trifles too,
But grace has ſet me free.
Its pleaſures now no longer pleaſe,
No more content afford,
Far from my heart be joys like theſe,
Now I have known the Lord.
As by the light of op'ning day,
The ſtars are all conceal'd;
So earthly pleaſures fade away,
When Jeſus is reveal'd.
Now, Lord! I would be thine alone,
And wholly live to thee;
But may I hope that thou wilt own
A worthleſs worm like me?
Yes—tho' of ſinners I'm the worſt,
I cannot doubt thy will;
For if thou had'ſt not lov'd me firſt
I had refus'd thee ſtill.

ALPHONSUS, king of Sicily, being aſked what he would reſerve for himſelf, who gave ſo much away? Even thoſe things, ſaid he, that I do give, for the reſt I eſteem as nothing.

NO character is more attractive of univerſal reſpect, than that of helping thoſe who are in no condition of helping themſelves.

THE temperate man's pleaſures are durable, becauſe they are regular; and all his life is calm and ſerene, becauſe it is innocent.

SOCRATES ſaid, "all the treaſures of the earth "were not to be compared to the leaſt virtue of the ſoul."

THE gifts of the mind are able to cover the defects of the body; but the perfections of the body cannot hide the imperfections of the mind.

THOUGH

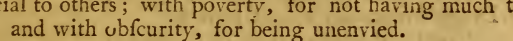
THOUGH prudence may oblige a man to ſecure a competency, yet never was any one by right reaſon induced to ſeek ſuperfluities.

RICHNESS of dreſs contributes nothing to a man of ſenſe, but rather makes his ſenſe enquired into. The more the body is ſet off, the mind appears the leſs.

THE greateſt pleaſure wealth can afford us, is that of doing good.

OF all the things this world affords us, the poſſeſſion and enjoyment of wiſdom alone is immortal. A ſtrict adherence to virtue, and a well regulated life, renders our pleaſures more ſolid and laſting.

IF we apply ourſelves ſeriouſly to wiſdom, we ſhall never live without true pleaſure, but learn to be pleaſed with every thing. We ſhall be pleaſed ſo far with wealth, as it makes us beneficial to others; with poverty, for not having much to care for; and with obſcurity, for being unenvied.



The Angler and the Philoſopher.

BESIDE a gentle murm'ring brook,
An angler took his patient ſtand;
He ey'd the ſtream with anxious look,
And wav'd his rod with cautious hand.
The bait with niceſt art was dreſt,
The fiſhes left their ſafe retreat,
And one more eager than the reſt,
Look'd, long'd, and ſwallow'd the deceit.
Too late ſhe felt the poignant ſmart,
Her pitying friends her fate deplore,
The angler, with well-practic'd art,
Hook'd, play'd, and drew her to the ſhore.
Lur'd by the beauty of the day,
The ſun now ſinking in the ſky,

A ſage purſu'd his walk that way,
And ſaw the bleeding victim lie.
Far in the vale of years declin'd,
He watch'd the courſe of nature's law;
And thus with philoſophic mind,
He moraliz'd on what he ſaw.
Indulge, a while, the penſive vein,
And fix this image in your mind,
You've hook'd a fiſh—obſerve its pain,
And view the ſtate of human kind.
Fate gives us line, we ſhift the ſcene,
And jocund, traverſe to and fro,
Pain, ſickneſs, ſtill will intervene,
We feel the hook where e'er we go.
If proudly, we our ſchemes extend,
And look beyond the preſent hour,
We find our ſtraiten'd proſpects end,
And own an over-ruling pow'r.
Awhile we ſport, awhile lament,
Fate checks the line and we are gone;
Dragg'd from our wonted element
To diſtant climes, untry'd, unknown.

IT is no common bleſſing to meet with a faithful, ſenſible, and diſcreet friend; faithful to conceal nothing from us; ſenſible to remark our faults; and diſcreet to reprehend us for them. But to be able to believe and follow his advice, is indeed a real happineſs. It frequently happens, that we take a pride in following our own conceits; like thoſe travellers that loſe their way for want of taking a guide, or enquiring after the road.

SLANDER is the revenge of a coward, and diſſimulation his defence.

BEWARE what earth calls happineſs; beware
All joys, but joys that never can expire; Who

Who builds on leſs than an immortal baſe,
Fond as he ſeems, condemns his joys to death.

Inſcription over the Door of a Gentleman's Retreat:

BENEATH this moſs-grown roof, within this cell,
Truth, liberty, content and virtue dwell;
Say you who dare, this happy place diſdain,
What ſplendid palace boaſts ſo fair a train?

VIRTUE's the friend of life, the ſoul of health,
The poor man's comfort, and the rich man's wealth.

IT is not ſufficient, that the Chriſtian avoid only the commiſſion of known actual ſins; for more is certainly required of him who is commanded to abſtain from all appearance of evil; who is to ſpeak the truth to his neighbour, and ſo to walk that he may be pronounced blameleſs and without rebuke in the midſt of this crooked and perverſe generation. Circumſpection in the ordering of our ſpeech, is, in ſome reſpects, perhaps, as neceſſary for the ornament of religion, as the outward deportment of our conduct in the world; or, at leaſt, as neceſſary for the approbation of him, who, as one expreſſes, "Views effects in their cauſes, and actions in their motives;" or, to uſe words ſtill more awful, who hath declared, that "Every idle word which men ſhall ſpeak, they ſhall give an "account thereof in the day of judgment."

DISCRETION does not only ſhew itſelf in words, but in all the circumſtances of action, and is like an under agent of Providence, to guide and direct us in the ordinary concerns of life.

IMPRINT this maxim deeply in your mind, that there is nothing certain in this human and mortal ſtate; by which means you will avoid being tranſported with proſperity, and being dejected in adverſity.

O!

O! BORN for nobler ends! dare to be wiſe;
'Tis not e'en now too late, aſſert thy claim;
Rugged the path conducting to the ſkies,
But the fair prize is an immortal fame.

HOUSHOLD affairs ought inſenſibly to ſlide along, and repreſent a ſtill current without noiſe or waves.

CLEARNESS is the rule of ſpeaking, as ſincerity is the rule of thinking. Too bright ſallies of wit, like flaſhes of lightning, rather dazzle than illuminate.

LESSONS and precepts ought to be gilded and ſweetened as we do pills and potions, ſo as to take off the diſguſt of the remedy; for it holds both in virtue and in health, that we love to be inſtructed, as well as phyſick'd with pleaſure.

Verſes ſent to a young Woman, with a Carnation growing in a Flower-Pot.

WHILE this gay flower attracts thy eager ſight,
And gives to every feeling ſenſe delight,
Let its beſt uſe thy better thoughts employ,
And yield thee profit, while it gives thee joy.
Like thee in beauty's faireſt noon it blows,
Flames as the ſun, and as the ruby glows;
But time, that fixes every mortal's fate,
Marks its ſhort exit, and uncertain date.
Thus the bright charms of youth and love decay,
As the fine flower that ſcents a ſummer's day;
Soon will the ſpoils of time thy mind engage,
And e'en thy beauty wither into age;
Amid the frolics of engaging youth,
Be thine the care to hoard the charms of truth;
To mark the moment fancy's pow'rs decay
And place thy bliſs beyond the fleeting day.

A TREE that is every year tranſplanted, will never bear fruit; and a mind that is always hurried from its proper ſtation, will ſcarce ever do good in any.

SUPPOSING men were to live forever in this world, it would be hardly poſſible for them to do more towards their eſtabliſhment here, than they now do.

LIBERALITY ſhould have ſuch a mixture of prudence, as not to exceed the ability of the giver.

WITH a falſe companion, it is hard to retain innocence; be, therefore, very cautious in chooſing your company.

RESOLVE to ſpeak and act well in company, in oppoſition to thoſe that do ill; whoſe vice ſet againſt thy virtue, will render it the more conſpicuous and excellent.

An Elegy written when the Bells were tolling for the Interment of a Corpſe.

HARK! now the ſolemn peal begins,
And ſounds the ſad alarm;
Forſake, it cries, forſake your ſins,
And ſhun impending harm.
Behold! the corpſe approaching near,
View there your tranſient ſtate;
Beſtow at leaſt one pious tear,
And with ſubmiſſion wait.
'Ere long this melancholy ſcene,
Shall on your hearſe attend;
With haſte employ the ſpace between,
To make of God your friend.
Then ſhall your mind feel ſweet repoſe,
Nor care diſturb your reſt,
Virtue alone this peace beſtows,
And thus rewards the bleſt.

SLIGHT not thoſe joys Heaven's bounty doth beſtow,
Purſuing what was never found below;
So many ills in ſtormy life abound,
"In Heaven alone true happineſs is found."

The Cloſe of the Year.

AS rapid rolls the year away,
Down the ſwift current of the times,
A moment let the reader ſtay,
And mark the moral of my rhymes.
As rivers glide towards the ſea,
And ſink and loſe them in the main,
So man declines—and what is he?
His hope, his wiſh, alas, how vain!
Faſt goes the year, but ſtill renew'd,
The ball of time knows no decay;
Sure ſignal of that greateſt good,
We hope in God's eternal day.

YOUR wit may make clear things doubtful; but it is your prudence to make doubtful things clear.

IN converſation, a man of good ſenſe will ſeem to be leſs knowing, to be more obliging, and chooſe to be on a level with others, rather than oppreſs with the ſuperiority of his genius.

IT is according to nature, to be merciful; for no man that hath not diveſted himſelf of humanity, can be hard-hearted to others, without feeling a pain in himſelf.

TRUE honour, as defined by Cicero, is the concurrent approbation of good men; ſuch only being fit to give true praiſe, who are themſelves praiſe-worthy.

NOBILITY is to be conſidered only as an imaginary diſtinction, unleſs accompanied with the practice of thoſe generous virtues by which it ought to be obtained. Titles of honour, conferred upon ſuch as have no perſonal merit to deſerve them, are at beſt but the royal ſtamp ſet upon baſe metal. TO

TO PEACE.

COME, lovely, gentle, peace of mind,
With all thy ſmiling nymphs around,
Content and innocence combin'd,
With wreath of ſacred olive crown'd.
Come, thou that lov'ſt the walk at eve,
The banks of murm'ring ſtreams along,
That lov'ſt the crowded court to leave,
And hear the milk-maid's ſimple ſong;
That lov'ſt, with contemplation's eye,
The head-long cataract to view,
That foams and thunders from on high,
While echoes oft the ſound renew;
That lov'ſt the dark ſequeſter'd wood,
Where ſilence ſpreads her brooding wings,
Nor leſs the lake's tranſlucent flood,
The moſſy grots and bubbling ſprings.
With thee, the lamp of wiſdom burns,
The guiding light to realms above;
With thee, the raptur'd mortal learns
The wonders of celeſtial love.
With thee, the poor have endleſs wealth,
And ſacred freedom glads the ſlave;
With thee, the ſick rejoice in health,
The weak are ſtrong, the fearful brave.
O lovely, gentle peace of mind,
Be thou on earth my conſtant gueſt;
With thee, whate'er in life I find,
This pledge of Heav'n ſhall make me bleſt.

AS no man lives ſo happy, but to ſome his life would ſeem unpleaſant; ſo we find none ſo miſerable, but one ſhall hear of another that would change calamities with him.

HE that is aſhamed to be ſeen in a mean condition, would probably be proud of a ſplendid one.

IMPRINT this maxim deeply in your mind, that there is nothing certain in this human and mortal ſtate; by which means you will avoid being tranſported with proſperity, and being dejected in adverſity.

ENDEAVOUR to make peace among thy neighbours. It is a worthy and reputable action, and will bring greater and juſter commendations to thee, and more benefit to thoſe with whom thou converſeſt, than wit or learning, or any of thoſe ſo much admired accompliſhments.

PREFER ſolid ſenſe to wit; never ſtudy to be diverting, without being uſeful; let no jeſt intrude upon good manners, nor ſay any thing that may offend modeſty.

BE ſlow in chooſing a friend, and ſlower to change him; courteous to all; intimate with few. Slight no man for his meanneſs, nor eſteem any for their wealth and greatneſs alone.

AN idle body is a kind of monſter in the creation. All nature is buſy about him. How wretched is it to hear people complain, that the day hangs heavy upon them; that they do not know what to do with themſelves. How abſurd are ſuch expreſſions among creatures, who can apply themſelves to the duties of religion and meditation; to the reading of uſeful books; who may exerciſe themſelves in the purſuits of knowledge and virtue, and every hour of their lives make themſelves wiſer and better than they were before.

A Contemplation on Night.

WHETHER amid the gloom of night I ſtray,
Or my glad eyes enjoy revolving day,
Still nature's various face informs my ſenſe
Of an all-wiſe, all-powerful Providence.
When the gay ſun firſt breaks the ſhades of night,
And ſtrikes the diſtant hills with eaſtern light,

Colour

Colour returns, the plains their liv'ry wear,
And a bright verdure clothes the ſmiling year ;
The blooming flowers with opening beauties glow,
And grazing flocks their milky fleeces ſhew.
The barren cliffs, with chalky fronts, ariſe,
And a pure azure arches o'er the ſkies.
But when the gloomy reign of night returns,
Stript of her fading pride, all nature mourns ;
The trees no more their wonted verdure boaſt,
But weep, in dewy tears, their beauty loſt.
No diſtant landſkips draw our curious eyes,
Wrapt in night's robe the whole creation lies.
Yet ſtill ev'n now, while darkneſs clothes the land,
We view the traces of th' Almighty hand ;
Millions of ſtars in Heaven's wide vault appear,
And with new glories hang the boundleſs ſphere.
The ſilver moon her weſtern couch forſakes,
And o'er the ſkies her nightly circle makes ;
Her ſolid globe beats back the ſunny rays,
And to the world her borrow'd light repays.
Whether thoſe ſtars that twinkling luſtre ſend
Are ſuns, and rolling worlds thoſe ſuns attend,
Man may conjecture, and new ſchemes declare,
Yet all his ſyſtems but conjectures are.
But this we know, that Heaven's eternal king,
Who bid this univerſe from nothing ſpring,
Can at his word bid num'rous worlds appear,
And riſing worlds th' all-powerful word ſhall hear.
When to the weſtern main the ſun deſcends,
To other lands a riſing day he lends ;
The ſpreading dawn another ſhepherd ſpies,
The wakeful flocks from their warm folds ariſe.
Refreſh'd, the peaſant ſeeks his early toil,
And bids the plow correct the fallow ſoil ;
While we, in ſleep's embraces, waſte the night,
The climes oppos'd enjoy meridian light.
And when thoſe lands the buſy ſun forſakes,
With us again the roſy morning wakes ;
In lazy ſleep the night rolls ſwift away,
And neither clime laments his abſent ray.

When the pure ſoul is from the body flown,
No more ſhall night's alternate reign be known;
The ſun no more ſhall rolling light beſtow,
But from th' Almighty ſtreams of glory flow.
Oh! may ſome nobler thought my ſoul employ,
Than empty, tranſient, ſublunary joy!
The ſtars ſhall drop, the ſun ſhall loſe his flame,
But thou, O God! forever ſhine the ſame.

AS riches are in general the means of procuring ſome of the comforts, and almoſt all the conveniencies of life, we moſt commonly think that happineſs is annexed to the poſſeſſion of them. We, therefore, toil and labour for abundance; and when abundance is obtained, we find as many wants, as many cares, and as many ſorrows, as when humble poverty was our only burthen; when induſtry procured the neceſſaries of life; or when mediocrity of circumſtances placed us beyond the reach of want.

IT is our buſineſs to follow the leadings of Divine Providence, as the beſt and wiſeſt rule for our conduct in every ſtage and circumſtance of life. If worldly affluence is to be the portion of the labouring man, the hand of God will point out the way, and he will ſurmount the greateſt difficulties.

LET us be particularly careful to ſhun all occaſion of ſuperfluous diſcourſe, and watch over our words, that we utter nothing but what may tend to the glory of God, or the good of our neighbour.

HE that does good for virtue's ſake, ſeeks neither praiſe nor reward, though ſure of both at laſt.

THIS fib'rous frame, by nature's kindly law,
Which gives each joy to keen ſenſation here,
O'er purer ſcenes of bliſs the veil may draw,
And cloud reflection's more exalted ſphere. When

When death's cold hand, with all-diſſolving pow'r,
Shall the cloſe tie with friendly ſtroke unbind,
Alike our mortal as our natal hour
May to new being wake the riſing mind;
On death's new genial day the ſoul may riſe,
Born to ſome higher life, and hail ſome brighter ſkies.

THIS is the ſtate of man; to-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hope, to-morrow bloſſoms,
And bears his bluſhing honours thick upon him;
The third day comes a froſt, a killing froſt,
And—nips his root.

SO fond of liberty is man, that to reſtrain him from any thing, however indifferent, is ſufficient to make that thing an object of deſire.

NO man ever did a deſigned injury to another, without doing a greater to himſelf.

MAN's chief good is an upright mind, which no earthly power can beſtow, nor take from him.

TAKE no advantage of the ignorance, neceſſity or prodigality of any man, for that gain can never be bleſt.

UPON whatſoever foundation happineſs is built, when that foundation fails, happineſs muſt be deſtroyed; for which reaſon, it is wiſdom to chooſe ſuch a foundation for it, as is not liable to deſtructive accidents.

IF happineſs be founded upon riches, it lies at the mercy of theft, deceit, oppreſſion, war and tyranny; if upon fine houſes, and coſtly furniture, one ſpark of fire is able to conſume it; if upon wife, children, friends, health or life, a thouſand diſeaſes, and ten thouſand accidents, have power to deſtroy it; but, if it be founded upon the infinite bounty and goodneſs of God, and upon thoſe virtues that entitle to his favour, its foundation is unmoveable, and its duration eternal. PHA-

PHARAOH'S DAUGHTER.

FAST by the margin of her native flood,
Whoſe fertile waters are well known to fame,
Fair as the bord'ring flow'rs the princeſs ſtood,
And rich in bounty as the gen'rous ſtream.
When, lo! a tender cry afflicts her ear,
The tender cry declares an infant's grief;
Soon ſhe, who melted at each mortal's care,
With tend'reſt pity ſought the babe's relief.
The babe, adorn'd in beauty's early bloom,
But to the laſt diſtreſs expos'd, appears,
His infant ſoftneſs pleads a milder doom,
And ſpeaks with all the eloquence of tears.
The kind Egyptian gaz'd upon his charms,
And with compaſſion view'd the weeping child;
She ſnatch'd the little Hebrew to her arms,
And kiſs'd the infant—the ſweet infant ſmil'd.
Again ſhe claſps him with a fond embrace,
Yet more ſhe pities the young ſtranger's woe;
She wip'd the tears that hung upon his face,
Her own the while in pious plenty flow.
Now, cruel father, thy harſh law I ſee,
And feel that rigour which the Hebrews mourn;
O! that I could reverſe the dire decree,
Which dooms the babe a wretch as ſoon as born!
But that, alas! exceeds my ſlender pow'r—
And muſt this tender innocent be ſlain?
Poor harmleſs babe! born in a luckleſs hour,
Yet ſweet as ever ſooth'd a mother's pain.
Muſt thou, poor undeſerving infant, die?
No! in my boſom ev'ry danger ſhun;
A princeſs ſhall thy parents loſs ſupply,
And thou art worthy to be call'd her ſon.

SENECA himſelf allows, that in conferring benefits, the preſent ſhould always be ſuited to the dignity of the receiver. Thus the rich receive large preſents, and are thanked for accepting

cepting them. Men of middling ſtations are obliged to be content with preſents ſomething leſs, while the poor beggar, who may be truly ſaid to want indeed, is thought to be well paid if a ſingle farthing rewards his warmeſt ſolicitations.

SELF-DENIAL is the moſt exalted pleaſure; and the conqueſt of evil habits is the moſt glorious triumph.

THE true way to advance another's virtue, is to follow it; and the beſt means to cry down another's vice, is to decline it.

HOW ought every teſtimony of God's goodneſs to excite our love, our gratitude and praiſe! The ſmalleſt temporal advantage is a bleſſing, to which we have no title; if we have food and raiment, they are more than we deſerve.

WHY are we commanded to pray, "Give us this day our daily bread," if not to teach us, among other things, our daily dependence upon God as the diſpenſer of all our temporal bleſſings? Our various wants return with the morning; and to whom ſhould we look, but to him who is able to ſupply them? We need his direction through the perplexities and difficulties of every day; and without his bleſſing and ſupport, we can effect nothing to any valuable purpoſe. In the evening, we ſeek reſt in vain, unleſs he give ſlumber to the eye-lids, and ſleep to the eyes: And as there are wants common to every family, and what all its members conſtantly experience, they ought certainly to unite in ſupplicating the ſame divine goodneſs, and alſo in returning thanks for the mercies of which they have all been joint partakers.

THE neglect of any ſpiritual duty, ariſes from a declenſion of religion in the ſoul. Were we to live more under the ſenſible enjoyment of divine love, we ſhould be more active, vigorous, and ſteady in the performance of every divine precept or command. The ways of God would not then appear either burthenſome or grievous, but as they truly are "Ways of pleaſantneſs, and paths of peace."

THE diſcontents of the poor are much eaſier allayed, than thoſe of the rich.

ON GOD.

WHAT tho' no object ſtrike upon the ſight,
Thy ſacred preſence is an inward light.
What tho' no ſound ſhall penetrate the ear,
To liſt'ning faith the voice of truth is clear.
Sincere devotion wants no outward ſhrine,
The centre of an humble ſoul is thine.
There may I worſhip, and there may'ſt thou raiſe
Thy ſeat of glory, and thy throne of grace;
Yea, fix (if Chriſt my advocate appear)
The ſtrict tribunal of thy juſtice there.
Let each vain thought, and each impure deſire,
Meet in thy wrath with a conſuming fire.
Thou too canſt raiſe (tho' puniſhing for ſin)
The joys of peaceful penitence within;
Thy juſtice and thy mercy both are ſweet;
Thou mak'ſt our ſufferings and ſalvation meet.
Befal me then, whatever God ſhall pleaſe,
His wounds are healing and his griefs give eaſe;
He is the true phyſician of the ſoul,
Applies the med'cine that can make it whole.
I'll do, I'll ſuffer, whatſoe'er he wills;
I ſee his aim thro' all theſe tranſient ills:
'Tis to enſure a ſalutary grief,
To fit the mind to abſolute relief;
Till purg'd from ev'ry falſe and finite love,
Dead to the world, alive to things above;
The ſoul renew'd, as in its firſt form'd youth,
Shall worſhip God in ſpirit and in truth.

NONE ſhould be ſo implacable, as to refuſe an humble ſubmiſſion; he whoſe very beſt actions muſt be ſeen with favourable allowance, cannot be too mild, moderate and forgiving.

A PASSIONATE temper renders a man unfit for advice; deprives him of his reaſon; robs him of all that is great or noble in his nature; it makes him unfit for converſation;

deſtroys

deſtroys friendſhip; changes juſtice into cruelty; and turns all order into confuſion.

THERE is no greater ſign of a mean and ſordid ſpirit, ſays Cicero, than to doat upon riches; nor is any thing more magnificent, than to lay them out freely in acts of bounty and liberality.

A FIRM truſt in the aſſiſtance of an Almighty being, naturally produces patience, hope, cheerfulneſs, and all other diſpoſitions of mind, that alleviate thoſe calamities which we are not able to remove.

DIVINE Providence always places the remedy near the evil. There is not any duty, to which Providence has not annexed a bleſſing; nor any affliction, for which he has not provided a remedy.

A GOOD conſcience, and a contented mind, will make a man happy in all conditions.

HE that overcomes his paſſions, conquers his greateſt enemies.

THE deſire of being thought wiſe, is often an hinderance to being ſo; for ſuch a one is more ſolicitous to let the world ſee what knowledge he hath, than to learn that which he wants.

A WISE man endeavours to ſhine in himſelf; a fool to outſhine others. The firſt is humbled by the ſenſe of his own infirmities; the laſt is lifted up by the diſcovery of thoſe which he obſerves in others. The wiſe man conſiders what he wants; and the fool, what he abounds in. The wiſe man is happy when he gains his own approbation; and the fool, when he recommends himſelf to the applauſe of thoſe about him.

NO knowledge, which terminates in curioſity and ſpeculation, is comparable to that which is of uſe; and of all uſeful knowledge, that is moſt ſo which conſiſts in a due care and juſt notion of ourſelves.

OF

OF all parts of wiſdom, the practice is the beſt. Socrates was eſteemed the wiſeſt man of his time, becauſe he turned his acquired knowledge into morality, and aimed at goodneſs more than greatneſs.

THO' it be an argument of a great wit, to give ingenious reaſons for many wonderful appearances in nature; yet, it is an evidence of ſmall judgment, to be poſitive in any thing but the knowledge of our own ignorance.

THE higheſt learning is, to be wiſe; and the greateſt wiſdom is, to be good.

INSTEAD of labouring in nice learning and intricate ſciences; inſtead of trifling away precious time upon the ſecrets of nature, or myſteries of ſtate, it were better to ſeek that only which is really and ſubſtantially good.

TRUE philoſophy, ſays Plato, conſiſts more in fidelity, conſtancy, juſtice, ſincerity, and in the love of our duty, than in a great capacity.

THE beſt people need afflictions for trial of their virtue. How can we exerciſe the grace of contentment, if all things ſucceed well? Or that of forgiveneſs, if we have no enemies?

THE moſt excellent of all moral virtues, is to have a low eſteem of ourſelves, which has this particular advantage, that it attracts not the envy of others.

IF a man ſhould forſake a kingdom, and all the world, if he cannot renounce himſelf, he has hardly done any thing.

WHATSOEVER convenience may be thought to be in falſhood and diſſimulation, it is ſoon over; but the inconvenience of it is perpetual, becauſe it brings a man under a continual jealouſy and ſuſpicion; ſo that he is not believed when he ſpeaks truth, nor truſted, when perhaps he means honeſtly.

Reflection by a Person in his Sixtieth Year.

PLAC'D on the world's distracted stage,
And forc'd to act a joyless part,
Why should I shrink at creeping age,
Which warns me friendly to depart?
Why do I rather not rejoice,
That I my hapless course have ran?
And rul'd by wisdom's Heavenly voice,
Make my last exit like a man.
Fierce, tho' affliction's billows roll,
And deep distress deforms the scene;
If innocence secure the soul,
Vain is their rage, the tumult vain.
Serene she smiles, yet smiling sighs,
To quit this darksome, dull abode,
Wishing to win her native skies,
And find a lasting rest in God.
Weari'd, then let me quit the strife,
Kind Heav'n assent and set me free!
For why should I be fond of life,
When life itself is tir'd of me!

ORDER is Heaven's first law, and this confest,
Some are, and must be, greater than the rest;
More rich, more wise—but who infers from hence,
That such are happier, shocks all common sense.

BE careful not to endeavour to imitate other men's ways, except it be in their essential virtues.

THE distribution of all our temporal mercies is wisely regulated by the hand of God. Some men are favoured with a large share of worldly blessings; some with things just necessary and convenient; while some, equally deserving, have scarcely whereon to lay their heads. The disposal of these things is the work of God: He maketh poor and maketh rich; he bringeth low and lifteth up, and none have a right to say to him, what doest thou?

EVERY ſerious perſon muſt trace the marks of an inviſible hand in all the variegated paths of life. He muſt acknowledge, that it is not in man who walketh, to direct his ſteps; yea, he will rejoice to find they are ordered by the Lord, who delighteth in his way. And were we more obſervant of the hand of Providence, many of our enquiries would be needleſs; we ſhould ſee the path marked out before us, and if at any time through miſtake we ſhould turn either to the right hand or to the left, we ſhould hear a ſtill ſmall voice whiſpering behind, "this is the way, walk in it."

The contented Swain.

I SEEK not India's pearly ſhore,
Nor weſtern climes will I explore;
Nor midſt the world's tumultuous ſtrife,
Will waſte what now remains of life.
I ſeek not aught that me may lead,
From tufted grove or flow'ry mead;
Or from my native ſwains among,
Who liſten to my artleſs ſong.
For nought Golconda's gems avail,
In this ſequeſter'd humble dale;
Nor joys can crowded cities yield,
Like thoſe of hill or daiſi'd field.
Calm as the ſummer ev'ning's ſun,
May here my glaſs of life be run!
And bright as is his parting ray,
My proſpect of a future day!
Mean while, the lab'ring hind to chear,
To wipe the widow's falling tear,
Such tranquil pleaſures will beſtow,
As riot's ſons can never know.
This, this be mine! the ſpeaking eye
Shall then the ſculptur'd ſtone ſupply;
As o'er my turf the ruſtics bend,
The poor ſhall ſay, "here lies our friend."

TLE

LET your promiſes be ſincere, and ſo prudently conſidered, as not to exceed the reach of your ability; he who promiſes more than he is able to perform, diſgraces himſelf; and he who does not perform what he has promiſed, is falſe to his friend.

THE immortal mind, perhaps, will quit a cottage with leſs regret than it would leave the ſplendour of a palace; and the breathleſs duſt ſleep as quietly beneath the graſſy turf, as under the parade of a coſtly monument. Theſe are inſignificant circumſtances, to a ſpirit doomed to an endleſs duration of miſery or bliſs.

AS the belief of a God is the foundation of all religion, there can be no religion without faith; but as true religion includes virtue, religion can not be perfect without works.

AMAZ'D, the wonders of thy God behold!
And meditate his mercies manifold.
Oh! happy time, when ſhaking off this clay,
The human ſoul at liberty ſhall ſtray
Thro' all the works of nature! ſhall deſcry
Thoſe objects which evade the mortal eye;
No diſtance, then, ſhall ſtretch beyond its flight,
No ſmallneſs 'ſcape its penetrating ſight;
But, in their real eſſence, ſhall be ſhewn
Worlds unexplor'd, creations yet unknown.

REFLECTIONS.

WHAT, oh! my heart, overflowing with happineſs! are the ſentiments that ought to ſpring up in thee, when admitted, either in the ſolemnities of public worſhip, or the retiredneſs of private devotion, into the more immediate preſence of thy Maker—who does not govern, but to bleſs! whoſe divine commands are ſent to ſuccour human reaſon in ſearch of happineſs!

pineſs! Let thy law, Almighty! be the rule, and thy glory the conſtant end, of all I do. Let me not build virtue on any notions of honour, but of honour to thy name. Let me not ſink piety in the boaſt of benevolence; my love of God in the love of my fellow-creatures. Can good be of human growth! No—it is thy gift, Almighty, and All-good! Let not thy bounties remove the donor from my thought; nor the love of pleaſures make me forſake the fountain from which they flow. When joys entice, let me aſk their title to my heart: When evils threaten, let me ſee thy mercy ſhining through the cloud, and diſcern the great hazard of having all to my wiſh. In an age of ſuch licentiouſneſs, let me not take comfort from the number of thoſe who do amiſs; an omen rather of public ruin, than of private ſafety. Let the joys of the multitude leſs allure than alarm me; and their danger, not example, determine my choice. In this day of domineering pleaſures, ſo lower my taſte as to make me reliſh the comforts of life. And in this day of diſſipation, O give me thought ſufficient to preſerve me from being ſo deſperate, as in this perpetual flux of things, and as perpetual ſwarm of accidents, to depend on to-morrow; a dependence that is the ruin of to-day, as that is of eternity. Let my whole exiſtence be ever before me, nor let the terrors of the grave turn back my ſurvey. When temptations ariſe, and virtue ſtaggers, let imagination ſound the final trumpet, and judgment lay hold on eternal life. In what is well begun, grant me to perſevere, and to know, that none are wiſe, but they who determine to be wiſer ſtill. And ſince, O Lord! the fear of thee is the beginning of wiſdom, and, in its progreſs, its ſecret ſhield, turn the world entirely out of my heart, and place that guardian angel, thy bleſſed fear, in its ſtead. Turn out a fooliſh world, which gives its money for what is not bread; which hews out broken ciſterns, that hold no water; a world, in which even they, whoſe hands are mighty, have found nothing. There is nothing, Lord God Almighty! in Heaven, in earth, but thee—I will ſeek thy face; bleſs thy name; ſing thy praiſes; love thy law; do thy will; enjoy thy peace; hope thy glory, till my final hour! Thus ſhall I graſp all that can be graſped by man. This will heighten good, and ſoften evil, in the preſent life; and when death ſummons, I ſhall

ſleep

ſleep ſweetly in the duſt, till his mighty conqueror bids the trumpet ſound, and then ſhall I, through his merits, awake to eternal glory.

ALL pleaſures are imperfect here below;
Our ſweeteſt joys are mix'd with bitter woe;
The draught of bliſs, when in our goblet caſt,
Is daſh'd with grief, or ſpilt before we taſte.

CONTENTED poverty's no diſmal thing,
Free from the cares unwieldy riches bring;
At diſtance, both alike deceive our view;
Nearer approach'd, they take another hue.
The poor man's labour reliſhes his meat;
His morſel's pleaſant, and his reſt is ſweet:
Not ſo the rich, who find their weari'd taſte
Pall'd with the proſpect of the cumb'rous feaſt;
For what they have more than they can enjoy,
Inſtead of ſatisfying, does but cloy.

The Divine Preſence.

THE high and mighty King of Kings,
Whoſe praiſe the whole creation ſings,
Hath fix'd, in love to human kind,
His bleſſed image in our mind.—
The lines are ſtrong, the picture fair,
No need of anxious ſearch and care;
Look but within, and ſtrait appears,
The ſignature all nature wears!
Where'er I am, howe'er oppreſt,
This Heav'nly portrait in my breaſt
Inſpires, with confidence divine,
And comfort flows from ev'ry line!
Thro' dangers numberleſs I go,
Yet weather all the ſtorms that blow—
To lead me to the peaceful ſhore,
My God and guide is ſtill before!

At night, before I close my eyes,
And in the morning, when I rise,
I pray for safety, health and grace,
And still the Lord before me place!
He sheds his odours round my head,
And makes me sleep secure in bed;
In all the labours of the day
He goes before and points the way!

Soon as my passions wild prevail,
And faith and reason both assail;
When strong temptations spread their net,
Before me still the Lord I set;
His presence can the passions lay,
And teach them reason to obey;
Temptation's charms soon disappear,
And truth succeeds when God is near!

When sorrows upon sorrows roll,
And sharpest arrows pierce my soul;
When deepest sunk in black despair,
I lift my eyes and heart in pray'r!
Just when all human help had fail'd,
And friend and neighbour nought avail'd,
This best of friends, in constant view,
Shews what himself alone can do!

Thro' all the future ills of life,
Amidst contempt, reproach and strife,
I'll set the Lord before me still,
And live obedient to his will!
So when thro' death's dark vale I move,
He will a light before me prove;
Conduct me safe to endless joy,
And mark me out some blest employ.

WHEN the oil of grace actuates the soul, the wheels of obedience move with celerity; but when this is wanting, every duty, if not neglected, will be indifferently performed.

TRUE

TRUE happineſs is of a retired nature, and an enemy to pomp and noiſe; it ariſes, in the firſt place, from the enjoyment of one's ſelf; and, in the next, from the friendſhip and converſation of a few ſelect companions. It loves ſhade and ſolitude, and naturally haunts groves and fountains, fields and meadows: In ſhort, it feels every thing it wants within itſelf, and receives no addition from multitudes of witneſſes and ſpectators. On the contrary, falſe happineſs loves to be in a crowd, and to draw the eyes of the world upon her. She does not receive any ſatisfaction from the applauſes which ſhe gives herſelf, but from the admiration which ſhe raiſes in others. She flouriſhes in courts and palaces, theatres and aſſemblies; and has no exiſtence, but when ſhe is looked upon.

IF good we plant not, vice will fill the mind,
And weeds deſpoil the ſpace for flow'rs deſign'd.
The human heart ne'er knows a ſtate of reſt,
Bad tends to worſe, and better leads to beſt;
We either gain or loſe, we ſink or riſe,
Nor reſts our ſtruggling nature 'till ſhe dies;
Thoſe very paſſions that our peace invade,
If rightly pointed, bleſſings may be made;
Then riſe, my friend, above terreſtrial aims,
Direct the ardour which your breaſt inflames
To that pure region of eternal joys,
Where fear diſturbs not, nor poſſeſſion cloys;
Beyond what fancy forms of roſy bow'rs
Or blooming chaplets of unfading flow'rs;
Fairer than e'er imagination drew,
Or poets warmeſt viſions ever knew;
Preſs eager onward to thoſe bliſsful plains,
Where one unbounded ſpring forever reigns.

LEARN to purſue virtue from the man that is blind, who never makes a ſtep, without firſt examining the ground with his ſtaff.

SET

SET bounds to your zeal by diſcretion; to error by truth; to paſſion by reaſon; and to diviſion by charity.

THE path of virtue is the path of peace; in that only we can travel with ſafety, or rationally hope to enjoy permanent pleaſures.

LET uſeleſs riches ne'er engroſs my care,
The bane of piety, the miſer's pray'r;
Yet let my purſe the mod'rate ſtore contain,
To ſatisfy my wants, and eaſe my pain;
And when the needy at my threſhold ſtand,
To ſoothe their cares, and fill the craving hand.

CONTENT.

HAPPY the man (but oh! how few we find)
Who feels the pleaſures of a tranquil mind!
Who meets all bleſſings in content alone,
Nor knows a ſtation happier than his own!
No anxious cares diſturb his peaceful breaſt,
With life content, and with contentment bleſt;
No pangs he feels to break his calm repoſe;
No envy fears, for he no envy knows.
To man ſtill faithful, and to God reſign'd,
His body ſubject to its lord, the mind.
He muſt be good—for ſurely Heav'n ne'er meant,
Without ſtrict virtue, to beſtow content.
'Tis not the glory falſe ambition brings,
The wealth of miſers, or the pow'r of kings;
Nor all the fleeting joys by man poſſeſs'd,
Can give this earthly frame that Heav'nly gueſt;
Whate'er the muſe of love or glory ſings,
Virtue alone the ſacred ſtranger brings.

CONSCIENCE diſtaſteful truths may tell,
But mark her ſacred leſſons well!
Whoever lives with her at ſtrife,
Loſes his better friend for life.

THE

THE line of human underſtanding, is undoubtedly too ſhort to fathom the depths of the divine diſpenſations; and the moſt enlarged capacity too narrow, to comprehend the ways of infinite wiſdom.

IT is deſirable, for the inward peace and eaſe of men's own minds within themſelves, that they ſhould not be under the power of fretful paſſions, and the laſting reſentments of a revengeful ſpirit; but that they be meek and gentle, peaceable, and eaſy to be reconciled; which ſweetneſs of diſpoſition, improved upon religious principles into a habit of meekneſs, is a virtue, reflecting upon itſelf that calm and ſedate ſatisfaction, which is in a peculiar manner a reward to itſelf; nor is it leſs beneficial to the public, as being the great preſervative againſt that beginning of ſtrife, which Solomon elegantly compares to the letting out of water; that is, the opening of a breach, which no man can be ſure to ſtop, before it proceeds to the moſt calamitous events.

THERE is no terreſtrial good, that can yield that ſubſtantial happineſs, which is ſuited to the nature and deſires of the human mind; and he who thinks to find it in any thing beneath the ſun, is purſuing a phantom, that will elude his chaſe; and if it ſeem to loiter for his approach, it will only be to convince him of his folly, to ſhew him a miſtake that he never ſaw, and of which thouſands never thought, till their race terminated in that country, from whence none ever yet returned to own their error, or confeſs their ſhame.

WOULD you the bloom of youth ſhould laſt,
'Tis virtue that muſt bind it faſt;
An eaſy carriage wholly free
From ſour reſerve or levity;
Good-natur'd mirth, an open heart,
And looks unſkill'd in any art;
Theſe are the charms that ne'er decay,
Tho' youth and beauty fade away;
And time, which all things elſe removes,
Still heightens virtue and improves.

BOAST

BOAST not of health or beauty, or the days of youth. Delay not the care of the ſoul, in hopes that you will live to old age, or that you can do all that is required of youth, with reſpect to religion, on a bed of affliction. Strive, by the grace of God, ever to be in readineſs to go hence and be with our Saviour, which is infinitely better than all that this world can afford; and then you may meet the king of terrors with a placid countenance, and a heart that rejoiceth in hope.

THEY enjoy life beſt, who are beſt prepared for death; who look not for more happineſs from this world, than it is capable of giving; who live righteouſly, ſoberly and piouſly; who pray to God for the bleſſings they need, and receive thankfully all good things as his gifts—and who can rejoice in the animating hope of ſalvation, thro' a Redeemer.

WHEN you a wilder'd trav'ler meet,
Guide to the road his erring feet;
Or to your roof, if late, invite,
And ſhield him from the damps of night.
To ſtill the voice of anguiſh, try
To wipe the tear from ſorrow's eye;
And every good you can, impart
With ready hand, and glowing heart;
So ſhall ye paſs, from manhood's ſtage,
Smoothly along the ſlope of age;
Then from the pleaſing journey reſt,
In peaceful ſleep, belov'd and bleſt.

CONTENTMENT.

FORGET not that thy ſtation on earth is appointed by the wiſdom of the eternal; who knoweth thy heart, who ſeeth the vanity of all thy wiſhes, and who in mercy often denieth thy requeſts; yet for all reaſonable deſires, for all honeſt endeavours,

deavours, his benevolence hath appointed, in the nature of things, a probability of ſucceſs. The uneaſineſs thou feeleſt, the misfortunes thou bewaileſt, behold the root from whence they ſpring, even thine own folly, thine own pride, thine own diſtempered fancy; murmur not therefore at the diſpenſations of God, but correct thine own heart; neither ſay within thyſelf, if I had wealth or power, or leiſure, I ſhould be happy; for know, they all of them bring to their ſeveral poſſeſſors their peculiar inconveniencies.

THE poor man ſeeth not the vexations and anxieties of the rich; he feeleth not the difficulties and perplexities of power, neither the weariſomeneſs of leiſure, and therefore it is that he repineth at his own lot. But envy not the appearance of happineſs in any man, for thou knoweſt not his griefs. To be ſatisfied with a little, is the greateſt wiſdom; and he that encreaſeth his riches, encreaſeth his cares; but a contented mind is a hidden treaſure, and trouble findeth it not. Yet if thou ſuffereſt not the allurements of fortune to rob thee of juſtice or temperance, or charity or modeſty, even riches themſelves ſhall not make thee unhappy; but hence ſhalt thou learn, that the cup of felicity, pure and unmixed, is by no means a draught for mortal man.

Virtue is the race which God hath appointed him to run, and happineſs the goal which none can arrive at, till he hath finiſhed his courſe, and received his crown in the manſions of eternity.

An Hymn to Contentment.

LOVELY, laſting peace of mind,
Sweet delight of human kind,
Heav'nly born and bred on high
To crown the fav'rites of the ſky,
With more of happineſs below
Than victors in a triumph know.
Whither, oh! whither, art thou fled,
To lay thy meek contented head?

What

What happy region doſt thou pleaſe
To make the ſeat of charms and eaſe ?
Ambition ſearches all its ſphere
Of pomp and ſtate to meet thee there ;
Encreaſing avarice would find
Thy preſence in its gold enſhrin'd ;
The bold advent'rer ploughs his way
Thro' rocks, amidſt the foaming ſea,
To gain thy love, and then perceives
Thou wert not in the rocks and waves.
The ſilent heart which grief aſſails,
Treads ſoft and loneſome o'er the vales ;
Sees daiſies open, rivers run,
And ſeeks, as I have vainly done,
Amuſing thought ; but learns to know
That ſolitude's the nurſe of woe.
No real happineſs is found
In trailing purple on the ground ;
Or in a ſoul, exalted high,
To range the circuit of the ſky ;
Converſe with ſtars above, and know
All nature in its forms below ;
The reſt it ſeeks—in ſeeking dies,
And doubts at laſt for knowledge riſe.
'Twas thus, as under ſhade I ſtood,
I ſung my wiſhes to the wood ;
And, loſt in thought, no more perceiv'd
The branches whiſper'd as they wav'd ;
It ſeem'd as all the quiet place
Confeſs'd the preſence of the grace,
When thus ſhe ſpoke—go rule thy will,
Bid thy wild paſſions all be ſtill ;
Know God, and bring thy heart to know
The joys which from religion flow.
Then ev'ry grace ſhall prove its gueſt,
And I'll be there to crown the reſt.
Oh ! by yonder moſy ſeat,
In my hours of ſweet retreat,
Might I thus my ſoul employ,
With ſenſe of gratitude and joy.

Rais'd, as antient prophets were,
In Heav'nly viſion, praiſe, and pray'r ;
Pleaſing all men, hurting none,
Pleas'd and bleſs'd with God alone.
Then while the gardens take my ſight,
With all the colours of delight,
While ſilver waters glide along,
To pleaſe my ear and court my ſong,
I'll lift my voice, and tune my ſtring,
And thee, great Source of Nature, ſing !
The ſun, that walks his airy way,
To light the world and give the day ;
The moon, that ſhines with borrow'd light,
The ſtars, that glad the gloomy night,
The ſeas, that roll unnumber'd waves,
The wood, that ſpreads its ſhady leaves,
The field, whoſe ears conceal the grain,
The yellow treaſure of the plain ;
All of theſe, and all I ſee
Shou'd be ſung, and ſung by me ;
They ſpeak their Maker as they can,
But want, and aſk, the tongue of man.
Go ſearch among your idle dreams,
Your buſy or your vain extremes,
And find a life of equal bliſs,
Or own the next begun in this.

GRATITUDE.

THERE is not a more pleaſing exerciſe of the mind, than gratitude. It is accompanied with ſuch an inward ſatisfaction, that the duty is ſufficiently rewarded by the performance. It is not like the practice of many other virtues, difficult and painful, but attended with ſo much pleaſure, that were there no poſitive command which enjoined it, nor any recompence laid up for it hereafter, a generous mind would indulge in it for the natural gratification that accompanies it. If gratitude is due from man to man, how much more from man

to his Maker. The Supreme Being does not only confer upon us thoſe bounties, which proceed more immediately from his hand, but even thoſe benefits which are conveyed to us by others. Every bleſſing we enjoy, by what means ſoever it may be derived upon us, is the gift of him who is the great Author of Good, and Father of Mercies.

WHEN thou haſt done a kindneſs, or good office to any, be ſure thou boaſt not of it. It is the employment of a great ſoul, rather to do things worthy to be admired, than to admire what himſelf hath done.

NOTHING but virtue is capable of making us happy; if other advantages contribute thereto in ſome meaſure, it is only in as much as virtue bears them company.

SUPINENESS and effeminacy have ruined more conſtitutions, than were ever deſtroyed by exceſſive labours; moderate exerciſe, far from prejudicing, ſtrengthens and conſolidates the body.

WE ought never to think too lightly of other people's complaints; but to regard the ſorrows of our fellow-creatures with ſentiments of humanity and compaſſion.

MAN ſhould weigh well the nature of himſelf,
The varying frailneſs of this flattering world,
And the true excellence of Heav'n's high Lord;
Then would he this deſpiſe, and truſt in him.
The world deceives us all. In God is truth.
Let not thy riches or thy power prevail
To ſwell thy boſom with conceits of pride;
Look back, remember thoſe thou haſt ſeen high,
And mark, if thou haſt never ſeen them ſink;
Let this teach thee. One end awaits us all!
And when inevitable death commands,
That we ſhould follow to his dreary realm,
Matters it much, if from a royal couch,
Or from a mattreſs, thrown upon the ground,
We riſe to take our journey.

The

The Huſbandman's Meditation in the Field.

WITH toilſome ſteps when I purſue,
O'er breaking clods, the plough-ſhare's way,
Lord! teach my mortal eye to view
My native diſſoluble clay.
And when with ſeed I ſtrew the earth,
To thee all praiſes let me give,
Whoſe hand prepar'd me for the birth,
Whoſe breath inform'd and bade me live.
Pleas'd, I behold the ſtately ſtem
Support its bearded honour's load;
Thus, Lord! ſuſtain'd by thee, I came
To manhood, thro' youth's dang'rous road.
Purging from noxious herbs the grain,
Oh! may I learn to purge my mind
From ſin, rank weed of deepeſt ſtain,
Nor leave one baleful root behind.
When blaſts deſtroy the op'ning ear,
Life, thus replete with various woe,
Warns me to ſhun, with ſtudious care,
Pride, my moſt deadly latent foe.
When harveſt comes, the yellow crop
Prone to the reaper's ſickle yields;
And I beneath death's ſcythe muſt drop,
And ſoon or late forſake theſe fields.
When future crops, in ſilent hoards,
Sleep, for a while to ſervice dead;
Thy emblem this, oh grave! affords,
The path of life which all muſt tread.

EVENING HYMN.

INDULGENT God, whoſe bounteous care
O'er all thy works is ſhewn,
Oh! let my grateful praiſe and pray'r
Aſcend before thy throne.
What mercies has this day beſtow'd,
How largely haſt thou bleſt,
My cup with plenty overflow'd,

And with content my breaſt.
Safe, 'midſt a thouſand latent ſnares,
Thy careful hand has led,
And now, exempt from anxious cares
I preſs the downy bed.
I fall this night into thy arms,
Which I have prov'd ſo kind;
Oh! keep my body from all harms,
And from all ſins my mind.
Let balmy ſlumbers cloſe my eyes,
From pain and ſickneſs free;
And let my waking fancy riſe,
To meditate on thee.
So bleſs each future day and night
'Till life's fond ſcene is o'er,
And then, to realms of endleſs light,
Oh! aid my ſoul to ſoar.

A little Ode to a little Maid, on her firſt going out after her Birth.

LITTLE zephyrs, loves and graces,
Bid each chilling wind be laid,
Shelter'd in your warm embraces,
See where comes my little maid.
With your guardian wings protect her,
Every motion hover o'er;
Thro' her little path direct her,
She ne'er ventur'd out before.
Forth ſhe comes, a new born creature,
How her little blue eyes range!
Wonder ſits on every feature,
All around is gay and ſtrange.
Couldſt thou, little maid, but paint me,
What thy little fancy warms,
Or thy little tongue acquaint me
Midſt this glitter what moſt charms.
To a ſtranger all's inviting,
All a morning beauty wears;
Be the world, as now, delighting,

Taſte

Taſte its joys, but not its cares!
Pity, gentleſt child of Heav'n,
Little maid will thee attend;
Innocence is alſo given
As thy guardian, as thy friend.
She ſhall wake thy heart to pleaſures,
Such as virtue can diſcloſe;
Give thee love and friendſhip's treaſures,
Strew thy path with many a roſe.
As in years, in wiſdom growing,
Never from her ſide depart;
Thro' thy future life ſtill ſhewing
She had form'd thy youthful heart.
Let the falſe world ne'er confound thee,
From its vices turn thine ear;
Shun the bad examples round thee,
Give them but a ſigh!—a tear!
Thus ſelf-guarded, thus defended,
Thy experience ſhall confeſs,
Spite of what's by fools pretended,
Virtue is true happineſs!
Such a blameleſs tract purſuing,
Thy perfection's ſenſe ſhall tell;
Oft this little ode reviewing,
Little maid, I wiſh thee well.

THE CHURCH-YARD.

THINK, oh my ſoul, that while friends or ſtrangers are engaged on this ſpot, and reading the date of my departure hence, thou wilt be fixed under a deciſive and unchangeable ſentence, rejoicing in the rewards of time well improved, or ſuffering the ſorrows which ſhall attend the abuſe of it, in an unknown world of happineſs or miſery.

MODESTY ſeldom reſides in a breaſt, that is not enriched with nobler virtues.

MODESTY is always, and juſtly, ſuppoſed to be a concomitant of merit; and every appearance of it is winning and prepoſſeſſing.

PRAISE beſtow'd on living merit, is often found to injure the goodneſs it applauds.

THE ingratitude of the world, can never deprive us of the conſcious happineſs of having acted with humanity ourſelves.

TO thee, oh God! thy ſuppliant lifts his eyes,
To thee Supreme, Omnipotent and Juſt;
On thee alone for ſuccour he relies,
And in thy goodneſs places all his truſt.
Teach me, with patience, meekly to ſubmit
To whatſoe'er thy wiſdom judges beſt;
To ſay, with humble Job—the Lord thinks fit,
"Giving or taking let his name be bleſt."

SURE 'tis a ſerious thing to die! My ſoul,
What a ſtrange moment muſt it be, when near
Thy journey's end, thou haſt the gulph in view!
That awful gulph, no mortal e'er repaſs'd,
To tell what's doing on the other ſide.

THE wretch, condemn'd with life to part,
Still, ſtill on hope relies;
And ev'ry pang that rends the heart,
Bids expectation riſe.
Hope, like the glim'ring taper's light,
Adorns and cheers the way;
And ſtill, as darker grows the night,
Emits a brighter ray.

MODESTY is not only an ornament, but alſo a guard to virtue. It is a kind of quick and deilcate feeling in the

ſoul,

ſoul, which makes her ſhrink and withdraw herſelf from every thing that has danger in it. It is ſuch an exquiſite ſenſibity, as warns her to ſhun the firſt appearance of every thing which is hurtful.

RICHES, in the hand of a beneficent man, are a bleſſing to the public. Such an one is a ſteward to Providence, and the noble means of correcting the inequalities of fortune, of relieving the miſerable, and ſpreading happineſs to all that are within the reach of his acquaintance.

The Wife's Conſolation to her Huſband under Affliction.

NO more, lov'd partner of my ſoul,
At diſappointment grieve,
Can flowing tears our fate controul,
Or ſighs our woes relieve ?
Adverſity is virtue's ſchool,
To thoſe who right diſcern ;
Let us obſerve each painful rule,
And each hard leſſon learn.
When wintry clouds obſcure the ſky,
And Heav'n and earth deform,
If fix'd the ſtrong foundations lie,
The caſtle braves the ſtorm.
Thus, fix'd on faith's unfailing rock,
Let us endure awhile
Misfortune's rude impetuous ſhock,
And glory in our toil.
Ill fortune cannot always laſt ;
Or, tho' it ſhould remain,
Yet we each painful moment haſte,
A better world to gain—
Where calumny no more ſhall wound,
Nor faithleſs friends deſtroy ;
Where innocence and truth are crown'd
With never-fading joy.

GOOD

GOOD discourse is but the reflection or shadow of wisdom; the pure and solid substance, is good actions.

THERE can be no true and sincere pleasure in any sinful and vicious course, tho' it be attended with all the pomp and splendour of outward happiness and prosperity; for wherever sin and vice is, there must be guilt; and wherever guilt is, the mind will be restless and unquiet.

INDUSTRIOUS wisdom often prevents what lazy folly thinks inevitable. Industry argues an ingenious, great and generous dispositon of soul, by unweariedly pursuing things in the fairest light, and disdaining to enjoy the fruit of other men's labours, without deserving it.

CONCEITEDNESS and ignorance are a most unhappy composition; for none are so invincible as the half-witted, who know just enough to excite their pride, but not so much as to cure their ignorance.

ENDEAVOUR to be religious without superstition; just without rigour; merciful without partiality; cautious without fear; valiant without rashness; and great without pride.

TO endeavour not to please, is ill nature; altogether to neglect it, folly; and to overstrain for it, vanity and design.

WHEN winds the mountain-oak assail,
And lay its glories waste,
Content may slumber in the vale
Unconscious of the blast.

SWEET are the jess'min's breathing flow'rs,
Sweet the soft falling vernal show'rs,
Sweet is the gloom the grove affords,
And sweet the notes of warb'ling birds;
But not the groves, nor rains nor flow'rs,

Nor

Nor all the feather'd ſongſters pow'rs,
Can ever ſweet or pleaſing be
O! lovely freedom, without thee.

TEACH me between the two extremes to glide,
Not brave the ſtream, nor ſwim with ev'ry tide,
But more with charity, than zeal poſſeſt,
Keep my own faith, yet not condemn the reſt.

RELIGION better qualifies all ſorts of men, and makes them in public affairs the more ſerviceable; governors apter to rule with conſcience; and inferiors, for conſcience ſake, more willing to obey.

LIBERALITY is never ſo beautiful or engaging, as when the hand is concealed which beſtows the gift.

OECONOMY is no diſgrace, it is better living on a little, than outliving a great deal.

HOLY-DAYS.

SOME Chriſtians to the Lord obſerve a day,
While others to the Lord obſerve it not;
And tho' theſe ſeem to chooſe a diff'rent way,
Yet both at laſt to the ſame point are brought.
Who for the obſervance pleads, may reaſon thus—
"As on this day our Saviour and our king
Perform'd ſome glorious act of love for us,
We keep the time in mem'ry of the thing."
Hence he to Jeſus points his good intent,
With pray'rs and praiſes celebrates his name;
And as to Chriſt alone his love is meant,
The Lord accepts it—and who dares to blame?
For tho' the ſhell indeed is not the meat,
'Tis not rejected when the meat's within;
Tho' ſuperſtition is a vain conceit,

Commemo-

Commemoration ſurely is no ſin.
He likewiſe, that to days has no regard,
The ſhadow only for the ſubſtance quits;
Towards his Saviour's preſence preſſes hard,
And that preferring outward things omits;
For thus within he ſeriouſly reflects,
"My Lord alone I count my only good;
All empty forms for him my ſoul rejects,
And only ſeek the riches of his blood.
All days, in Jeſus, is my ſoul delight,
The firſt and worthieſt object of my care;
For whoſe dear ſake all outward ſhews I ſlight,
Leſt aught but him ſhould my devotion ſhare."
Let not the obſerver therefore entertain,
Againſt his brother any ſecret grudge;
And let the non-obſerver too refrain
From cenſuring others whom he ſhould not judge.
Thus both their motives bringing to the teſt,
Our condeſcending Lord may both approve,
While each purſues the way he deems the beſt,
For none can walk amiſs who walk in love.

IF at any time you are preſſed to do any thing haſtily, be careful: Fraud and deceit are always in haſte; but diffidence is the right eye of prudence.

IT is of little conſequence to read eternal truths, if we pray not to obtain the gift of underſtanding them aright.

MEN take a great deal more pains for this world, than Heaven would coſt them; and when they have it, do not live long to enjoy it.

THE time of life is the only time wherein we can prepare for another world; and oh! how ſhort and uncertain is this time! How frail and uncertain is the life of man! What multitudes does death ſurprize in an hour, when they think nothing of it! How ſilently and inſenſibly does time ſlide away;

away; with what a winged ſwiftneſs does it fly, and we cannot ſtay its progreſs, ſtop its courſe, or retard its haſty motion.

IN the morning ſay to thyſelf, what ſhall I do this day, which God has given me? How ſhall I employ it to his glory? In the evening conſider within thyſelf, and recollect, what have I done this day, and how have I ſpent it?

TO prevent ſpeaking evil of your neighbour, think no evil of him; and if you hear any, live in hopes that it is a miſtake.

IF you deſire to depend upon God, let it appear in every inſtance of his Providence towards you: Be content with the want of thoſe outward comforts which he thinks fit to deny you.

'TIS commonly obſerved, that the firſt ſtep to wickedneſs, is idleneſs; and indeed there is little hopes of any one being a good man, or a good Chriſtian, who takes no care of his time.

OUR wants are daily, and the temptations which draw our hearts from God, to the things of this world, are alſo daily; and upon both theſe accounts, ought our prayers to be daily alſo.

LET it never enter into your head, that you are a man of merit. Be the only perſon, who neither knows or ſpeaks of your own worth.

THE well-taught philoſophic mind,
To all compaſſion gives;
Caſts round the world an equal eye,
And feels for each that lives.

IF friendleſs, in a vale of tears I ſtray,
Where briers wound, and thorns perplex my way,
Lord let my ſteady ſoul thy goodneſs ſee,
And with ſtrong confidence lay hold on thee;

With

With equal eye my various lot receive,
Reſign'd to die, or reſolute to live;
Prepar'd to kiſs the ſceptre or the rod,
While God is ſeen in all, and all in God.

WE muſt never undervalue any perſon. The workman loves not that his work ſhould be deſpiſed in his preſence. Now God is preſent every where, and every perſon is his work.

TO live contented, in a moderate eſtate, we muſt never conſider thoſe that have more, but thoſe that have leſs than ourſelves.

THE BEECHEN SHADE.

TO this lone ſhade, where peace delights to dwell,
Oft let my unambitious muſe retire,
Here bid the vain tumult'ous world farewell,
And praiſe my Maker with the wood-land choir.
How ſhall I joy the dew-bright morn to view!
With pleaſure bluſhing o'er the fair domain;
The lowing herds and bleating flocks purſue,
Thick ſtraggling o'er the verdant flow'ry plain.
To ſee fair nature, with parental love,
Give life and beauty to the rural ſcene,
While tuneful birds, in ev'ry vocal grove,
In ſweet aſſemblage all around are ſeen.
To walk, by turns, the grove, the plain, the glade;
To trace the riv'let in its winding way,
At eve's approach, to hail my beechen ſhade,
And eye, with ſilent joy, the dancing ſpray.
While thro' my veins a pleaſing rev'rence thrills,
How ſhould I joy to ſee the parting day,
Glide from the plains, the foreſts and the hills,
While Philomel begins her ev'ning lay.
Then with bold wings ſtill upwards might I ſoar,
And range, at will, the planetary field;

The

The hand that guides the glowing worlds adore,
And praiſe, in ſilent admiration, yield.
Hail, bliſsful ſilence! ſtill this ſhade attend,
Be thou my conſtant, never-failing gueſt;
Be thou my guide, my counſellor, my friend,
Unrivall'd regent of my glowing breaſt.
Let not the vain parade of wealth, or ſhew,
One wiſh of envy in my breaſt excite;
Ah! teach my heart this right'ous truth to know,
That all the works of Providence are right.

SERENITY and gladneſs of heart, will attend a devout mind, when it maintains an intercourſe with the great Author of its Being. When we are in company with our God, with our Redeemer, with our deareſt and beſt of friends, our hearts will burn with love, exult with gratitude, ſwell with hope, and triumph in the conſciouſneſs of that preſence, which every where ſurrounds us; or elſe we pour out our fears, our troubles, or our dangers, to the great Supporter of our exiſtence.

THE happineſs of a life religiouſly ſpent, plainly appears, from the poor and trifling enjoyments, that all thoſe are forced to take up with, who live according to their own humour.

RELIGION is a ſecure refuge, in ſeaſons of deepeſt diſtreſs; it ſmooths the chagrin of life, makes us eaſy in all circumſtances, and fills our ſouls with the greateſt peace that our natures are capable of. The contemplation of the life and ſufferings of our Divine Leader, muſt adminiſter comfort in the ſevereſt affliction; while the ſenſe of his power and omnipotence, gives us humiliation in proſperity.

ON RETIREMENT.

WHILE here ſequeſter'd from the buſy throng,
Let calm reflection animate my ſong;

May ſweet retirement, with its ſoothing pow'rs
Compoſe each thought, and gild the paſſing hours;
And meek-ey'd peace, in whiteſt robes be ſeen,
To cheer the heart and make the mind ſerene;
Then while the world in buſy ſcenes engage,
I'll ſhun the follies of a vicious age;
Freed from the dull impertinence of ſtrife,
Serenely paſs in ſolitude my life:
And when aurora uſhers in the dawn,
And tuneful ſongſters hail the riſing morn,
With grateful heart perform the ardent pray'r,
And thank kind Heav'n for its protecting care.
Then while the ſun in radient ſplendour reigns,
And with its luſtre decks the hills and plains,
Oft let me wander o'er the dewy vale,
And breathe ſweet fragrance from the paſſing gale;
Or, led by fancy, frequent let me rove,
To ſome thick foreſt or ſome ſhady grove,
Where peaceful ſilence reigns throughout the ſcene,
And painted daiſies deck the lovely green;
While gentle zephyrs, with their ſilken wings,
Diſplay their beauties o'er the chryſtal ſprings,
Or on the margin of a purling ſtream,
(Indulge my mind on friendſhip's pleaſing theme)
Whoſe gentle murmurs calm the troubled breaſt,
And ſoothe each ſorrow when the mind's diſtreſs'd.
Then when the ſun, obedient to command,
Shall take his flight, and viſit foreign land;
May pale-ey'd Cynthia, empreſs of the night,
With mildeſt luſtre, ſhed her ſolemn light;
While twinkling ſtars diſpenſe a friendly ray,
And gently guide the trav'ler on his way:
At this lone hour when ſolemn ſilence reigns,
And mournful Philomel renews her ſtrains,
May no ſad thought my peaceful mind moleſt,
Each murmur ſtifled, and each ſigh ſuppreſs'd,
Save when compaſſion at another's woe
Shall cauſe the tears of tenderneſs to flow;
Freely I'll bear a ſympathetic part,
And ſhare the ſorrows of the drooping heart;

With

With fervent pray'rs implore kind Heav'n to bleſs,
And fondly ſtrive to make their ſorrows leſs.
Thus may my time in rural ſhades be ſpent,
Far from the world, enrich'd with calm content,
'Till death's cold hand ſhall cloſe theſe languid eyes,
And hope conduct me to yon bliſsful ſkies.

O GLORIOUS day! O day of peace, arise,
And with thy ſplendours glad my longing eyes.
O time! which oft ſo quickly glid'ſt away,
Methinks thou ling'reſt and defer'ſt the day;
Juſt like an arrow from a bow half ſtrung,
Thy flagging pinions ſlowly ſkim along.
Oh! with new vigour, urge thy flying courſe,
And ſtretch each tendon with redoubled force;
That peace may flow like ocean's ſwelling tide,
"And ſeas but join the regions they divide."

I T is the peculiar excellence of a good name, that it is out of the reach of death, and is not buried in the grave, but rather grows up from it. Solomon hath joined this good name, which is better than precious ointment, with the day of one's death, which is better than the day of one's birth, as it completes the character of thoſe that finiſh their courſe well, and are faithful unto death; whereas a great name, like the names of the great ones of the earth, is often withered and blemiſhed by death.

W H A T is the blooming tincture of a ſkin,
To peace of mind, to harmony within?
What the bright ſparkling of the fineſt eye,
To the ſoft ſoothing of a calm reply?
Can comelineſs of form, or ſhape, or air,
With comelineſs of words or deeds compare?
No—thoſe at firſt th' unwary heart may gain,
But theſe, theſe only, can that heart retain.

RELIGION

RELIGION naturally tends to all that is great, worthy, friendly, generous and noble; and the true spirit of it, not only composes, but cheers the soul. Though it banishes all levity of behaviour, all vicious and dissolute mirth—yet in exchange, it fills the mind with a perpetual serenity, and uninterrupted pleasure. The contemplation of divine mercy and power, and the exercise of virtue, are in their own nature so far from excluding all gladness of heart, that they are the principal and constant sources of it.

TEACH me, what all believe, but few possess,
That life's best science is ourselves to know;
The first of human blessings is to bless,
And happiest he who feels another's woe:
Thus cheaply wise, and innocently great,
While time's smooth sand shall regularly pass,
Each destin'd atom's quiet course I'll wait,
Nor rashly break, nor wish to stop the glass.
And when in death my peaceful ashes lie,
If e'er some tongue congenial speaks my name,
Friendship shall never blush to breathe a sigh,
And great ones envy such an honest fame.

HE that can say to himself, I do as much good, and am as virtuous, as my most earnest endeavours will allow me, whatever is his station in the world, is as to himself possessed of the highest honour. If ambition is not thus turned, it is no other than a continual succession of anxiety and vexation. But when it has this cast, it invigorates the mind; and the consciousness of its own worth is a reward, which it is not in the power of envy, detraction, or reproach, to take from it. Thus the seat of solid honour is in a man's own bosom; and no one can want support, who is in possession of an honest conscience, but he who would suffer the reproaches of it for other greatness.

THERE are some men, in whom a deficiency of sense or wit gives no pain; there are some, in whom abundance of both gives no pleasure. The

The following lines are taken from a deſcription of Hawkſtone, an elegant ſeat in Shropſhire. The author of that deſcription tells us, they were compoſed by the owner of the above-mentioned ſeat, when he was contemplating the aſtoniſhing ſcenes around him in his own park, where the verſes are to be ſeen in a natural cavern of a vaſt rock, from the top of which you command a very diverſified and romantic proſpect.

WHILST all thy glories, O my God!
Thro' the creation ſhine,
Whilſt rocks and hills, and fertile vales,
Proclaim the hand divine—
O! may I view, with humble heart,
The wonders of thy pow'r,
Diſplay'd alike in wilder ſcenes,
As in each blade and flow'r.
But whilſt I taſte thy bleſſings, Lord!
And ſip the ſtreams below,
O may my ſoul be led to thee,
From whom all bleſſings flow.
And, if ſuch footſteps of thy love,
Thro' this loſt world we trace,
How far tranſcendant are thy works
Throughout the world of grace!
Juſt as before yon noon-tide ſun,
The brighteſt ſtars are ſmall;
So earthly comforts are but ſnares,
'Till grace has crown'd them all.

Epitaph on a Country Clergyman.

STILL, like his Saviour, known by breaking bread,
The rich he entertain'd, the needy fed—
Of humour eaſy, and of life unblam'd,
The friend delighted, while the prieſt reclaim'd:
The friend, the father, and the huſband gone,
The prieſt ſtill lives in th' recording ſtone,
Where pious eyes may read his praiſes o'er,
And learn each grace his pulpit taught before.

THE bent and inclination of a virtuous man is towards silence, as much as possible, because the principal light and knowledge of this life, consists in being thoroughly acquainted with the depth and greatness of his own ignorance. So that those who make great progress in human sciences, for the most part become peremptory and decisive: On the contrary, the proficients in the science of God become more reserved, more inclind to silence, less addicted to their own sense, and less venturesome to judge of others, because they discover more and more how uncertain and obscure our knowledge is; how much we often deceive ourselves in the things we think we know best; how many faults and errors we run into by haste and precipitation in judging; and what disorders are often caused by rash judgments and advices.

Inscription for an Hermitage.

FOND man, retire to this lone cell,
And bid the busy world farewell;
Ah! quit the city's noisy scene,
For pleasures tranquil and serene;
Seek in this calm, this sweet recess,
The rose-lip'd cherub—happiness;
That haunts the hermit's mossy floor,
And simple peasant's rural door.
How pleasant is yon oak's brown shade—
The spreading beach, th' adjacent glade;
The chrystal streams, that smoothly glide;
The warbling thrush, at even tide.
Fond man, here sweetly thou may'st spend
Thy fleeting days, nor fear thy end;
Stealing thro' life, as thro' the plain,
Yon rill flows silent to the main.
Here (when in russet vest the morn
Walks o'er the mountain or the lawn)
Thy early orisons begin,
And live secure from woe and sin;
Here too, at ev'nings sober hour,

Adore

Adore the great Almighty pow'r ;
The Sovereign Ruler of the ſkies,
Forever juſt, and good, and wiſe.

PATIENCE will wipe away the ſtreaming tear,
And hope will paint the pallid cheek of fear :
Content will always happineſs ſupply,
And virtue calls a bleſſing from on high.

WHEN any body's miſbehaviour diſturbs you, diſmiſs the image of the injury, and bethink yourſelf whether you have not been guilty of the ſame fault. Such reflection is the ſhorteſt and moſt certain way of becoming truly wiſe and truly pious.

NO trees bear fruit in autumn, unleſs they bloſſom in the ſpring. To the end that our age may be profitable, and laden with ripe fruit, let all endeavour, that our youth may be ſtudious, and flowered with the bloſſoms of learning and obſervation.

WE may judge of men by their converſation towards God, but never by Gods diſpenſation towards them.

TO learn to accommodate our taſte to that portion of happineſs, which Providence has ſet before us, is of all the leſſons of philoſophy, ſurely the moſt neceſſary. High and exquiſite gratifications are not conſiſtent with the appointed meaſures of humanity ; and perhaps if we would fully enjoy the reliſh of our being, we ſhould rather conſider the miſeries we eſcape, than too nicely examine the intrinſic worth of the happineſs we poſſeſs.

WHEN a man is in company with his betters, it is as much more adviſable to hear, than to ſpeak, as it is better to reap, than to ſow.

HE is the richeſt man, who deſires no ſuperfluity, and wants for no neceſſary.

RESTLESS

RESTLESS mortals toil for nought,
Bliſs in vain from earth is ſought;
Bliſs, a native of the ſky,
Never wanders—mortals try;
There you cannot ſeek in vain,
For to ſeek her is to gain.

COME gentle age! to me thou doſt appear
No cruel object of regret or fear;
Thy ſtealing ſtep I unreluctant ſee,
Nor would avoid, or wiſh to fly from thee.

OTHER's good turns to thee be ſure to tell,
But nothing ſay, when thou thyſelf doſt well.

SOME have pleaſed themſelves with the thought, "That departed ſpirits ſupply the place of guardian angels to their friends; that they delight to follow them in their ſolitary walks, and watch their nightly ſlumbers, and make impreſſions on their ſleeping fancy, to warn them of approaching dangers." 'Tis not unlikely, that the tempeſts of human paſſions are ſometimes compoſed by the ſoft inſpiring whiſpers of thoſe propitious beings, while the ſeats of joy have opened their glories in viſionary ſcenes to their ſleeping imagination.

YOU may enjoy what you have, if you do not wiſh for more. Like a clear ſtream, which glides ſmoothly on, but by endeavouring to encreaſe the waters, it becomes a torrent.

OF greatneſs, and its pompous train,
What notions falſe we entertain!
The glitt'ring dreſs, the ſplendid feaſt,
Thoſe ſeeking moſt, who know them leaſt.
Our time, anxiety, and coſt,
In the vain acquiſition's loſt.
The man we envy oft as bleſt,
In ſecret pines with care oppreſs'd. MANY

MANY ſcripture parables and ſimilitudes are taken from the common actions of this life, that when our hands are employed about them, our hearts may the more eaſily paſs thro' them to divine and heavenly things.

EVERY thing is beautiful in its ſeaſon; and it is the wiſdom of the prudent, ſo to order the duties of their general callings as Chriſtians, and thoſe of their particular callings in the world, as that they may not claſh or interfere.

IT is related of the pious Philip Henry, that if any aſked his charity, whoſe repreſentation of their caſe he did not like, or who he thought did amiſs to take that courſe, he would firſt give them an alms, and then mildly reprove them; labouring to convince them that they were out of the way of duty; that they could not expect God ſhould bleſs them in it, and would not chide, but reaſon with them. He would ſay, if he ſhould tell them of their faults, and not give them an alms, the reproof would look only like an excuſe to deny his charity, and would be rejected accordingly.

TO be over ſolicitous after praiſe, to be greedy of it, and eager in purſuing it, and to ſeem in ſome meaſure to beg it, inſtead of being the character of a great ſoul, is the moſt certain ſign of a vain and light diſpoſition, which feeds upon the wind, and takes the ſhadow for the ſubſtance.

THE ANTS.

SO when the ants, a ſmall induſtrious train,
Embodied rob ſome golden heap of grain,
Studious, ere ſtormy winter frowns, to lay
Safe in their darkſome cells the treaſur'd prey:
In one long track the duſky legions lead
Their prize in triumph, thro' the verdant mead;
Here bending with the load, a panting throng,
With force conjoin'd, heave ſome huge grain along;
Some laſh the ſtragglers to the taſk aſſign'd,
Some to their ranks the bands that lag behind;

They

They croud the peopled path in thick array,
Glow at the work, and darken all the way.

HOW bleſs'd the man, who, like theſe inſects, wiſe,
Exerts his powers to lay up Heav'nly food;
Convinc'd, that nought like this beneath the ſkies
Deſerves his care, and ought to be purſu'd.

WOULD you in ſafety plough th' inconſtant tide,
The helm let prudence ever watchful guide.
She ſhuns the deep, where mountain-billows roar,
And ſhuns alike the ſhallows and the ſhore.
The few, by precept or experience wiſe,
Who know the mean, the golden mean, to prize,
With equal ſcorn reject a ſordid ſtate,
And the gilt ſorrows of the vainly great.
Fix'd in that point, where all the virtues reſt,
Between th' extremes with peaceful pleaſure bleſt,
They know to curb irregular deſires,
When av'rice tempts them, or ambition fires.

POSTS of preferment, and the marks of reſpect annexed to them, may flatter the ambition and vanity of mankind, but in themſelves include no real glory or ſolid greatneſs, as they are foreign to them—as they are not always the proof and reward of merit—as they add nothing to the good qualities either of body or mind—as they correct none of our faults, but often, on the contrary, ſerve only to multiply and make them more remarkable, by making them conſpicuous, and exhibiting them in a ſtronger light.

IT is virtue alone which fixes the price of every thing, and is the ſole ſource of ſolid glory and real greatneſs.

WIT is commonly looked upon with a ſuſpicious eye, as a two-edged ſword, from which not even the ſacredneſs of friendſhip can ſecure. It is more eſpecially dreaded in women.

A MAN may be reſerved and modeſt in the midſt of riches and honours, as he may be proud and avaricious in the obſcurity of a poor and wretched life.

TIME, always precious, can never be more ſo, than in our early years; the firſt ideas make the ſtrongeſt and moſt laſting impreſſion.

NUMBERLESS are the branches of good nature!—Numberleſs are the benefits we ourſelves receive by it, and confer on others!

MERE good humour, if abuſed, will degenerate into its reverſe; but good nature is always the ſame, and incapable of changing; like the divine ſource, of which it is an emanation, it returns injuries with benefits; it endeavours to work on the bad heart that offers them, by ſoft perſuaſion, and pities what it cannot mend.

WHAT tho' to-day oppreſs'd with various woes?
To-morrow's dawn may happier ſcenes diſcloſe.
The bounteous pow'r that o'er wide nature reigns,
Now bids ſtern winter blaſt the freezing plains;
And now recalls the ſpring, the ſpring returns,
Each face now ſmiles, and ev'ry boſom burns;
New beauty burſts upon the raviſh'd ſight,
And all around is joy, and life, and light.

THRO' life let manly fortitude prevail,
Whate'er the current and whate'er the gale;
Preſs forward ſtill, and ev'ry adverſe tide
Let thy ſlow, perſevering bark, divide.
But when too ſtrong the fav'ring breeze you find,
Furl the broad ſail, nor truſt the faithleſs wind.

To MIRA, with a Watch.

MIRA, this machine, you'll find,
Suits a moralizing mind.

Has

Has it motion ? 'Tis as clear
Action is man's proper ſphere.
Equal ſhould its progreſs prove,
So thro' life let Mira move.
When you forward urge its pace,
Think it may be Mira's caſe ;
In my paſſage to the ſky,
Have I linger'd ?—let me fly !
Backwards are the hands convey'd,
To the points from whence they ſtray'd ?
Bluſh not, Mira ! to untread
Steps that wiſdom never led.
If it ſtand, reflecting ſay,
Time for no machine will ſtay ;
Heav'n obſerves, and, will it find
Mira with him, or behind ?
Mark its hands with thanks to Heav'n,
For each hour and minute giv'n ;
Giv'n as means to make us wiſe ;
Giv'n to form us for the ſkies.
Falſe if either hand be view'd,
Some internal fault conclude,
Thus if Mira's life ſhould ſin,
Let her firſt reform within.
When it ſtrikes the hour, admit
Silence is not always fit.
Ev'ry day its taſk purſu'd,
Hints how thine muſt be renew'd.
Say, when winding up, alas !
Human wheels, like thoſe of braſs
Soon their functions would forego,
Nought if foreign hand beſtow.
If all day it acted right,
When ſhe hangs it by at night,
Then let Mira aſk her heart,
How have I perform'd my part ?
If it err'd, let Mira pray,
Heav'n forgive my faults to-day !
For its uſe, my preſent prize,
All beſides neglect—deſpiſe.

Shine

Shine its trinkets as they will,
Trinkets are but trifles ſtill.
Mira ! when at court array'd
All in jewels, and brocade,
If at heart no merit dwell,
If no deeds that merit tell,
Tho' a lord ſhould ſmile, or king,
Thou'rt a glit'ring, uſeleſs thing.
If whate'er its preſent praiſe,
All its pow'r to ſerve decays,
Means to mend it vainly try'd,
When you caſt it from your ſide ;
On a life of virtue paſt,
Joyful retroſpection caſt ;
But let Mira think again,
Only virtue paſt were vain ;
Perſeverance, 'till we die,
Wins the Chriſtian's crown on high.

A WOMAN of true ſenſe, will be always ambitious—not of gaining admiration, but of deſerving it.

THERE is no being long, and ſincerely happy, without being good ; which, as common an obſervation as it has been, yet wants to be made anew, by moſt, even of thoſe, whom the world thinks both wiſe and happy.

GOOD humour ſhuns not an opportunity of obliging ; but good nature is induſtrious, in ſeeking out as many as it can. Good humour frequently promiſes more than is in its power to perform ; but good nature does more than it gives you reaſon to expect.

THE want of thought creates many miſchiefs among mankind ; and this is the reaſon that none ought to ſpeak, 'till they have firſt reflected on every thing that may poſſibly be the conſequence of what they ſpeak.

IT is indeed a dreadful thing, when people cannot reſolve to content themſelves with the ſphere in which they are placed by Heaven. It is this reſtleſneſs of the mind, that occaſions half the miſchiefs that befal mankind; and yet we are all, more or leſs, apt to have ſome ſhare of it. Every one wiſhes for ſomething he has not, and that hinders him from enjoying, properly, what he is poſſeſſed of. We fancy we know better than him that made us, what would befit us, and accuſe Providence of partiality, in the lot aſſigned to us.

LIFE is an uncertain ocean; numberleſs, nameleſs dangers, lurk beneath the faireſt ſurface. No one, at his firſt embarkation, can promiſe to himſelf that he ſhall go through his voyage, unruffled with the ſtorms which from above, below, and every where, ſurround. Who then would not be glad to ſecure ſome friendly bark at hand, whoſe kind aſſiſtance, in caſe of a wreck, might ſave him.

THE ſeeds of thoſe ſpiritual joys and raptures, which are to riſe up and flouriſh in the ſoul to all eternity, muſt be planted in her, during her preſent ſtate of probation.

BEWARE thy meddling hand in ought to try,
That does beyond thy reach of knowledge lie,
But ſeek to know, and bend thy ſerious thought,
To ſearch the profitable knowledge out;
So joys, on joys, forever will encreaſe,
Wiſdom ſhall crown thy labours, and ſhall bleſs
Thy life with pleaſure, and thy end with peace.

LET gratitude, in acts of goodneſs flow,
My love to God, in love to man below;
Be this my joy, to calm the troubled breaſt,
Support the weak, and ſuccour the diſtreſt;
Direct the wand'rer, dry the widow's tear,
The orphan guard, the ſinking ſpirits chear.
Tho' ſmall my pow'r to act, tho' mean my ſkill,
God ſees the heart, he judges by the will.

AN

AN EVENING THOUGHT.

NOW down the ſteep of Heav'n the ſource of day
Purſues, unwearied, his diurnal way ;
Mild ſhine his rays, his beams ſerene deſcend,
And o'er the earth a ſweet effulgence ſend.
The bluſt'ring winds a pleaſing ſilence keep,
And in their caves, with folded pinions, ſleep.
No longer from the cloud deſcends the rain,
But a clear azure ſpreads th' etherial plain ;
A ſolemn, pleaſing ſilence, hovers round,
And peace, with downy wing, o'erſpreads the ground.
While ſilver Cynthia ſheds her milder light,
And uſhers in the awful reign of night.
So when the lamp of life ſhall dimly burn,
And this frail frame to kindred duſt return,
May the rude ſtrife of earth-born paſſions ceaſe,
And life's ſhort journey terminate in peace.
May then no cares terreſtrial break my reſt,
Or keen reflections diſcompoſe my breaſt.
May then no fears, no dread of ills to come,
Make me ſhrink back with terror from the tomb ;
But when the awful mandate from on high
The ſentence ſhall proclaim, that bids me die,
Reſign'd and peaceful, let me bow my head,
And Heav'n enjoy, when number'd with the dead.

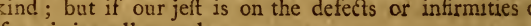
TO be too inquiſitive, into things in which we have no concern, and which, with the utmoſt labour, aſſiſted by the greateſt learning, and ſtrongeſt capacity, we can never be able to penetrate, is doubtleſs both a ſin and a folly.

A MIND, eager to enquire into the minuteſt works of nature, will be inſenſibly led to a contemplation on the greateſt ; and in all, we ſhall find ſufficient for our aſtoniſhment, and the exciting in us ſuch ideas of the great Author of Nature, as cannot fail to fill us with the higheſt ſenſe of the infinity of his goodneſs to all his creatures ; and to us in particular, to whom

whom alone, of all ſublunary beings, he has given the power of reaſon and reflection.

THERE is nothing requires a greater delicacy of ſentiment and expreſſion, than what we call raillery; and a perſon muſt be very polite indeed, who knows how to practiſe it, ſo as not to give offence.

TO be merry ourſelves, or make ſport for others, on the errors or miſtakes of our friend or companion, is certainly very unkind; but if our jeſt is on the defects or infirmities of his perſon, it is really cruel.



The dying Chriſtian to his Soul.

I.

VITAL ſpark of Heav'nly flame!
Quit, oh quit! this mortal frame—
Trembling, hoping, ling'ring, flying,
Oh! the pain, the bliſs of dying!
Ceaſe, fond nature, ceaſe thy ſtrife,
And let me languiſh into life.

II.

Hark they whiſper, angels ſay,
Siſter ſpirit come away!
What is this abſorbs me quite,
Steals my ſenſes, ſhuts my ſight;
Drowns my ſpirits, draws my breath,
Tell me, my ſoul, can this be death?

III.

The world recedes, it diſappears!
Heav'n opens on my eyes—my ears
With ſounds ſeraphic ring:
Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!
Oh! grave, where is thy victory?
Oh! death where is thy ſting?

THO'

THO' plung'd in ills, and exercis'd in care,
Yet never let the noble mind deſpair :
For bleſſings always wait on virtuous deeds,
And tho' a late, a ſure reward ſucceeds.

THE brighteſt hours of proſperity, have their clouds ; and the ſtream of life, if it is not ruffled by obſtructions, will grow putrid by ſtagnation.

WHATEVER buſies the mind, without corrupting it, has at leaſt this uſe, that it reſcues the day from idleneſs ; and he that is never idle, will not often be vicious.

KNOWLEDGE is praiſed and deſired by multitudes, whom her charms could never rouſe from the couch of ſloth.

SINCE life itſelf is uncertain, nothing which has life for its baſis, can boaſt much ſtability.

OF him that hopes to be forgiven, it is indiſpenſably required, that he forgive.

FEW are placed in a ſituation ſo gloomy and diſtreſsful, as not to ſee every day beings yet more forlorn and miſerable, from whom they may learn to rejoice in their own lot.

A CONSTANT habit of unprofitable amuſement, relaxes the tone of the mind, and renders it totally incapable of application, ſtudy, or virtue.

TO inſult over the miſeries of an unhappy creature, is inhuman ; not to compaſſionate them, is unchriſtian.

THE wickedneſs of a woman changeth her face, and darkeneth her countenance like ſack-cloth.
As the climbing of a ſandy way is to the feet of the aged, ſo is a wife full of words to a quiet man.
A woman that will not comfort her huſband in diſtreſs, maketh weak hands and feeble knees. Eccles. xxv. chap.

Extract from Young's Resignation.

WHAT cannot resignation do?
It wonders can perform;
That pow'rful charm, "thy will be done,"
Can lay the loudest storm.
Our hearts are fasten'd to this world,
By strong and tender ties;
And ev'ry sorrow cuts a string,
And urges us to rise.
When Heav'n would kindly set us free,
And earth's enchantments end,
It takes the most effectual means,
And robs us of a friend.
Oh! how disorder'd our machine,
When contradictions mix;
When nature strikes no less than twelve,
And folly points at six.
They let unmark'd, and unemploy'd,
Life's idle moments run,
And, doing nothing for themselves,
Imagine nothing done.
Dang'rous mistake—their fate goes on,
Their dread account proceeds—
And their not doing, is set down,
Amongst their darkest deeds.

IT was the practice of Vespasian, the Roman emperor, to call himself to an account every night, for the actions of the past day; and as often as he let slip one day without doing some good, he entered upon his diary this memorial—
"I have lost a day."

THE grace of a wife delighteth her husband, and her discretion will fatten his bones.

A silent and loving woman is a gift of the Lord, and there is nothing so much worth, as a mind well instructed.

As the sun when it ariseth in the high heaven—so is the beauty of a good wife in the ordering of her house. Eccl. xxvi.

TO

TO hint at a fault, does more miſchief, than ſpeaking out; for whatever is left for the imagination to finiſh, will not fail to be overdone.

MEEKNESS is imperfect, if it be not both active and paſſive; if it will not enable us to ſubdue our own paſſions and reſentments, as well as qualify us to bear, patiently, the paſſions and reſentments of others.

ALEXANDER (ſays Seneca) had two friends, Clitus and Lyſimachus; the one he expoſed to a lion, the other to himſelf; he who was turned looſe to the beaſt, eſcaped, but Clitus was murdered, for he was turned looſe to an angry man.

COUNT that day loſt, whoſe low deſcending ſun
Views from thy hand no worthy action done.

LOVE the great God, with all thy might,
And know, whatever is, is right.
To his diſpoſal always yield,
Who clothes the lilies of the field,
And truſt his ever-watchful care,
Which numbers every ſingle hair.
Each day the ſacred pages view,
For theſe give pleaſures ever new.
The truths that there conſpicuous ſhine,
Proclaim their author all divine—
See here thy great Redeemer's love,
Who left the radiant realms above—
To perfect all the goſpel plan,
Then dy'd, to ſave degen'rate man.
To him prefer thy ardent pray'r,
For ſuch things as expedient are;
And if thy breaſt a manſion be,
Fit to receive the Heav'nly three,
The comforter ſhall ſoon be ſent,
To fill the mind with ſweet content;
And tho' the world, as all confeſs,
Can neither ſatisfy or bleſs,
Hence may'ſt thou draw that liquid ſtore,
Which he that drinks of, thirſts no more.

WITH

———WITH Heaven's ennobling gifts
Benignly bleſt, the blooming Lucia ſhines:
Pleaſing her ſpeech, by nature taught to flow,
Strong and perſuaſive ſenſe, ſincere and clear.
Her manners greatly plain; a noble grace
Self-taught, beyond the reach of mimic art,
Adorns her: Her calm temper, winning, mild,
Nor pity ſofter; truth itſelf the ſource:
Conſtant in doing well, ſhe neither ſeeks,
Nor ſhuns applauſe. No baſhful merit ſighs
Near her neglected: Sympathizing, ſhe
Wipes off the tear from ſorrow's clouded eye
With kindly hand, and bids her heart to ſmile.

MEEKNESS may be called the pioneer of all the other virtues, which levels every obſtruction, and ſmooths every difficulty, that might impede their entrance, or retard their progreſs.

IF it were only for mere human reaſons, it would turn to a better account, to be patient; nothing defeats the malice of an enemy, like a ſpirit of forbearance; the return of rage for rage cannot be ſo effectually provoking. True gentleneſs, like an impenetrable armour, repels the moſt pointed ſhafts of malice; they cannot pierce thro' this invulnerable ſhield, but either fall hurtleſs to the ground, or return to wound the hand that ſhot them

A MEEK ſpirit will not look out of itſelf for happineſs, becauſe it finds a conſtant banquet at home; yet by a ſort of Divine Alchymy, it will convert all external events to its own profit, and be able to deduce ſome good, even from the moſt unpromiſing; it will extract comfort and ſatisfaction from the moſt barren circumſtances; "it will ſuck honey out of the rock, and oil out of the flinty rock."

HONOURS and dignities are tranſient, beauty and riches frail and fleeting, to a proverb. Would not the truly wiſe,

wife, therefore, wifh to have fome one poffeffion, which they might call their own in the fevereft exigencies? But this wifh can only be accomplifhed, by acquiring, and maintaining, that calm and abfolute felf-poffeffion, which as the world had no hand in giving, fo it cannot, by the moft malicious exertion of its power, take away.

AN amiable and wife woman will, always have fomething better to value herfelf on than outward advantages, which, however captivating, are ftill but fubordinate parts of a truly excellent character.

HOW cruel is it to extinguifh, by neglect or unkindnefs, the precious fenfibility of an open temper, to chill the amiable glow of an ingenious foul, and to quench the bright flame of a noble and generous fpirit! Thefe are of higher worth, than all the documents of learning; of dearer price, than all the advantages which can be derived from the moft refined and artificial mode of education.

THE beft of men, and the beft of books, can do us good, only fo far as they turn us from themfelves, and every human comfort, to feek and receive every kind of good, from God alone.

TO defire to communicate good to every creature, in the degree we can, and it is capable of receiving from us, is a divine temper; for thus God ftands unchangeably difpofed towards the whole creation.

IN vain thou hop'ft for blifs on this poor clod;
Return, and feek thy Father and thy God.
Yet think not to regain thy native fky,
Borne on the wings of vain philofophy.
Myfterious paffage! hid from mortal eyes;
Soaring you'll fink, and finking you will rife.
Let humble thoughts thy wary footfteps guide;
Regain by meeknefs, what thou loft by pride.

LET

LET thy flock clothe the naked, and thy table feed the hungry; deliver the poor from oppreſſion, and let thy converſation be above. Thus ſhalt thou "rejoice in hope," and look forward to the end of life, as the conſummation of thy felicity.

WHAT an example is Job, to ſuch as have loſt their ſubſtance all at once, by unforeſeen misfortunes:—"The Lord gave—the Lord hath taken away. Bleſſed be the name of the Lord."

HUMANITY.

AH me! how little knows the human heart,
The pleaſing taſk of ſoft'ning other's woe;
Stranger to joys, that pity can impart,
And tears ſweet ſympathy can teach to flow.
If e'er I've mourn'd my humble, lowly ſtate;
If e'er I've bow'd my knee at fortune's ſhrine;
If e'er a wiſh eſcap'd me, to be great,
The fervent pray'r, humanity, was thine.
Pity the man, who hears the moving tale
Unmov'd, to whom the heart-felt glow's unknown;
On whom the widow's plaints could ne'er prevail,
Nor made the injur'd wretch's cauſe his own.
How little knows he th' extatic joy,
The thrilling bliſs of chearing wan deſpair;
How little knows the pleaſing, warm employ,
That calls the grateful tribute of a tear.
The ſplendid dome, the vaulted roof to rear,
The glare of pride and pomp, be grandeur thine;
To wipe from mis'ry's eye the wailing tear,
And ſoothe th' oppreſſed orphan's woes, be mine.
Be mine the bluſh of modeſt worth to ſpare,
To change to ſmiles affliction's riſing ſigh;
The kindred warmth of charity to ſhare,
Till joy ſhall ſparkle from the tear-fill'd eye.
Can the loud laugh, the mirth inſpiring bowl,
The dance, or choral ſong, or jocund glee,
Affect the glowing, ſympathizing ſoul,
Or warm the breaſt, humanity, like thee?

A C-

ACCEPTABLE SACRIFICE.

HE that keepeth the law, bringeth offerings enough: He that taketh heed to the commandment, offereth a peace-offering: He that requiteth a good turn offereth fine flour: And he that giveth alms, ſacrificeth praiſe. To depart from wickedneſs, is a thing pleaſing to the Lord; and to forſake unrighteouſneſs, is a propitiation. Thou ſhalt not appear empty before the Lord; for all theſe things are to be done, becauſe of the commandment. The offering of the righteous maketh the altar fat, and the ſweet ſavour thereof is before the Moſt High! The ſacrifice of a juſt man is acceptable, and the memorial thereof ſhall never be forgotten. Eccles. xxxv.

WE ſee almoſt every day, the unexpected death of our friends and our enemies; we ſee new graves often opened for men older and younger than ourſelves; for the cautious and the careleſs, the diſſolute and the temperate; for men, who like us, were providing to enjoy or improve hours now irreverſibly cut off; we ſee all this, and yet, inſtead of living, let year glide after year, in preparations to live.

A MAN that faſteth for his ſins, and goeth again and doeth the ſame, who will hear his prayer? or what doth his humbling profit him. Eccles. xxxiv. 26.

THE mind is never ſo ſenſibly diſpoſed to pity the ſufferings of others, as when it is itſelf ſubdued and ſoftened by calamity. Adverſity diffuſes a kind of ſacred calm over the breaſt, that is the parent of thoughtfulneſs and meditation.

HE that looks upon the buſineſs and buſtle of the world, with the philoſophy with which Socrates ſurveyed the fair at Athens, will turn away at laſt with his exclamation, "how many things are here which I do not want."

WHILE affliction prepares us for felicity, we may conſole ourſelves under its preſſures, by remembering, that they are no particular marks of divine diſpleaſure, ſince all the diſtreſſes of perſecution have been ſuffered by thoſe, "of whom the world was not worthy;" and the Redeemer of mankind himſelf was "a man of ſorrows, and acquainted with grief."

IF thou haſt gathered nothing in thy youth, how canſt thou find any thing in thine age?

Much experience is the crown of old men, and the fear of God is their glory.

Oh, how great is he that findeth wiſdom! Yet is there none above him that feareth the Lord! The fear of the Lord is the beginning of his love; and faith is the beginning of cleaving unto him.

OF all the virtues, there are none ought more to be inculcated, into the mind of a young girl, than modeſty and meekneſs. Vanity and pride are perpetually endeavouring to force their way into the heart; and too much care cannot be taken to repulſe their efforts.

WE muſt, in this world, gain a reliſh of truth and virtue, if we would be able to taſte that knowledge and perfection, which are to make us happy in the next.

The GOVERNESS: A SIMILE.

AS when blithe lambs their vernal revels keep,
Bound from the turf, and o'er the hillocks leap;
Now harmleſs try to butt, then run away;
Now wearied feed, and thus conſume the day—
Th' indulgent ſhepherdeſs attentive lies,
Leſt from the woods ſome ſudden foe ſhould riſe,
And as they play, her harmleſs flock ſurprize.
So, the ſage governeſs, whoſe conſtant care
By wiſdom's dictates, forms the tender fair;
When her gay female throng, to ſport inclin'd,
Suſpend the nobler pleaſures of the mind,
With jealous eyes each motion does ſurvey,
Leſt they ſhould ſwerve from virtue in their play.

CHILDREN, like tender oziers, take the bow,
And as they firſt are faſhion'd, always grow;
For what we learn in youth, to that alone
In age we are by ſecond nature prone.

Extract

Extract from Young's Night Thoughts.

THE chamber, where the good man meets his fate,
Is privileg'd beyond the common walk
Of virtuous life, quite in the verge of Heav'n.
Fly, ye profane! if not draw near with awe,
Receive the bleſſing, and adore the hand
That threw in this Bethſeda your diſeaſe.
If unreſtor'd by this, deſpair your cure;
For here, reſiſtleſs demonſtration dwells—
A death-bed's a detector of the heart;
Here tir'd diſſimulation drops her maſk,
Thro' life's grimace, that miſtreſs of the ſcene!
Here real, and apparent, are the ſame.
You ſee the man, you ſee his hold on Heav'n,
If found his virtue, as Philander's found,
Heav'n waits not the laſt moment, owns her friends
On this ſide death, and points them out to men—
A lecture ſilent, but of ſov'reign pow'r!
To vice, confuſion—and to virtue, peace.

IT is a certain ſign of an ill heart, to be inclined to defamation. They who are harmleſs and innocent, can have no gratification that way; but it ever ariſes from a neglect of what is laudable in a man's ſelf, and an impatience of ſeeing it in another.

TO forbear replying to an unjuſt reproach, and overlook it, with a generous, or (if poſſible) with an entire neglect of it, is one of the moſt heroic acts of a great mind.

EVERY appearance of amiable ſimplicity, or of honeſt ſhame, nature's haſty conſcience, will be dear to ſenſible hearts; they will carefully cheriſh every ſuch indication in a young female; for they will perceive, that it is this temper, wiſely cultivated, which will one day make her enamoured of the lovelineſs of virtue and the beauty of holineſs; from which ſhe will acquire a taſte for the doctrines of religion, and a ſpirit to perform the duties of it.

THE hypocriſy of aſſuming virtues, which are not inherent in the heart, prevents the growth and diſcloſure of thoſe real ones, which it is the great end of education to cultivate.

GOOD diſpoſitions, of themſelves, will go but a very little way, unleſs they are confirmed into good principles. And this cannot be effected, but by a careful courſe of religious inſtruction, and a patient and laborious cultivation of the moral temper.

IN the great and univerſal concern of religion, both ſexes, and all ranks, are equally intereſted. The truly catholic ſpirit of Chriſtianity accommodates itſelf, with an aſtoniſhing condeſcenſion, to the circumſtances of the whole human race.

LET no miſtaken girl fancy ſhe gives a proof of her wit, by her want of piety; or that a contempt of things ſerious and ſacred, will exalt her underſtanding, or raiſe her character, even in the opinion of the moſt avowed male infidels.

CICERO ſpoke it as the higheſt commendation of Cato's character, that he embraced philoſophy, not for the ſake of diſputing like a philoſopher, but of living like one. The chief purpoſe of Chriſtian knowledge, is to promote the great end of a Chriſtian life.

From the book of wiſdom :—Hearken unto thy father—deſpiſe not thy mother when ſhe is old. Extract :

'TIS wiſdom ſpeaks—her voice divine
Attend my ſon, and life is thine.
Thine, taught to ſhun the devious way,
Where folly leads the blind aſtray :
Let virtue's lamp thy footſteps guide,
And ſhun the dang'rous heights of pride;
The peaceful vale, the golden mean,
The path of life purſue ſerene.
From infancy what ſufferings ſpring—
While yet a naked helpleſs thing,

Who

Who o'er thy limbs a cov'ring caſt,
To ſhield thee from th' inclement blaſt ?
Thy mother—honour her—her arms
Secur'd thee from a thouſand harms ;
When helpleſs, hanging on her breaſt,
She ſooth'd thy ſobbing heart to reſt ;
For thee her peace, her health deſtroy'd,
For thee, her ev'ry pow'r employ'd :
Thoughtful of thee, before the day
Shot thro' the dark its riſing ray ;
Thoughtful of thee, when ſable night
Again had quench'd the beams of light ;
To Heav'n, in ceaſeleſs pray'r for thee
She rais'd her head, and bent her knee.
Deſpiſe her not, now feeble grown—
Oh ! make her wants and woes thy own ;
Let not thy lips rebel ; nor eyes,
Her weakneſs, frailty, years, deſpiſe ;
From youthful inſolence defend,
Be patron, huſband, guardian, friend.
Thus ſhalt thou ſoothe, in life's decline,
The mis'ries that may once be thine.

AN unwary moment may happen to the moſt guarded and reſerved ; and this reflection ought to fill us with charity for others.

A PRUDENT man hath his eyes open, and his mouth ſhut ; and as much deſires to inform himſelf, as to inſtruct others.

IN diſcourſe, make not too great a profuſion or expence of your knowledge, leſt your treaſure be ſoon exhauſted.

THE thought of immortality, the hope of endleſs happineſs, is enough to animate the ſoul with the nobleſt ambition, and yet make it look, with the humbleſt compaſſion, upon that part of the creation, that wants ſo divine a hope.

The

The latter Part of the 3d Chap. of Habbakuk imitated.

ALTHO' the blooming plants forget to ſhoot,
The fig-tree fade, and vines deny their fruit;
No taſteful olives finiſh our repaſt,
Nor op'ning buds ſurvive the wintry blaſt;
The barren fields their wonted blades withhold,
And lambs no longer fill the ſcanty fold;
Nor flocks, nor herds, around the vale be ſeen,
But one ſtern famine ſweep th' impov'riſh'd green—
Yet ſhall the God of nature claim my praiſe,
Wake my firſt ſongs, and ſhare my lateſt lays.
Each night and morn ſhall ſtring the duteous lyre,
And all my nerves retouch with ſacred fire;
Hills, vales, and groves, the ſounding anthem own,
And the ſweet echoes reach th' unſhaken throne,
Where reigns forever, in unclouded day,
My guide, that leads at once and lights my way.
He from my paths will turn th' oppoſing wind,
And give my feet the ſwiftneſs of the hind;
Life's rugged tracts make like the pleaſant plains,
On whoſe ſmooth ground the trav'ler ſooths his pains.

"IF thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirſt, give him drink." That is, if we behold our enemy labouring under any extraordinary diſtreſs or calamity, which it is in our power to remove, or alleviate, as in the caſe of extreme poverty, ſickneſs, or misfortune, we ought then cheerfully to lend him our help and aſſiſtance, to extricate him out of his difficulties or afflictions. An amiable example of which our Saviour affords us in the parable of the good Samaritan, who had a much better reaſon for neglecting the diſtreſſed traveller, than either the prieſt, or the Levite, viz. Becauſe he was a Jew, and therefore his declared enemy. But in him all party-animoſities were overpowered by the tender feelings of pity and compaſſion.

SELFISHNESS may indifferently happen to be a motive to an action, that, in itſelf, is either good or evil, either hurtful

hurtful or beneficent. But, as far as selfishness, merely, is a motive to any action, it never had, nor can have, any relation to virtue. We must search somewhat deeper for the root of that tree, which is productive of this divine fruit.

ALL who would please the great, must be flatterers; but the true province of friendship is, to put us in mind of our own faults.

MEEKNESS makes any condition tolerable and easy to be endured. He that meekly bears any suffering, takes off the edge of it, that it cannot wound him; whereas he that frets and rages at it, whets it, and makes it much sharper than it would otherwise be.

IT is said of our blessed Saviour, that "he was led as a sheep to the slaughter; that when he was reviled, reviled not again; when he suffered, threatened not." And if he, the Lord of glory, suffered thus meekly and unjustly from his own creatures, with what face can we ever complain of any injury done to us?

BE very watchful over thine heart, and never suffer it to feed on the fancy of thy own worth; but whenever any such thought arises, beat it down immediately, with the remembrance of some of thy follies or sins, and so make this very motion of pride an occasion of humility.

NEVER compare thyself with those thou thinkest more foolish or more wicked, that so thou mayest, like the Pharisee, extol thyself for being better; but if thou wilt compare, do it with the wise and godly; and then thou wilt find thou comest so far short, as may help to pull down thy high esteem of thyself.

POVERTY is apt to betray a man into envy, riches into arrogance; poverty is too often attended with fraud, vicious compliance, repining, murmur and discontent. Riches expose a man to pride and luxury, a foolish elation of heart, and too great a fondness for the present world. In short, the middle condition is most eligible.

WINTER.

THE fields, diſconſolate and ſad,
No vegetation bring ;
No verdure makes the peaſant glad,
Nor ſhews the welcome ſpring.
No more the trees, in lively green,
Their leafy honours ſhew ;
The boughs, where trembling leaves were ſeen,
Exhibit flakes of ſnow.
The plumy race of various dies,
Have loſt their wonted fire ;
To thickets cloſe, from low'ring ſkies,
The feather'd tribe retire.
The chryſtal floods, in fetters bound,
No ruſhing torrents feel ;
In vain, auſpicious gales are found,
To waft the gloſſy keel.
In icy fetters they remain,
Depriv'd of liberty,
'Till gentle zephyrs looſe the chain,
And ſet the captives free.

The TRULY GREAT.

THEY'RE only great, whom no baſe motive rules,
Who owe no glory to the breath of fools ;
Friends to true merit, to their country dear,
To others kind, but to themſelves ſevere ;
Quiet in ſuff'ring, with their lot content,
And careful to improve the talent lent ;
Good without pride, tho' humble, yet not mean,
In danger fearleſs, and in death ſerene.

IF every perſon would conſider, that he is in this life nothing more than a paſſenger, and that he is not to ſet up his reſt here, but to keep an attentive eye upon that ſtate of being to which he approaches every moment, and which will

will be forever fixed and permanent; this ſingle conſideration would be ſufficient to extinguiſh the bitterneſs of hatred, the thirſt of avarice, and the cruelty of ambition.

IT is a great preſumption, to aſcribe our ſucceſſes to our own management, and not to eſteem ourſelves upon any bleſſing, rather as it is the bounty of Heaven, than the acquiſition of our own prudence.

Extract from "A Midnight Thought."

WHILE active thought unſeals my eye,
And midnight darkneſs ſhades the ſky,
Be huſh'd, my ſoul, ye moments ſtay,
While I rejudge the guilty day.
See conſcience glares, more dreadful made
By ſilence and the awful ſhade!
She points her poignard to my breaſt,
And bids my juſtice ſpeak the reſt.
Then think, my ſoul, while Heav'n gives breath,
And antedate the ſtroke of death!
Reflect how ſwift the moments fly,
Nor linger, unprepar'd to die!
Penſive revolve, 'ere yet too late,
The ſcenes of an eternal ſtate,
A ſeries of unnumber'd years
Or crown'd with joys, or loſt in tears.
What awful hints theſe thoughts inſpire,
They chill the blood, they pall deſire;
They teach the ſoul her Heav'nly birth,
And baniſh all the pomps on earth.
Here, as in air, a bubble toſt,
Her worth unknown, her genius loſt;
At pleaſure's fancy has ſhe drove,
Forgetful of her ſeat above!
Oh! what ſuch folly can atone?
Reaſon dejected from her throne;
Let humble penitence reſtore,
And bid my ſoul to err no more.

All

All clement thou, oh God! all juſt,
The good man's rock, the ſinner's truſt;
Accept the blood my Saviour ſhed,
To ſave from woe this guilty head.
Oh! ſend thy life-reſtoring grace,
Effuſe the luſtre of thy face;
From guilt and ſorrow ſet me free,
And guide me, till I come to thee.

NOTHING will give a greater luſtre to all your virtues, than modeſty.

HE that is his own appraiſer, will be miſtaken in the value.

A LITTLE eſteem of one's ſelf, hinders a great deal from others; boaſting may gain applauſe from fools, but it puts a wiſe man to the expence of a bluſh.

SELF eſteem, is commonly puniſhed by univerſal contempt.

NO revenge is more heroic, than that which torments envy by doing good.

IT is in vain for him to pretend to love either God or man who loves his money ſo much better, that he will ſee his poor brother (who is a man, and bears the image of God) ſuffer all extremities, rather than part with any thing to relieve him.

"He that giveth to the poor, lendeth unto the Lord"—and that too on ſolemn promiſe of repayment. "That which he hath given, will he pay him again." It is, amongſt men, thought a great diſparagement, when we refuſe to truſt them: It ſhews we either think them not ſufficient, or not honeſt. How great an affront is it then to God, thus to diſtruſt him?

Innumerable accidents there are, which may, in an inſtant, bring a rich man to beggary: And therefore, what courſe ſo prudent can we take for our wealth, as to put it out of the reach of thoſe accidents, by lending it to God, where we may be ſure to find it ready at our greateſt need, and that too with improvement and increaſe?

The

The contented Country Maid.

WHAT happineſs the rural maid attends,
In chearful labour while each day ſhe ſpends;
She gratefully receives what Heaven has ſent,
And, rich in poverty, enjoys content.
She ſeldom feels the ſpleen's imagin'd pains,
Nor melancholy ſtagnates in her veins;
She rarely loſes life in thoughtleſs eaſe,
Nor on the velvet couch invites diſeaſe.
Her homeſpun dreſs in ſimple neatneſs lies,
And for no glaring equipage ſhe ſighs.
Her reputation, which is all her boaſt,
In a malicious viſit ne'er was loſt.
No midnight maſquerade her beauty wears,
And health, not paint, the fading bloom repairs.
If love and quiet in her boſom reign,
And like enjoyment in her happy ſwain,
No homebred jars her quiet ſtate controul,
Nor watchful jealouſy torments her ſoul.
With ſecret joy ſhe ſees her little race
Reſt on her knee, and her ſmall cottage grace;
The fleecy ball their buſy fingers cull,
Or from the ſpindle draw the length'ning wool;
Thus flow her hours, with conſtant peace of mind,
Till age the lateſt thread of life unwind.

OF all thoſe ſorrows that attend mankind,
With patience bear the lot to thee aſſign'd,
Nor think it chance, nor murmur at the load,
For know what man calls fortune, is from God.

AMONG the antient Romans, it was not the houſe which honoured the maſter, but the maſter the houſe. A cottage with them became as auguſt as a temple, when juſtice, generoſity, probity, ſincerity, and honour, were lodged in it; and how can a houſe be called ſmall, which contains ſo many and ſuch great virtues?

AN

AN extraordinary merit may lie hid under a mean habit, as a rich garment may cover enormous vices.

THE nobility arising from birth, is by far inferior to that which proceeds from merit.

MARCUS Aurelius was averse to every thing that had the air of pomp and luxury. He lay upon the bare ground; at twelve years old he took the habit of a Philosopher; he forbore the use of guards, the imperial ornaments, and the ensigns of honour, which were carried before the Cæsars and the Augusti. Nor was this conduct owing to his ignorance of what was grand and beautiful, but to the juster and purer taste he had of both, and to an intimate persuasion, that the greatest glory, and principal duty of man, especially if in power, and eminently conspicuous, is so far to imitate the Deity, as to throw himself into a condition of wanting as little as may be for himself, and doing all the good to others he is capable of.

IF it shews a greatness of soul to overlook our own nobility, and not suffer it to gain the ascendant over our actions, we may likewise observe, that it is no less great in such as have raised themselves by merit, not to forget the meanness of their extraction, nor be ashamed of it.

WE read in the scriptures, that Boaz, in the midst of riches, was laborious, diligent in husbandry, plain without luxury, delicacy, sloth or pride. How affable, how obliging and kind to his servants! "The Lord be with you," says he to his reapers; and they answered him, "the Lord bless thee." This was the beautiful language of religious antiquity; but how little known in our days.

How commendable was his behaviour towards Ruth, when he desires her not to go into any other field to glean, but to abide fast by his maidens, to eat and drink with them, and the charitable order he gives his reapers to let her glean even among the sheaves, and to let fall some of the handfuls on purpose for her that she might gather them up without being ashamed; teaching us by this wise conduct, to save those we oblige, the confusion of receiving, and ourselves the temptation of vain-glory in giving.

THE

THE Providence of God is univerſal; it preſides over all to the minuteſt particular, and governs and directs all.

Part of the Book of Job verſified.

FOND man, the viſion of a moment made—
Dream of a dream, and ſhadow of a ſhade;
What worlds haſt thou produc'd, what creatures fram'd?
What inſects cheriſh'd, that thy God is blam'd?
When pain'd with hunger, the wild raven's brood
Call upon God, importunate for food,
Who hears their cry? Who grants their hoarſe requeſt,
And ſtills the clamour of the craving neſt?
Who taught the hawk to find, in ſeaſons wiſe,
Perpetual ſummers and a change of ſkies?
When clouds deform the year, ſhe mounts the wind,
Shoots to the ſouth, nor fears the ſtorm behind.
The ſun returning, ſhe returns again,
Lives in his beams, and leaves ill days to men.
Am I a debtor? Haſt thou ever heard
Whence come the gifts that are on me confer'd?
My laviſh fruit a thouſand vallies fills,
And mine the herds that graze a thouſand hills.
Earth, ſea and air, all nature is my own,
And ſtars and ſun are duſt beneath my throne,
And dar'ſt thou, with the world's great father vie,
Thou who doſt tremble at my creatures eye?
Then the Chaldean eas'd his lab'ring breaſt,
With full conviction of his crime oppreſt.
Thou canſt accompliſh all things, Lord of might!
And every thought is naked to thy ſight—
But oh! thy ways are wonderful, and lie
Beyond the deepeſt reach of mortal eye.
Oft have I heard of thine Almighty pow'r,
But never ſaw thee till this dreadful hour.
O'erwhelm'd with ſhame, the Lord of life I ſee,
Abhor myſelf, and give my ſoul to thee.
Nor ſhall my weakneſs tempt thine anger more,
Man was not made to queſtion, but adore.

To

To a Child of a Month old.

BLESS'D babe, who ſtranger to all worldly ſtrife,
Art lately launch'd upon the ſea of life;
And midſt thoſe dang'rous waves wilt ſoon be toſt,
Where ſome by pleaſure, ſome by pain, are loſt—
Who yet not feels, nor fear'ſt to feel the rage
Of ſtorms, that threaten man's maturer age;
But view'ſt, with careleſs and indiff'rent eyes,
The clouds of folly that arround thee riſe.
Accept, nor fear infection from my ſong,
Few authors flatter at an age ſo young.
Look round the habitable world and ſee,
Who would not wiſh to change their place with thee.
Would not the miſer broach each fav'rite mine,
His heart as eaſy, thoughts as free as thine?
What would the hoary villain not endure,
His hands as innocent, his ſoul as pure.
Would not the ſpendthrift beg his ſquander'd ore,
To purchaſe half the bliſs thou haſt in ſtore?
Ne'er was a maxim truer ſure than this,
That want of innocence is want of bliſs;
'Tis this, 'tis innocence, thy boſom cheers,
This calms thy troubles, this diſpels thy fears;
This ſpreads o'er all its beautifying rays,
Makes every object, every play-thing, pleaſe.
This (whilſt leſs things the guilty breaſt can awe)
Gives muſick to a key, and beauty to a ſtraw.
So thro' the priſm, to philoſophic eyes,
The barren lawns in pleaſing proſpect riſe.
Steep hills in azure tempt the diſtant ſight,
Waſte wilds look lovely in a borrow'd light.
Deck'd by the glaſs the cottage apes the throne,
And ſhines in colours that were ne'er its own.
Long may this pleaſing calm remain within,
Unknown to trouble, as unknown to ſin;
When infant reaſon ſhall begin to riſe,
Prate on thy lips, and wanton in thy eyes,
Oh! may this charm thy ev'ry care beguile,
Aſſiſt thy prattle, and improve thy ſmile.

When

When growing ſenſe, to rip'ning judgment join'd,
Shall fix a doubtful empire in thy mind—
If heat of blood with wanton frenzy warm—
If eaſe ſhould tempt thee, or if pleaſure charm,
Oh! may this love of virtue, love of truth,
Lead thee ſtill ſafe thro' all the paths of youth.
Next when thy part in life's ſtill varying plan
Shall call thee forward on the ſtage of man,
Oh! may it keep thee honeſt, gen'rous, juſt,
True to thy word, and cautious of thy truſt;
Light in thy ſoul devotion's ſacred flame,
Make virtue all thy wiſh, and Heav'n thy aim.
And laſt, when manhood's vigour ſhall decay,
Time ſhake thy head, and ſilver't o'er with grey,
Long may this ſov'reign remedy remain,
To prop thy weakneſs, and aſſuage thy pain;
'Till the laſt moment ſhed its kindly ray,
And glad the ev'ning of thy well-ſpent day.
But may ten thouſand pleaſures riſe between
Thy op'ning curtain, and this cloſing ſcene;
May health attend thee, beautiful and gay,
And ſmooth, thro' life, thy elſe too rugged way.

PROSPERITY quickens, and gives a ſort of falſe courage to men of low, degenerate minds, and dreſſes them up in an outward grandeur, which impoſes upon the majority of mankind; but adverſity is the touchſtone of ſouls truly great and generous.

SILENCE is ſometimes more ſignificant and ſublime, than the moſt noble and moſt expreſſive eloquence, and is, on many occaſions, the indication of a great mind.

But ſilence never ſhows itſelf to ſo great an advantage, as when it is made the reply to calumny and defamation, provided that we give no juſt occaſion for them.

HOW different is the view of paſt life, in the man who is grown old in knowledge and wiſdom, from that of him who

 is

is grown old in ignorance and folly. The latter is like the owner of a barren country, that fills his eye with the proſpect of naked hills and plains, which produce nothing either profitable or ornamental; the other beholds a beautiful and ſpacious landſcape, divided into delightful gardens, green meadows, fruitful fields, and can ſcarce caſt his eye on a ſingle ſpot of his poſſeſſions, that is not covered with ſome beautiful plant or flower.

TO look upon the ſoul as going on from ſtrength to ſtrength, to conſider that ſhe is to ſhine forever with new acceſſions of glory, and brighten to all eternity; that ſhe will be ſtill adding virtue to virtue, and knowledge to knowledge, carries in it ſomething wonderfully agreeable to that ambition, which is natural to the mind of man. Nay, it muſt be a proſpect pleaſing to God himſelf, to ſee his creation forever beautifying in his eyes, and drawing nearer to him, by greater degrees of re-emblance.

THAT we might not want inducements to engage us in ſuch an exerciſe of the body, as is proper for its welfare, it is ſo ordered, that nothing valuable can be procured without it. Not to mention riches and honour, even food and raiment are not to be come at without the toil of the hands, and ſweat of the brows. Providence furniſhes materials, but expects that we ſhould work them up ourſelves.

As for thoſe who are not obliged to labour, by the condition in which they are born, they are more miſerable than the reſt of mankind, unleſs they indulge themſelves in that voluntary labour, which goes by the name of exerciſe.

Thoughts on the Grave of a Child.—By a Father.

HERE, here ſhe lies! oh! could I once more view
Thoſe dear remains; take one more fond adieu;
Weep o'er that face of innocence, or ſave
One darling feature, from the noiſome grave!
Vain wiſh!—now low in earth that form of love
Decays, unſeen, yet not forgot above.

In

In angel light array'd, beyond the ſtars,
Some more exalted form her ſpirit wears.
The work of God, that beauteous clay, which here
In infant charms ſo lovely could appear;
As tho' in nature's niceſt model caſt,
Exactly poliſh'd, wrought too fine to laſt—
By the ſame pow'rful hand again ſhall riſe,
To bloom more gay, more lovely in the ſkies.
No ſickneſs there can the pure frame annoy,
Nor death preſume God's image to deſtroy.
Thoſe ſeats of pleaſure, not a tear ſhall ſtain,
In them not ev'n a wiſh ſhall glow in vain.
That active mind, intent on trifles here,
Enlarges now to objects worth its care;
Looks down with ſcorn upon the toys below,
And burns, with tranſport, better worlds to know,
Where ſcenes of glory open to her ſight,
And new improvements furniſh new delight;
Where friendly angels, for her guidance giv'n,
Lead her, admiring, thro' the courts of Heav'n.
No wonder then her courſe ſo ſwiftly run,
Like the young eaglet, tow'ring to the ſun;
Wing'd for eternal bliſs, and plum'd for day,
Her ſoul, enraptur'd, made ſuch haſte away,
Impatient to regain its native ſhore,
Juſt ſmil'd at folly, and look'd back no more.
That winning nature, and obliging mien,
Pleas'd to ſee all, by all with pleaſure ſeen.
Smiling and ſweet as vernal flow'rs new blown,
Aſſociates now with tempers like her own.
Her love to me (how artleſs and ſincere!)
Riſes from earth to Heav'n, and centers there.
So pure a flame, Heav'n's gracious Sire will own,
And with paternal love indulgent crown.
Ceaſe, then, frail nature, to lament in vain,
Reaſon forbids to wiſh her back again;
Rather congratulate her happier fate,
And new advancement to a better ſtate;
This bleſſing quick recall'd, can Heav'n beſtow,
No more in pity to a father's woe?

Know the same God, who gave, hath tak'n away,
He orders her to go, and thee to stay.
Tho' in this vale of misery, alone,
Deserted, weary, thou should'st travel on,
Still be resign'd, my soul! his will be done.
Escap'd from life, and all its train of ills,
Which, ah! too sure, the hoary pilgrim feels,
To shorter trial doom'd, and lighter toil,
Ere sin could tempt her, or the world defile.
She, favour'd innocent, retires to rest,
Tastes but the cup of sorrow, and is blest.
Such the mild Saviour to his arms receives,
And the full blessings of his kingdom gives.
There angels wait, submissive, round his throne,
To praise his goodness in these infants shewn.
Amidst that gentle throng, how Heav'nly bright,
Distinguish'd Lucy shines, fair star of light.
Short, yet how pleasing, was her visit here,
She's now remov'd to grace a nobler sphere;
There, while thy much lov'd parents mourn below,
Thou, happy child, shall not our sorrows know.
Eternal joys be thine, full anthems raise,
And glad all Heav'n with thy Creator's praise.

IF we are firmly resolved to live up to the dictates of reason, without any regard to wealth, reputation, or the like considerations, any more than as they fall in with our principal design, we may go through life with steadiness and pleasure; but if we act by several broken views, and will not only be virtuous, but wealthy, popular, and every thing that has a value set upon it by the world, we shall live and die in misery and repentance.

ENQUIRIES after happiness, and rules for attaining it, are not so necessary and useful to mankind, as the arts of consolation, and supporting one's self under affliction. The utmost we can hope for, in this world, is contentment; if we aim at any thing higher, we shall meet with nothing but grief and disappoint-

disappointments. A man should direct all his studies and endeavours, at making himself easy now, and happy hereafter.

IT is of the last importance to season the passions of a child with devotion, which seldom dies in a mind that has received an early tincture of it. Tho' it may seem extinguished for a while by the cares of the world, the heats of youth, or the allurements of vice, it generally breaks out, and discovers itself again as soon as discretion, consideration, age, or misfortunes, have brought the man to himself. The fire may be covered and overlaid, but cannot be entirely quenched and smothered.

PURE devotion opens the mind to great conceptions, and fills it with more sublime ideas, than any that are to be met with in the most exalted science; and at the same time warms and agitates the soul more than sensual pleasure.

IT is of unspeakable advantage to possess our minds with an habitual good intention, and to aim all our thoughts, words and actions, at the same laudable end, the glory of our Maker, the good of mankind, and the benefit of our own souls.

SOCRATES, on the day of his execution, a little before the draught of poison was brought to him, entertaining his friends with a discourse on the immortality of the soul, has these words: "Whether or no God will approve of my actions, I know not; but this I am sure of, that I have at all times made it my endeavour to please him; and I have a good hope, that this my endeavour will be accepted by him."

HYMN.

WHEN rising from the bed of death,
O'erwhelm'd with guilt and fear,
I see my Maker, face to face,
O how shall I appear?
If yet, while pardon may be found,
And mercy may be sought,

My heart with inward horror ſhrinks,
And trembles at the thought.
When thou, O Lord! ſhalt ſtand diſclos'd,
In Majeſty ſevere,
And ſit in judgment on my ſoul,
Oh! how ſhall I appear?
But thou haſt told the troubled mind,
Who does her ſins lament,
The timely tribute of her tears,
Shall endleſs woe prevent.
Then ſee the ſorrows of my heart,
Ere yet it be too late,
And hear my Saviour's dying groans,
To give thoſe ſorrows weight.
For never ſhall my ſoul deſpair,
Her pardon to procure,
Who knows thine only Son has dy'd,
To make her pardon ſure.

SELF-LOVE but ſerves the virtuous mind to wake,
As the ſmall pebble ſtirs the peaceful lake,
The centre mov'd, a circle ſtrait ſucceeds,
Another ſtill, and ſtill another ſpreads;
Friend, parent, neighbour, firſt it will embrace,
His country next, and next all human race.
Wide and more wide, th' o'erflowings of the mind
Take every creature in of every kind.
Earth ſmiles around with boundleſs bounty bleſt,
And Heav'n beholds its image in his breaſt.

IT may be laid down as a poſition, which will ſeldom deceive, that when a man cannot bear his own company, there is ſomething wrong. He muſt fly from himſelf, either becauſe he feels a tedioufneſs in life from the equipoiſe of an empty mind, which, having no tendency to one motion, more than another, but as it is impelled by ſome external power, muſt always have recourſe to foreign objects; or he muſt be afraid of the intruſion of ſome unpleaſing ideas, and is, perhaps,

haps, ſtruggling to eſcape from the remembrance of a loſs, the fear of a calamity, or ſome other thought of greater horror.

CAN a mortal look down, without giddineſs and ſtupefaction, into the vaſt abyſs of eternal wiſdom? Can a mind, that ſees not infinitely, perfectly comprehend any thing among an infinity of objects mutually relative? Remember, that perfect happineſs cannot be conferred on a creature, for perfect happineſs is an attribute as incommunicable, as perfect power and eternity.

Extract from Cowper's Poem called the Taſk.

——————DETESTED ſport!
That owes its pleaſures to another's pains;
That feeds upon the ſobs and dying ſhrieks
Of harmleſs nature; dumb, but yet endued
With eloquence, that agonies inſpire,
Of ſilent tears and heart diſtending ſighs.
Vain tears, alas! and ſighs that ſeldom find
A correſponding tone in jovial ſouls.
Well, one at leaſt is ſafe; one ſhelter'd hare
Has never heard the ſanguinary yell
Of cruel man exulting in her woes.
Innocent part'ner of my peaceful home,
Whom ten long year's experience of my care
Has made at laſt familiar, ſhe has loſt
Much of her vigilant, inſtinctive dread,
Not needful here beneath a roof like mine.
Yes, thou may'ſt eat thy bread, and lick the hand
That feeds thee; thou may'ſt frolic on the floor
At ev'ning, and at night retire ſecure
To thy ſtraw couch, and ſlumber unalarm'd,
For I have gain'd thy confidence, and pledg'd
All that is human in me, to protect
Thine unſuſpecting gratitude and love.
If I ſurvive thee, I will dig thy grave,
And when I place thee in it, ſighing ſay,
I knew at leaſt one hare that had a friend.

CRUEL

CRUEL ſports, were thought very high reflections on the politeneſs of the Romans. Are they not much greater on the mercy and humanity of Chriſtians?

IT behoves us to accuſtom ourſelves to a ſober, modeſt way of ſpeaking, and to avoid all thoſe modes of ſpeech, which border upon, or naturally lead to falſhood.

BE careful to practiſe nothing which you are aſhamed of; to do nothing for which you need be afraid of the eye or ear of God, and the world, then will you be under no temptation of lying, to conceal what you have done amiſs.

IF we had true notions of God, and eternity, right notions of ourſelves, and of the world, they could not fail to create in us thoughts full of humility towards ourſelves, full of contempt towards the vain world, full of the higheſt adoration towards God, and full of earneſtneſs to acquire a happy eternity.

PRAYER, unaccompanied with a fervent love of God, is like a lamp unlighted; the words of the one, without love, being as unprofitable as the oil and cotton of the other, without flame.

HE alone is a great man, whoſe heart is ſtrongly diſpoſed to acts of humanity and benevolence; and who has fortitude enough to do his duty in all circumſtances of life; who acts for the good of mankind, as long as he is able, and then finiſhes his courſe in the cauſe of virtue.

THE way to avoid prejudice, is to govern the paſſions with a ſteady hand; to treat all things, in a calm and diſintereſted manner, not ſuffering our deſires or averſions to be moved, but by a juſt conſideration of real uſefulneſs.

TAKE but the humbleſt lilly of the field,
And if our pride will to our reaſon yield,
It muſt by ſure compariſon be ſhewn,
That on the regal ſeat great David's ſon, Array'd

Array'd in all his robes and types of pow'r,
Shines with leſs glory, than that ſimple flow'r.

ENOUGH I think my preſent ſtore,
Nor do I aſk of Heav'n for more,
But thank the kindneſs of my God,
For that ſmall ſtock he has allow'd.
Lo time ſtill waſtes, and waſtes away,
And moons ariſe but to decay ;
Then why, fond mortals, tell me why!
Ye raiſe your coſtly domes ſo high ?
Why build ye palaces ſo great,
With all th' extravagance of ſtate,
When ev'ry ſtone muſt fall away,
And crumble ſtill, and ſtill decay ?
Why ſtrive ye to enrich ye more,
With ware from every foreign ſhore,
When death ſtands knocking at your door ?

PRAYER.

THERE is ſuch a thing as converſe with God in prayer, and it is the life and pleaſure of a pious ſoul ; without it we are no Chriſtians, and he that practiſes it moſt, is the beſt follower of Chriſt ; for our Lord ſpent much time in converſe with his Heavenly Father. This is balm that eaſes the moſt raging pains of the mind, when the wounded conſcience comes to the mercy-ſeat, and finds pardon and peace there. This is the cordial that revives and exalts our natures, when the ſpirit, broken with ſorrows, and almoſt fainting to death, draws near to the Almighty phyſician, and is healed and refreſhed.

THE mercy-ſeat in Heaven is our ſureſt and ſweeteſt refuge in every hour of diſtreſs and darkneſs upon earth ; this is our daily ſupport and relief, while we are paſſing through a world of temptations and hardſhips, in the way to the promiſed land. " It is good to draw near to God."

THE

THE Creator is to be firſt loved for his own ſake, for his infinite goodneſs and perfection, and then the creature, as his work, and in proportion to its reſemblance to him.

HE that thinks twice before he ſpeaks once, will ſpeak twice the better for it.

WHEN in thy ſacred preſence, Lord! I bow,
Let true devotion in my boſom glow;
There, with the ſenſe of thy great goodneſs fraught,
May I with care correct each wand'ring thought;
Drink at my ears the preacher's Heav'nly lore,
And ſtill the more I hear, improve the more;
Make this ſhort life an earneſt of the next,
And all my acts a comment on thy text.

On the Vanity of Riches.

SEEST thou, fond youth, yon precipice on high,
Rob'd by the clouds, and turban'd by the ſky,
How low'ring darkly o'er the ſhadow'd plains,
It ſtrikes wild terror thro' the gazing ſwains?
Its craggy ſides can boaſt no fertile ſoil,
No promis'd harveſt tempts a rural toil;
No grazing cattle find their paſture there,
Nor fragrant flowers perfume the ambient air;
No ſweet-meand'ring current glides along,
Courting the meadows with its murm'ring ſong;
No ſhady bow'rs adorn its barren ſides,
Nor fair encloſure its rough ground divides;
No lofty ſpires a wond'ring glance invite,
Nor artful gardens tempt the diſtant ſight.
All rough and wild, it rears its rocky head,
And ſtrikes the wond'ring eye with awful dread.
From its high top impetuous torrents flow,
Form'd by diſſolving tracts of native ſnow;
Sorrow ſits brooding on its furrow'd face,
And deſolation triumphs o'er the place.

Seeſt

Seeſt thou all this, fond mortal ? Think, if ſo,
Thou ſeeſt the bliſs the vain ambitious know.
Such are the barren pleaſures they enjoy,
For this alone whole ages they employ.
They move our pity, tho' they tempt our ſight,
High above all, but wretched by their height.

THE prince of peace—He firſt reconciled God to man, and then endeavoured to reconcile men to each other. When he came into the world, he, by his angels, proclaimed peace ; and when he left the world, he bequeathed the ſame as his legacy : " Peace I leave with you," &c.

THE merciful man will extend his hand of relief and comfort, as far as he may, to his fellow-creatures, whether they labour under temporal or ſpiritual diſtreſs, whether they call for his pity from their ſins or from their ſorrows ; while, in every relation of life, he will exerciſe this Heavenly temper : As a magiſtrate, gentle and humane, however compelled, in certain caſes, to be ſeverely juſt : As a creditor, mild and forbearing, not flying haſtily and vigorouſly to the utmoſt extremity, much leſs condemning the unhappy debtor to impriſonment, which may utterly incapacitate from all power and hope of payment ; and in ſhort, in every caſe exerciſing that lenity, mildneſs, forgiveneſs, and mercy, whereof the eternal God hath ſet us ſo bright an example ; and all our expectation of which from him, he hath made to depend on our ſhewing the ſame to others : " Bleſſed are the merciful, for they ſhall obtain mercy."

——————YE good diſtreſs'd,
Ye noble few !—who here unbending ſtand
Beneath life's preſſure, yet bear up a while,
And what your bounded view, which only ſaw
A little part, deem'd evil, is no more ;
The ſtorms of wintry time will quickly paſs,
And one unbounded ſpring encircle all.

On

On the Nativity of Chriſt.

AWAKE from ſilence every voice,
  Each chearful pipe and ſounding ſtring;
Let ev'ry grateful heart rejoice,
  And ev'ry tongue in rapture ſing.
On this diſtinguiſh'd day of grace
  Th' eternal Prince of glory came,
To purge the guilt of human race,
  And ſave them by his pow'rful name.
Bow down your heads, ye lofty pines,
  Ye mountains crown'd with cedars tall;
Be ſtill, ye rude, imperious winds,
  Throughout the wide terreſtrial ball.
Let nought but harmony and love
  O'er all th' expanded ſurface reign,
And let the ſacred choir above
  Approve, and join the Heav'nly ſtrain.
When we in bondage were exil'd,
  And rebels to th' eternal God,
Our ſouls, with blackeſt guilt defil'd,
  Obnoxious to th' impending rod;
That from his ſeat of perfect bliſs
  The Son of glory ſhou'd deſcend,
To offer man the terms of peace,
  And his unbounded grace extend.
Such goodneſs, ſuch ſtupendous grace!
  Nor men, nor angels can explore;
Then let us, what we cannot trace,
  With awful reverence adore.
Ye wing'd inhabitants of air,
  All ye that graze the verdant plain;
Ye herds, that to the wilds repair,
  And ye that ſkim the ſurging main,
Some ſigns of exultation ſhow,
  While grateful minds your voices raiſe,
'Tis all that mortals can below,
  To hail the day in ſongs of praiſe.
While ſkilful hands the chorus join,
  And tune the rapture-raiſing lyre,

While grateful ſtrains of love divine,
Serene, extatic joys inſpire.
Thus ſacred be the happy day,
While ſun, and moon, and ſtars endure;
Till nature feels her laſt decay,
And time itſelf ſhall be no more.

LET us entertain a general good opinion of all men, till unqueſtionable evidence ſhall oblige us to give up that good opinion; yet, at the ſame time, let us be cautious not to ſuffer our good opinion to betray us into any improper compliances or connexions.

SELL not your hopes of Heavenly treaſures, nor any thing that belongs to your eternal intereſt, for any of the advantages of the preſent life: "What ſhall it profit a man, to gain the whole world, and loſe his own ſoul?"

TO piety join modeſty and docility, reverence of your parents, and ſubmiſſion to thoſe who are your ſuperiors in knowledge, in ſtation, and in years. Dependence and obedience belong to youth. Modeſty is one of its chief ornaments; and has ever been eſteemed a preſage of riſing merit.

PROVIDENCE never intended, that any ſtate here ſhould be either completely happy, or entirely miſerable. If the feelings of pleaſure are more numerous, and more lively, in the higher departments of life, ſuch alſo are thoſe of pain. If greatneſs flatters our vanity, it multiplies our dangers. If opulence encreaſes our gratifications, it encreaſes, in the ſame proportion, our deſires and demands. If the poor are confined to a more narrow circle, yet, within that circle, lie moſt of thoſe natural ſatisfactions, which, after all the refinements of art, are found to be the moſt genuine and true.

WE have ſeen, that inordinate paſſions are the great diſturbers of life; and that, unleſs we poſſeſs a good conſcience, and a well governed mind, diſcontent will blaſt every enjoyment,

and the higheſt proſperity will prove only diſguiſed miſery. Fix then this concluſion in your mind, that the deſtruction of your virtue, is the deſtruction of your peace. "For our rejoicing is this, the teſtimony of our conſcience, that in ſimplicity, and godly ſincerity, not with fleſhly wiſdom, but by the grace of God, we have had our converſation in the world, and more abundantly to you-wards." 2 Cor. i. 12.

Caution againſt Pride.

CONSIDER what you ſhall be. Your fleſh returns to corruption and common earth again; nor ſhall your duſt be diſtinguiſhed from the meaneſt beggar or ſlave; no, nor from the duſt of brutes and inſects, or the moſt contemptible of creatures; and as for your ſouls, they muſt ſtand before God, in the world of ſpirits, on a level with the reſt of mankind, and diveſted of all your haughty and flattering circumſtances. None of your vain diſtinctions in this life, ſhall attend you to the judgment-ſeat. Keep this tribunal in view, and pride will wither, and hang down its head.

MONEY, like manure, does no good, till it is ſpread; there is no real uſe of riches, except in the diſtribution; the reſt is all conceit.

BY love directed, and in mercy meant,
Are trials ſuffer'd, and afflictions ſent.
To ſtem impetuous paſſion's furious tide;
To curb the inſolence of proſp'rous pride;
To wean from earth, and bid our wiſhes ſoar
To that bleſt clime, where pain ſhall be no more,
Where wearied virtue ſhall for refuge fly,
And every tear be wip'd from ev'ry eye.

HAPPY are they who preſerve their innocence unſullied by any great or wilful crimes, and who have only the common failings of humanity to repent of; theſe are ſufficiently mortifying to a heart deeply ſmitten with the love of virtue, and with the deſire of perfection. "WHAT-

"WHATSOEVER ye would that men ſhould do unto you, even ſo do unto them." There is no occaſion, great or ſmall, on which you may not ſafely apply this rule for the direction of your conduct; and, whilſt your heart honeſtly adheres to it, you can never be guilty of any ſort of injuſtice or unkindneſs.

ENDEAVOUR to acquire a temper of univerſal candour and benevolence; and learn neither to deſpiſe nor condemn any perſons on account of their particular modes of faith and worſhip; remembering, always, that goodneſs is confined to no party—that there are wiſe and worthy men among all the ſects of Chriſtians—and that to his own maſter, every one muſt ſtand or fall.

VIRTUE is the foundation of honour and eſteem, and the ſource of all beauty, order, and happineſs, in nature.

BEAUTY and wit will die, learning will vaniſh away, and all the arts of life be ſoon forgot; but virtue will remain forever.

A GOOD word is an eaſy obligation; but not to ſpeak ill, requires only our ſilence, which coſts us nothing.

The Fire-Side.

I.

DEAR Chloe, while the buſy crowd,
The vain, the wealthy, and the proud,
In folly's maze advance:
Tho' ſingularity and pride
Be call'd our choice, we'll ſtep aſide,
Nor join the giddy dance.

II.

From the gay world we'll oft retire,
To our own family and fire,
Where love our hours employs:

No

No noiſy neighbours enter here,
No intermeddling ſtranger near,
To ſpoil our heart-felt joys.

III.

If ſolid happineſs we prize,
Within our breaſts this jewel lies;
And they are fools who roam:
The world has nothing to beſtow,
From our own ſelves our joys muſt flow,
And that dear hut our home.

IV.

Of reſt was Noah's dove bereft,
When, with impatient wing, ſhe left
That ſafe retreat, the ark:
Giving her vain excurſion o'er,
The diſappointed bird once more
Explor'd the ſacred bark.

V.

Tho' fools ſpurn Hymen's gentle pow'rs,
We who improve his golden hours,
By ſweet experience know,
That marriage, rightly underſtood,
Gives to the tender, and the good,
A paradiſe below.

VI.

Our babes ſhall richeſt comforts bring;
If tutor'd right, they'll prove a ſpring
Whence pleaſures ever riſe:
We'll form their minds with ſtudious care,
To all that's manly, good and fair,
And train them for the ſkies.

VII.

While they our wiſeſt hours engage,
They'll joy our youth, ſupport our age,
And crown our hoary hairs:
They'll grow in virtue every day,
And thus our fondeſt loves repay,
And recompence our cares.

No

VIII.

No borrow'd joys, they're all our own,
While to the world we live unknown,
Or by the world forgot;
Monarchs! we envy not your ſtate;
We look with pity on the great,
And bleſs our humble lot.

IX.

Our portion is not large indeed,
But then how little do we need,
For nature's calls are few:
In this the art of living lies,
To want no more than may ſuffice,
And make that little do.

X.

We'll, therefore, reliſh with content,
Whate'er kind Providence has ſent,
Nor aim beyond our pow'r:
For if our ſtock be very ſmall,
'Tis prudence to enjoy it all,
Nor loſe the preſent hour.

XI.

To be reſign'd when ills betide,
Patient when favours are deny'd,
And pleas'd with favours giv'n:
Dear Chloe, this is wiſdom's part,
This is that incenſe of the heart,
Whoſe fragrance ſmells to Heav'n!

XII.

We'll aſk no long, protracted treat,
(Since winter-life is ſeldom ſweet)
But when our feaſt is o'er,
Grateful from table we'll ariſe,
Nor grudge our ſons, with envious eyes,
The relics of our ſtore.

XIII.

Thus hand in hand, thro' life we'll go,
Its chequer'd paths of joy and woe
With cautious ſteps we'll tread;

Quit its vain ſcenes without a tear,
Without a trouble, or a fear,
And mingle with the dead.

XIV.

While conſcience, like a faithful friend,
Shall through the gloomy vale attend,
And cheer our dying breath :
Shall, when all other comforts ceaſe,
Like a kind angel whiſper peace,
And ſmooth the bed of death !

SINCERITY is firm and ſubſtantial, and there is nothing hollow or unſound in it; and becauſe it is plain and open, fears no diſcovery ; of which the crafty man is always in danger.

PLUTARCH has written an eſſay on the benefits which a man may receive from his enemies ; and mentions this in particular, " that, by the reproaches caſt upon us, we ſee the worſt ſide of ourſelves, and open our eyes to ſeveral blemiſhes and defects in our lives and converſations, which we ſhould not have obſerved without the help of ſuch ill-natured monitors."

LET us " keep the heart with all diligence, ſeeing out of it are the iſſues of life." Let us account our mind the moſt important province which is committed to our care ; and as we cannot rule events, ſtudy at leaſt to rule ourſelves.

IT is too common with the young, even when they reſolve to tread the path of virtue and honour, to ſet out with preſumptuous confidence in themſelves. Truſting to their own abilities, for carrying them ſucceſsfully through life, they are careleſs of applying to God, or of deriving any aſſiſtance from what they are apt to reckon the gloomy diſcipline of religion. Alas ! how little do they know the dangers which await them ?"

Neither human wiſdom, nor human virtue, unſupported by religion, are equal for the trying ſituations which often

often occur in life. By the ſhock of temptation, how frequently have the moſt virtuous intentions been overthrown! Under the preſſure of diſaſter, how often has the greateſt conſtancy ſunk! Deſtitute of the favour of God, you are in no better ſituation, with all your boaſted abilities, than orphans left to wander in a trackleſs deſart, without any guide to conduct them, or any ſhelter to cover them from the gathering ſtorm. Correct, then, this ill-founded arrogance. Expect not that your happineſs can be independent of him who made you. By faith and repentance, apply to the Redeemer of the world. By piety and prayer, ſeek the protection of the God of Heaven.

THE cheerfulneſs of a well-regulated mind, ſprings from a good conſcience, and the favour of Heaven, and is bounded by temperance and reaſon. It makes a man happy in himſelf, and promotes the happineſs of all around him. It is the clear and calm ſunſhine of a mind illuminated by piety and virtue. It crowns all other good diſpoſitions, and comprehends the general effect which they ought to produce on the heart.

LET no man raſhly determine, that his unwillingneſs to be pleaſed, is a proof of underſtanding, unleſs his ſuperiority appears from a leſs doubtful evidence; for though peeviſhneſs may ſometimes boaſt its deſcent from learning or from wit, it is much oftener of baſe extraction, the child of vanity and nurſling of ignorance.

LET the virtuous remember, amidſt all their ſufferings, that though the heart of the good man may bleed, even to death, he will never feel a torment equal to the rendings of remorſe.

PLATO being told, that he had many enemies who ſpoke ill of him, "It is no matter, ſaid he, I will live ſo that none ſhall believe them." Hearing, at another time, that an intimate friend of his had ſpoken detractingly of him, "I am ſure he would not do it, ſays he, if he had not ſome reaſon for it." This is the ſureſt, as well as the nobleſt way, of drawing the ſting out of a reproach, and the true method of preparing a

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man for that great and only relief againſt the pains of calumny, a good conſcience.

JUDGE not of mankind in general from the conduct of a few individuals. There are perſons capable of alleviating all our cares by a friendly participation, and of heightening every ſatisfaction by ſharing them. Cultivate an acquaintance with the truly deſerving, and the painful remembrance of ingratitude will ſoon be loſt in the reciprocal endearments of ſincere friendſhip.

DOST thou aſk a torch to diſcover the brightneſs of the morning? Doſt thou appeal to argument for proofs of divine perfection? Look down to the earth on which thou ſtandeſt, and lift up thine eye to the worlds that roll above thee: Thou beholdeſt ſplendour, abundance and beauty; is not he who produced them mighty? Thou conſidereſt—is not he who formed thy underſtanding, wiſe? Thou enjoyeſt—is not he who gratifies thy ſenſes, good? Can aught have limited his bounty, but his wiſdom? or can any defects be therein diſcovered by thy ſagacity?

RELIGION preſcribes to every miſerable man, the means of bettering his condition; it ſhews him, that the bearing of his afflictions as he ought to do, will naturally end in the removal of them; it makes him eaſy here, becauſe it can make him happy hereafter.

A CONTENTED mind is the greateſt bleſſing a man can enjoy in this world; and if in the preſent life his happineſs ariſes from the ſubduing of his deſires, it will ariſe in the next from the gratification of them.

EVERY wiſe man will conſider this life only as it may conduce to the happineſs of the other, and cheerfully ſacrifice the pleaſures of a few years to thoſe of an eternity.

HOWEVER far ſome men may have gone in the ſcience of impartiality, perhaps there is not one of them but would be ſurprized, if he could be ſhewn how much farther he might go.

THO'

THO' poor the peaſant's hut, his feaſts tho' ſmall,
He ſees his little lot, the lot of all;
Sees no contiguous palace rear its head,
To ſhame the meanneſs of his humble ſhed;
No coſtly lords the ſumptuous banquet deal,
To make him loathe his vegetable meal—
But calm, and bred in ignorance and toil,
Each wiſh contracting, fits him to the ſoil;
Cheerful at morn he wakes from ſhort repoſe,
Breathes the keen air, and carrols as he goes;
With patient angle trolls the finny deep,
Or drives his vent'rous plough-ſhare to the ſteep;
Or ſeeks the den, where ſnow-tracks mark the way,
And drags the ſtruggling ſavage into day.
At night returning, every labour ſped,
He ſits him down, the monarch of a ſhed;
Smiles by his cheerful fire, and round ſurveys
His childrens looks, that brighten at the blaze;
While his lov'd partner, boaſtful of her hoard,
Diſplays the cleanly platter on the board.

EVERY ſtation of life has duties, which are proper to it. Thoſe who are determined, by choice, to any particular kind of buſineſs, are indeed more happy than thoſe who are determined by neceſſity; but both are under an equal obligation of fixing on employments, which may be either uſeful to themſelves, or beneficial to others.

NO one of the ſons of Adam, ought to think himſelf exempt from that labour and induſtry, which were denounced upon our firſt parent, and in him, to all his poſterity. Thoſe to whom birth or affluence may ſeem to make ſuch an application unneceſſary, ought to find out ſome calling or profeſſion for themſelves, that they may not lie as a burden on the ſpecies, and be the only uſeleſs parts of the creation.

IT ſometimes happens, that too cloſe an attention to minute exactneſs, or a too rigorous examination of every thing, by

the

the ſtandard of perfection, vitiates the temper, rather than improves the underſtanding, and teaches the mind to diſcern faults with unhappy penetration. It is incident, likewiſe, to men of vigorous imaginations, to pleaſe themſelves too much with futurities, and to fret, becauſe thoſe expectations are diſappointed, which ſhould never have been formed.

KNOWLEDGE and genius are often enemies to quiet, by ſuggeſting ideas of excellence, to which men, and the performances of men, cannot attain.

WE ſhould always act with great cautiouſneſs and circumſpection, in points where it is not impoſſible that we may be deceived.

LET no fond love of earth exact a ſigh,
No doubt divert our ſteady ſteps aſide,
Nor let us long to live, or dread to die,
Heav'n is our hope, and Providence our guide.

A Thought on waking.

SLEEP by night, and cares by day,
Bear my fleeting life away:
Lo! in yonder eaſtern ſkies,
Sol appears, and bids me riſe:
Tells me, "life is on the wing,
And has no returning ſpring:
Death comes on with ſteady pace
And life's the only day of grace."
Shining preacher! happy morning!
Let me take th' important warning;
Rouſe then all my active pow'rs,
Well improve the coming hours;
Let no trifles kill the day,
(Trifles oft our hearts betray.)
Virtue, ſcience, knowledge, truth,
Guide th' enquiries of my youth.
Wiſdom, and experience ſage,

Then

Then ſhall ſoothe the cares of age ;
Thoſe with time ſhall never die,
Thoſe will lead to joys on high ;
Thoſe the path of life diſplay,
Shining with celeſtial day ;
Bliſsful path ! with ſafety trod,
As it leads the ſoul to God.

ON HAPPINESS.

LONG have I ſought the wiſh of all,
True happineſs to find,
Which ſome will wealth, ſome pleaſure call,
And ſome a virtuous mind.
Sufficient wealth, to keep away
Of want the doleful ſcene,
And joy enough to gild the day,
And make life's courſe ſerene.
Virtue enough to aſk my heart,
Art thou ſecure within ?
Haſt thou perform'd an honeſt part ?
Haſt thou no private ſin ?
This to perform, theſe things poſſeſs,
Muſt raiſe a noble joy,
Muſt conſtitute that happineſs,
Which nothing can deſtroy.

O ! THOU, whoſe pow'r o'er moving worlds preſides,
Whoſe voice created, and whoſe wiſdom guides,
On darkling man, with fond effulgence ſhine,
And cheer the clouded mind with light divine.
'Tis thine alone to calm the pious breaſt,
With ſilent confidence and holy reſt ;
From thee, great God ! we ſpring, to thee we tend,
Path, motive, guide, original and end.

IT was a common ſaying among the Heathens, that the wiſe man hates nobody, but only loves the virtuous. The Chriſtian owes a more general love.

A Thought on Death.

DEATH, to a good man, is but paſſing through a dark entry, out of one little duſky room of his father's houſe, into another, that is fair and large, lightſome, glorious and divinely entertaining.

THERE is nothing of greater importance to us, than to ſift our thoughts, and examine all the dark receſſes of the mind, if we would eſtabliſh our ſouls in ſuch a ſolid and ſubſtantial virtue, as will turn to account in that great day, when it muſt ſtand the teſt of infinite wiſdom and juſtice.

ALL the real pleaſures and conveniences of life, lie in a narrow compaſs; but it is the humour of mankind, to be always looking forward, and ſtraining after thoſe who have got the ſtart of them in wealth and honour.

A Good conſcience is to the ſoul, what health is to the body; it preſerves a conſtant eaſe and ſerenity within us, and more than countervails all the calamities and afflictions which can poſſibly befal us. I know nothing ſo hard for a generous mind to get over, as calumny and reproach; and cannot find any method of quieting the ſoul under them, beſides this ſingle one, of our being conſcious to ourſelves, that we do not deſerve them.

The Rural Scene.

SWEET contemplation to purſue,
Behold a rural ſcene in view,
The bleating herds, the lowing kine,
The ſpreading oak, the tow'ring pine;
The air, from noxious vapours free,
Whilſt ſquirrels trip from tree to tree,
And the ſweet ſongſters hover round,
Fruit, herbs and flow'rs, enrich the ground,
And each their various fruits produce,
Some for delight, and ſome for uſe.

Behold,

Behold, O! youth, this ſcene, and ſee
What nature's God hath given to thee.
With wonder view his great deſigns,
In which ſuperior wiſdom ſhines;
Revere his name, admire his love,
And raiſe thy thoughts to worlds above.

To the Poor.

THE Providence of Almighty God, has placed you under difficult circumſtances of life, and daily reads you a leſſon in a more particular manner to depend upon him. This you may be aſſured of for your comfort, that you are under God's conſtant and immediate care: And one advantage you enjoy above the rich, in your journey to Heaven, is, that you are not clogged and hindered in your courſe thither, by thoſe manifold incumbrances which lie on them; of whom our Saviour hath ſaid, "That it is very hard for them to enter into the kingdom of Heaven." Their temptations are proportioned to their abundance; their cares are more and their diſtractions greater; ſo that you have no reaſon to envy them, nor repine at your own condition; and theſe are chiefly your temptations, and againſt theſe you muſt be more particularly watchful. Certainly, if you conſider things aright, you will find that your ſtore-houſe is the moſt ſure, your ſupply moſt certain; for you are immediately in the hands of God, of him who feedeth the ravens, and cloatheth the graſs of the field; ſo that you may be much more aſſured that he will cloathe you. Endeavour to be humble, holy, Heavenly minded; always remembering, that he is the pooreſt man, who is poor in grace. Your Saviour had not where to lay his head; let his example ſerve to reconcile your low condition to you; and let your religious behaviour under it, be the means to ſanctify it.

WHEREVER we turn our eyes, we find ſomething to revive our curioſity, and engage our attention. In the duſk of the morning, we watch the riſing of the ſun, and ſee the day diverſify the clouds, and open new proſpects in its gradual

advance. After a few hours, we see the shades lengthen, and the light decline, till the sky is resigned to a multitude of shining orbs, different from each other in magnitude and splendour. The earth varies its appearance, as we move upon it; the woods offer their shades, and the fields their harvests; the hill flatters with an extensive view, and the valley invites with shelter, fragrance and flowers.

LET not the curious from your bosom steal
Secrets, where prudence ought to set her seal;
Yet be so frank and plain, that at one view,
In other things, each man may see you thro'.

GOD of my soul! without thy strength'ning grace,
How weak, how poor, how blind, is human race!
To sound thy praise, ten thousand worlds agree,
And nature lifts the grateful song to thee;
To thee, with awe, the brute creation bends,
When thunder bursts, or stormy rain descends;
Obedient to thy will, the rocks and trees
Now rest in snow, now bless the vernal breeze;
Yet man, presuming on his glimm'ring sense,
Rash man alone disclaims thy Providence;
The truths he dare not controvert, denies,
And 'gainst conviction shuts his ears and eyes.

OUR follies, when display'd, ourselves affright,
Few are so bad, to bear the hideous sight;
Mankind in herds, thro' force of custom stray,
Mislead each other into error's way,
Pursue the road, forgetful of the end,
Sin by mistake, and without thought offend.

SHE who values not the virtue of modesty in her words and dress, will not be thought to set much price upon it in her actions.

IN

IN caſe of temptation, it is a prudent caution to avoid the encounter, when we are conſcious of weakneſs, or unable to withſtand it.

MOST men are ready enough to reckon up the income of their eſtates, and compute how it will anſwer their ſeveral expences; but few employ their arithmetic to calculate the value and income of their life and time, or conſider how they may be expended to the beſt advantage. In theſe the beggar has as large a revenue as the king, though they are juſtly accounted the more valuable treaſure.

THE ſoul, agitated with paſſions, fares like a weak bird in a ſtormy day; ſhe is not able to make a ſtraight flight, but is toſſed from the track ſhe would purſue, being loſt and carried in the air at the pleaſure of the winds. In this condition is the ſoul, till, by a conſtant meditation on God, and application to him, it has obtained a ſtrong and vigorous faith to ballaſt and ſtrengthen it, and enable it to maintain the ſtraight and ſteady courſe of virtue.

STILL as thro' life's meandring path I ſtray,
Lord! be the ſweet companion of my way;
A kind conductor to the bleſt abode
Of light, of life, of happineſs and God.

RELIGION's ſacred lamp alone
Unerring, points the way,
Where happineſs forever ſhines
With unpolluted ray.

Written on a Watch.

WERE but our minds, like this machine,
Unmov'd by paſſion, or by ſpleen,
And, true to nature's guardian pow'r,
Could mark, with goodneſs, ev'ry hour,
Then health and joy would follow too,
As laws of thought and motion do;
Sweet health to paſs the moments o'er,
And joy when time ſhall be no more.

'TIS

'TIS a contradiction to imagine, that reputation or praiſe is a ſuitable recompence for virtue; ſince it is a reward that nothing but vanity can make acceptable; it declares a man both fooliſh and vicious, that can be pleaſed and ſatisfied with it; and that his merit is only owing to his pride

TRUE virtue, as it has no other aims than the ſervice and honour of God, ſo the leaſt and only recompence it aſpires to, is his approbation and favour.

MY God! my all-ſufficient good!
My portion and my choice;
In thee are all my hopes renew'd,
And all my powers rejoice.

GRANT me to live, and if I live, to find
The dear lov'd portion of a peaceful mind;
That health, that ſweet content, that pleaſing reſt
Which God alone can give, as ſuits me beſt.

CHARITY.

CHARITY, decent, modeſt, eaſy, kind,
Softens the high, and rears the abject mind;
Knows with juſt reins, and gentle hand to guide,
Betwixt vile ſhame, and arbitrary pride.
Not ſoon provok'd, ſhe eaſily forgives;
And much ſhe ſuffers, as ſhe much believes;
Soft peace ſhe brings wherever ſhe arrives,
She builds our quiet, as ſhe forms our lives;
Lays the rough paths of peeviſh nature ev'n,
And opens in each heart a little Heav'n.

THERE is no preſervative from vice, equal to an habitual and conſtant intercourſe with God: Neither does any thing equally alleviate diſtreſs, or heighten proſperity; in diſtreſs it ſuſtains us with hope, and in proſperity it adds to every other enjoyment, the delight of gratitude.

IN

IN true good nature, there is neither the acrimony of ſpleen nor the ſullenneſs of malice; it is neither clamorous nor fretful, neither eaſy to be offended, nor impatient to revenge; it is a tender ſenſibility, a participation of the pains and pleaſures of others, and is, therefore, a forcible and conſtant motive, to communicate happineſs, and alleviate miſery.

IT ſhould be a general rule, never to utter any thing in converſation, which would juſtly diſhonour us if it ſhould be reported to the world.

TO a benevolent diſpoſition, every ſtate of life will afford ſome opportunities of contributing to the welfare of mankind. Opulence and ſplendour are enabled to diſpel the cloud of adverſity, to dry up the tears of the widow and the orphan, and to encreaſe the felicity of all around them. Their example will animate virtue, and retard the progreſs of vice. And even indigence and obſcurity, tho' without power to confer happineſs, may at leaſt prevent miſery, and apprize thoſe who are blinded by their paſſions, that they are on the brink of irremediable calamity.

O REPUTATION! dearer far than life.
Thou precious balſam, lovely ſweet of ſmell,
Whoſe cordial drops once ſpilt by ſome raſh hand,
Not all thy owner's care, nor the repenting toil
Of the rude ſpoiler, ever can collect
To its firſt purity and native ſweetneſs.

Solomon's good Wife paraphraſed. Proverbs, 31ſt Chapter.

THE wife, in whoſe ſoft, faithful boſom, dwells
The mingled warmth of love and virtue's flame,
As much in worth the ruby's price excells,
As greateſt merits higheſt honours claim.
On her the partner of her breaſt relies,
In her can fulleſt confidence repoſe,
Can ev'n the pride and ſpoils of war deſpiſe,

For good, not ill, from all her conduct flows.
The wool and flax employ her willing hands,
And tho' domeſtic arts are moſt her care,
Yet, as the merchant-ſhip from diſtant lands
Brings precious freight, ſhe brings her food from far.
E'er light ſhe forces ſleep's ſoft bands to yield,
And to her houſhold gives refreſhment due;
With careful earnings purchaſes a field,
And, ſtill more wond'rous, plants a vineyard too.
By daily uſe her arms their ſtrength encreaſe—
Her merchandize is good, ſhe gladly finds;
And as by day her labours rarely ceaſe,
By night her candle unextinguiſh'd ſhines.
Her lib'ral hand extends to all the poor,
Beſtowing alms as diff'rent wants require;
Nor fears her houſhold hardſhips may endure,
For they in ſcarlet boaſt a rich attire.
To cloathe herſelf ſhe weaves gay tapeſtry,
Purple and ſilk the labour of her hand,
With which bedeck'd, her huſband ſits on high,
Diſtinguiſh'd 'midſt the elders of the land.
Fine linen, alſo, by her art is made,
And girdles offer'd to the merchant's choice,
While ſhe in ſtrength and honour well array'd,
Thro' times to come ſhall happily rejoice.
The law of kindneſs in her heart preſides,
The words of wiſdom from her lips diſtil,
A meek diſcretion thro' her houſhold guides,
And duteous all their deſtin'd taſk fulfil.
Her children, riſing up with grateful voice,
Pronounce her bleſt, as love or prudence ſways,
Her huſband, conſcious of his happy choice,
With pleaſure joins their voluntary praiſe.
Tho' many wives, in this and ages paſt,
Of virtuous conduct bright examples ſhine,
Yet all to her, the firſt as well as laſt,
The palm of female excellence reſign.
True as when ſpoke, remains the royal word,
"That favour's tranſient, and all beauty vain;"
But ſhe who keeps his law, and fears the Lord,
Shall the juſt tribute of applauſe obtain.

WHEN

WHEN we conſider the different allotments of Providence to his creature man, in this ſtate of exiſtence, and compare the wants and ſufferings of ſome, with the eaſe and affluence of others, we ſhould be almoſt ready to conclude, that the preſerving care of our Heavenly Father, was not equally extended to all; though he has aſſured us in ſcripture, that he is no reſpecter of perſons; but we muſt be very cautious of making ſuch an inference; for as our Great Creator ſees not as we ſee, and has a view in all his diſpenſations to the ultimate good of his creatures, we ought rather to ſuppoſe, that the particular condition of every man, ſo far from being an impeachment of divine impartiality, is alloted him in perfect wiſdom, in order to his happineſs at laſt.

THE neceſſities of the poor may be intended as the moſt certain means of preſerving their health, and keeping them moral, temperate and humble, which are great virtues. While the ſuperfluities of the rich, by ſubjecting them to many vices, may render the final account of their ſtewardſhip a matter of the greateſt anxiety and diſtreſs of mind, to which no temporal ſuffering can be equivalent. Hence, if we conſider preſent leſs grievous than future evil, it will appear, in this comparative view of the higher and lower ranks of men, that the difference is rather in favour of the latter, under all the preſſures and mortifications of poverty.—Yet this is by no means to be uſed as an argument by the opulent, for withholding aſſiſtance and ſupport from their fellow-creatures, in real want of them; for humanity, and, the cardinal virtue, charity, call upon and require all, who are able, to ſuccour and relieve ſuch objects—to which may be added, that this is a duty particularly enjoined by our bleſſed Saviour, who has told us, as a forcible incitement to the practice of it, that ſuch as give to the poor, lend to the Lord, which is telling us, in other words, that by this means treaſure is to be laid up in Heaven.

SIMPLICITY, the inſeparable companion both of geniune grace, and of real modeſty, if it doth not always ſtrike at firſt (of which it ſeldom fails) is ſure, however, when it does ſtrike, to produce the deepeſt and moſt permanent impreſſions.

IN

IN ſolitude I'll ſpend the day ;
The ſultry hour I'll paſs away,
In calm retirement's ſeat ;
Enraptur'd, ſnatch her peaceful joys,
While others court ambition's toys,
And ſtudy to be great.

THE BEGGAR.

" PITY the ſorrows of a poor old man,
Whoſe trembling limbs have led him to your door ;
Whoſe days are dwindled to the ſhorteſt ſpan,
Oh ! give relief, and Heav'n ſhall bleſs your ſtore.
Theſe tatter'd rags my poverty beſpeak,
Theſe hoary locks proclaim my length of years,
And many a furrow, in my grief-worn cheek,
Has been the channel to a ſtream of tears.
Yon houſe erected on the riſing ground,
With tempting aſpect drew me from the road,
For plenty, there a reſidence has found,
And grandeur, a magnificent abode.
Hard is the caſe of the infirm and poor,
There begging for a morſel of their bread,
A pamper'd menial thruſt me from the door,
To ſeek a ſhelter in an humbler ſhed.
Oh ! take me to your hoſpitable dome,
Keen blows the wind, and piercing is the cold,
Short is my paſſage to the friendly tomb,
For I am miſerably poor and old.
Heav'n ſends afflictions—why ſhould we repine ?
Here happineſs we ne'er were born to ſee,
Too ſoon, alas ! your lot may be like mine,
The child of ſorrow and of miſery.
Was I to tell the ſource of every grief,
If ſoft compaſſion ever touch'd your breaſt,
Your hand could not withhold the kind relief,
And tears of pity could not be repreſt.
A little farm was my paternal lot,
Then, like the lark, I ſprightly hail'd the morn,
But ah! oppreſſion drove me from my cot,

My

My cattle dy'd, and blighted was my corn.
My daughter, once the comfort of my age,
Lur'd by a villain, left her native home,
Is now abandon'd on the world's wide ſtage,
And doom'd in ſcanty poverty to roam.
My tender wife, ſweet ſoother of my care,
With anguiſh felt the ſore calamity,
Fell, ling'ring fell, a victim to deſpair,
And left the world, and wretchedneſs, to me.
Pity the ſorrows of a poor old man,
Whoſe trembling limbs have led him to your door,
Whoſe days are dwindled to the ſhorteſt ſpan,
Oh! give relief, and Heav'n will bleſs your ſtore."

EVERY thing, overdone, is liable to ſuſpicion. Innocence, in women, wants not the aid of oſtentation; like integrity in men, it reſts in its own conſciouſneſs.

AS cheerfulneſs is the moſt natural effect of real goodneſs, it is alſo its moſt powerful recommendation. Wiſdom is never ſo attractive, as when ſhe ſmiles.

SHE that cannot "weep with them that weep," as well as rejoice with them that rejoice," is a ſtranger to one of the ſweeteſt ſources of enjoyment, no leſs than to one of the nobleſt leſſons of Chriſtianity. Thoſe are the happieſt diſpoſitions, which are the beſt.

THERE is not any thing more contemptible, or more to be pitied, than that turn of mind, which, finding no entertainment in itſelf, none at home, none in books, none in rational converſation, nor in the intercourſes of real friendſhip, nor in ingenious works of any kind, is continually ſeeking to ſtifle reflection in a tumult of pleaſures, and to divert wearineſs in a crowd.

FEMALE modeſty is often ſilent; female decorum is never bold. Both forbid a young woman to lead the converſation;

ſation; and true religion dreads every thing that might look oſtentatious. The moſt prudent courſe you can purſue, is to aſſociate, as much as poſſible, with thoſe that from real principle love the ſhade.

IF thou wouldeſt bear thy neighbour's faults, caſt thine eye upon thine own.

THE truly humble man, ſuffers quietly, and patiently, internal troubles; and he is the man that makes great way in a little time, like one that ſails before the wind.

PERFECTION does not conſiſt in teaching the truth, but in doing it, becauſe he is neither the greateſt ſaint, nor the wiſeſt man, that knows the truth moſt, but he that practiſes it.

WHEN a young woman behaves to her parents in a manner particularly tender and reſpectful, from principle as well as nature, their is nothing good or gentle, that may not be expected from her, in whatever condition ſhe is placed.

The unknown World—On hearing a Paſſing Bell.

HARK, my gay friend, that ſolemn toll
Speaks the departure of a ſoul.
'Tis gone—that's all we know, not where,
Or how th' unbody'd ſoul does fare.
In that myſterious world none knows,
But God alone to whom it goes;
To whom departed ſouls return
To take their doom, to ſmile or mourn.
Oh! by what glimm'ring light we view,
The unknown world we're haſt'ning to.
Swift flies the ſoul—perhaps 'tis gone
A thouſand leagues beyond the ſun;
Or twice ten thouſand more thrice told,
Ere the forſaken clay is cold.
And yet who knows, if friends we lov'd,

Tho'

Tho' dead, may be so far remov'd,
Only this vail of flesh between,
Perhaps they watch us, tho' unseen.
Whilst we their loss lamenting say,
They're out of hearing far away,
Guardians to us, perhaps they're near,
Conceal'd in vehicles of air,
And yet no notices they give,
Nor tell us how or where they live.
Tho' conscious, while with us below,
How much themselves desir'd to know,
As if bound up by solemn fate,
To keep this secret of their state;
To tell their joys or pains to none,
That man might live by faith alone.
Well, let my Sov'reign, if he please,
Lock up his marvellous decrees;
Why should I wish him to reveal
What he thinks proper to conceal?
It is enough that I believe
Heav'n's brighter than I can conceive;
And he that makes it all his care
To serve God here, shall see him there.
But oh! what worlds shall I survey,
The moment that I leave this clay;
How sudden the surprize—how new—
Let it, my God! be happy too!

FROM the consideration of God, as he is in himself power, wisdom, goodness, beauty and felicity itself, children must be often excited and stirred up to the desire of esteeming him, of praising him, of honouring him as he deserves, and of pleasing him in every thing. They must be made to understand, that this is the principal end for which we are sent into the world, namely, to esteem, honour and praise God, without ceasing, by the continual desires and elevations of our hearts to him; and that, since this is the employment of angels, by being exercised in it, we become their companions in this world,

world, and even fellow-citizens of Heaven with them, by imitating thoſe divine ſpirits.

SINCE both the imagination and the memory, are faculties which have the moſt ſtrength, and moſt activity in children, it would be well to cultivate them from the very beginning, that we may communicate unto them as much knowledge of the things of their ſalvation, as is poſſible, and as they are capable of receiving.

SILENCE is neceſſary on many occaſions, but you muſt always be ſincere and courteous: You ought to retain ſome thoughts, but diſguiſe none.

AND, from the prayer of want, and plaint of woe,
O! never, never, turn away thine ear;
Forlorn, in this bleak wilderneſs below,
Ah! what were man, ſhould Heav'n refuſe to hear?
To others do (the law is not ſevere)
What to thyſelf thou wiſheſt to be done;
Forgive thy foes, and love thy parents dear,
And friends and native land; nor thoſe alone,
All human weal and woe learn thou to make thine own.

TRUE dignity is his, whoſe tranquil mind
Virtue has rais'd above the things below,
Who ev'ry hope and fear to Heav'n reſign'd,
Shrinks not, tho' adverſe winds may keenly blow.

WE ſhould be cautious and circumſpect in all our ways, and watchful over ourſelves, living in the fear of God all the day long, that we ſin not againſt him.

LET us all endeavour to be ſpiritually-minded, and ſet our affections on things above; ſubdue our paſſions, be peaceable and loving, meek, courteous, modeſt, teachable and governable, not wiſe in our own conceit, not wilful or ſtubborn.

We

WE must be contented with our present condition, not murmuring or repining at it, or either ambitiously or covetously seeking one more high or plentiful; neither fretting and vexing our own souls, nor envying others; but leaving freely all things to God's disposal, and submitting cheerfully to his providence.

MAY we wisely improve every talent that God has given us; doing as much good as we can with every thing, both to ourselves and others. We must shun sloth and idleness, vain pastimes, and superfluous recreations, costly vanities, unprofitable studies and employments.

IN the evening reason with thyself and say, how have I spent this day? Am I better than I was yesterday? Have I overcome any vice? and hath God's grace been effectual in me? if it has, then let my soul rejoice exceedingly, and ascribe to her Lord the glory of her good actions.

THE heart is the fountain, and our words are the streams; and if the fountain be muddy, the streams proceeding from it, cannot be clear.

BE my ambition only to excel
In the blest art, "the art of living well;"
Who this attains, bids sin and sorrow cease,
With hope looks Heav'n-ward, and shall die in peace.

ON A WATCH.

WHILE this gay toy attracts thy sight,
Thy reason let it warn;
And seize, my dear, that rapid time,
That never must return.
If idly lost, no art or care
The blessing can restore;
And Heav'n requires a strict account
For ev'ry misspent hour.
Short is our longest day of life,

And ſoon its proſpect ends,
Yet on that day's uncertain date
Eternity depends.
Yet equal to our being's aim
The ſpace to virtue giv'n;
And ev'ry minute, well improv'd,
Secures an age in Heav'n.

YIELDING to immoral pleaſures, corrupts the mind; living to animal and trifling ones, debaſes it; both, in their degree, diſqualify it for its genuine good, and conſign it over to wretchedneſs. Whoever would be really happy, muſt make the diligent and regular exerciſe of his ſuperior powers his chief attention, adoring the perfections of his Maker, expreſſing good will to his fellow-creatures, and cultivating inward rectitude.

THE greateſt honour you can pay to the author of your being, is by ſuch a cheerful behaviour, as diſcovers a mind ſatisfied with his diſpenſations.

THE ſcripture ſays, we are to forgive until ſeventy times ſeven; that is, perpetually, thoſe who do repent; and thoſe who do not repent, but perſiſt in injuring us, we are to pray for, and be willing to do acts of charity and humanity to them, when need requires; and not to revenge, but much rather to deſire their amendment, and by all reaſonable means promote reconciliation.

ONE part, one little part, we dimly ſcan,
Thro' the dark medium of life's fev'riſh dream,
Yet dare arraign the whole ſtupendous plan,
If but that little part incongruous ſeem.—
Nor is that part perhaps what mortals deem;
Oft from apparent ill our bleſſings riſe;
Oh! then, renounce that impious, ſelf-eſteem,
For thou art but of duſt; be humble, and be wiſe.

GOOD-

GOOD-NATURE is not of leſs importance to ourſelves than to others. The moroſe and petulant firſt feel the anguiſh that they give: Reproach, revilings and invective, are but the overflowings of their own infelicity, and are conſtantly again forced back upon their ſource.

The Ten Commandments.

RENOUNCE all other Gods, but only me,
And to no image bow thy heart or knee.
Take not the awful name of God in vain,
Nor e'er his holy ſabbath day prophane.
Honour thy parents, and thou long ſhalt live,
Commit not murder, but all wrongs forgive.
From filthy luſts, keep ſoul and body free,
Nor ſteal, tho' preſs'd by dire neceſſity.
Againſt thy neighbour, ne'er falſe witneſs bear,
Nor covet goods, in which thou haſt no ſhare.

From Pope's Eſſay on Man.

LO, the poor Indian! whoſe untutor'd mind
Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind;
His ſoul proud ſcience never taught to ſtray
Far as the ſolar walk, or milky way;
Yet ſimple nature to his hope has giv'n
Behind the cloud-topt hill, an humbler Heav'n;
Some ſafer world, in depth of woods embrac'd,
Some happier iſland in the watry waſte,
Where ſlaves once more their native land behold,
No fiends torment, no Chriſtians thirſt for gold.
To be content's his natural deſire,
He aſks no angel's wing, no ſeraph's fire,
But thinks, admitted to that equal ſky,
His faithful dog ſhall bear him company.

SO much have our common purſuits, which we plead as the means of ſupporting life, diverted men from the true ends for which they were ſent into the world, that the judicious and pious

pious, in all ages, ſince the time of Solomon, have readily ſubſcribed to his opinion, that all of them are indeed "vanity and vexation of ſpirit." For we find there are ſome who ſpend their whole time in grammar and rhetoric, or in learning to ſpeak well, without allowing themſelves any leiſure to ſtudy the more important concern of living well.

Others there are, who are ſo buſy in finding out the riddles of a logical ſphinx, that they examine all the trifles and impertinencies of reaſon, to find out what reaſon is, and in the ſearch thereof, oftentimes loſe themſelves and their reaſon too.

There are many, who, by arithmetic, learn to divide every thing into the moſt minute fractions, and yet do not know how to divide an halfpenny with a poor afflicted brother in the way of charity.

Many there are, who, by the help of geometry, can ſet limits to grounds, and ſeparate them from one another; can meaſure cities and countries, and yet cannot attain to any rule whereby they are enabled to meaſure themſelves.

The muſician can bring different voices and tones into one harmony, and yet all the while may have nothing that is harmonious in his own mind; nothing, which, by reaſon of its perturbation, does not run counter to all muſical meaſures.

The aſtronomer, whilſt with fixed eyes he looks up to Heaven, and attentively views the motion of the ſtars, very frequently ſtumbles into the next ditch; and while he is fortelling things to come, loſes thoſe that are preſent; for tho' with fixed eyes he looks up to Heaven, yet his mind is too much darkened and defiled with the mire of this world, to think of a better.

The philoſopher diſputes gravely and accurately, of the nature of things, and yet, perhaps, is no wiſer than a real child, as to the nature of himſelf, and the things of Heaven.

The phyſician takes care of the health of others, but as to the knowledge of the diſeaſes of his own mind, may be as blind as a beetle; he diligently watches the variations of his patient's pulſe, but how to cure the evil diſpoſitions, and wrong tempers, in himſelf, he knows and cares but little about them.

The hiſtorian has the Theban and Trojan wars at his fingers ends, but is almoſt wholly ignorant of a much higher concern, the proper knowledge of himſelf.

The

The lawyer, though he has ſpent whole years in the conſtruction and expoſition of human laws, for the government of others, is too often but little acquainted with that divine law which teaches and enjoins a ſtrict government over his own actions.

The theologiſt, earneſtly contends for, and diſputes about faith, but too ſeldom thinks of charity; he ſpeaks much of God, but to help his neighbour in time of need, has too little concern.

The merchant is very ſolicitous of gain from every port to which he can extend his trade, or in which he can obtain credit—yet ſeldom troubles his head in eſtabliſhing a correſpondence with that happy country, which offers the richeſt merchandize—that neither moth can corrupt, or thieves have power to ſteal.

The farmer, tho' daily exerciſed with much toil and fatigue, in breaking up and improving the moſt ſtubborn and rugged ſoils, with a view to a beneficial crop, yet how does he neglect, year after year, to break up and improve the barren ſoil of his own heart, which, without equal care and cultivation, will never produce that crop of good works, which makes truly rich, and adds no ſorrow.

Arts and ſciences do indeed weary the minds of men with continual labour, but yield them no true felicity.

It is religion, only, can regulate the heart—it cauſes it to melt in ſympathy with diſtreſs, or to glow with pleaſure at the happineſs of another—it is that alone can harmonize the mind,

"Attuning all its paſſions into peace."

The aſtronomer, if enlightened by it, muſt contemplate, with wonder and admiration, thoſe luminaries which his eye ſo often gazes on with pleaſure. The philoſopher too, when the wonders of nature are opened to his view, with what adoration and gratitude muſt he look to that great ſource from whence they flow! And in all profeſſions, how imperfect is man unleſs illumined by the bright rays of religion, which, like the glorious luminary, the ſun, will enlighten all our paths.

HYMN.

THE Lord my paſture ſhall prepare,
And feed me with a ſhepherd's care;
His preſence ſhall my wants ſupply,
And guard me with a watchful eye;
My noon-day walks he ſhall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

2.

When in the ſultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirſty mountain pant,
To fertile vales, and dewy meads,
My weary, wand'ring ſteps he leads,
Where peaceful rivers, ſoft and ſlow,
Amid the verdant landſkip flow.

3.

Tho' in the paths of death I tread
With gloomy horrors overſpread,
My ſtedfaſt heart ſhall fear no ill,
For thou, O Lord! art with me ſtill;
Thy friendly crook ſhall give me aid,
And guide me thro' the dreadful ſhade.

4.

Tho' in a bare and rugged way,
Thro' devious, lonely wilds I ſtray,
Thy beauty ſhall my pains beguile—
The barren wilderneſs ſhall ſmile,
With ſudden greens and herbage crown'd,
And ſtreams ſhall murmur all around.

NO thought is beautiful, which is not juſt; and no thought can be juſt, which is not founded in truth.

WE are apt to fancy, that we ſhall be happy and ſatisfied, if we poſſeſs ourſelves of ſuch and ſuch particular enjoyments; but either by reaſon of their emptineſs, or the natural inquietude of the mind, we have no ſooner gained one point, but we extend our hopes to another. We ſtill find new inviting ſcenes and landſcapes, lying behind thoſe which at a diſtance terminated our view.

IF

IF we hope for what we are not likely to poſſeſs, we act and think in vain, and make life a greater dream and ſhadow than it really is.

An Autumnal Reflection.

In fading grandeur, lo! the trees
Their tarniſh'd honour ſhed;
While every leaf-compelling breeze
Lays their dim verdure dead.
Ere' while they ſhot a vig'rous length,
Of flow'rs, and fruit, and green;
Now, ſhorn of beauty and of ſtrength,
They ſtand a ſhatter'd ſcene!
Ere' long the genial breath of ſpring
Shall all their charms renew;
And flow'rs, and fruit, and foliage bring,
All pleaſing to the view!
Thus round and round the ſeaſons roll,
In one harmonious courſe,
And pour convictions on the ſoul
With unremitting force.
Not ſuch is mans's appointed fate—
One ſpring alone he knows!
One ſummer, one autumnal ſtate,
One winter's dead repoſe.
Yet, not the dreary ſleep of death,
Shall e'er his pow'rs deſtroy,
But man ſhall draw immortal breath
In endleſs pain or joy.
Important thought!—oh mortal! hear
On what thy peace depends;
The voice of truth invites thine ear,
And this the voice ſhe ſends.
"When virtue glows with youthful charms,
How bright the vernal ſkies!
When virtue like the ſummer warms,
What golden harveſts riſe!"
When vices ſpring without controul,

What

What bitter fruits appear!
A wintry darkneſs wraps the ſoul
And horrors cloſe the year.
Let youth to virtue's ſhrine repair,
And men their tribute bring,
Old age ſhall loſe its load of care,
And death ſhall loſe its ſting.
Borne upwards on ſeraphic wing,
Their happy ſouls ſhall ſoar,
And there enjoy eternal ſpring,
Nor fear a winter more.

THERE is nothing in nature unworthy of a wiſe man's regard, becauſe the moſt inferior of all her productions, may, in ſome light or another, be made inſtrumental to his improvement.

☞ THERE is ſuch a cloſe affinity betwen a proper cultivation of a flower garden, and a right diſcipline of the mind, that it appears difficult for a rightly thoughtful perſon, that has made any proficiency in the one, to avoid paying a due attention to the other. That induſtry and care which are ſo requiſite to cleanſe a garden from all ſorts of weeds, will naturally ſuggeſt to him how much more expedient it would be to exert the ſame diligence in eradicating all ſorts of prejudices, follies and vices, from the mind, where they will be as ſure to prevail, without a great deal of care and correction, as common weeds in a neglected piece of ground. And as it requires more pains to extirpate ſome weeds than others, according as they are more firmly fixt, more numerous, or more naturalized to the ſoil; ſo thoſe faults will be found the moſt difficult to be ſuppreſſed, which have been of the longeſt growth, and taken the deepeſt root; which are more predominate in number, and moſt congenial to the conſtitution.

IF our common life is not a common courſe of humility, ſelf-denial, renunciation of the world, poverty of ſpirit, and Heavenly affection, we do not live the lives of Chriſtians.

WEAK

WEAK and imperfect men, ſhall, notwithſtanding their frailties and defects, be received, as having pleaſed God, if they have done their utmoſt to pleaſe him.

THE rewards of charity, piety and humility, will be given to thoſe whoſe lives have been a careful labour to exerciſe theſe virtues in as high a degree as they could.

VALUE no man but for his probity, and living up to the rules of piety and juſtice. If integrity does not make you proſperous, it will at leaſt keep you from being miſerable; for no man can be truly religious, that is not likewiſe conſcientiouſly juſt and honeſt.

A SOUND faith is the beſt divinity; a good conſcience the beſt law; and temperance the beſt phyſic.

A Soliloquy on Death.

TO die, is but to take a laſt farewel
Of life, and all its tranſitory cares;
To cloſe our eyes and ſhut out day forever.
Thus much we know: And that this frail exiſtence
Shall to its ſiſter earth again return,
To pulverize, and be diſſolv'd to nought.
To die (however awful ſeems the ſound)
Is but to lay us peaceful down to reſt,
Sink into ſleep, and waken in eternity.
Whence then proceeds this coward fear of death,
Theſe conſcience-working pangs, that plague us all,
And make us ſink, e'en to the grave itſelf,
At the bare mention? Has not that Great Cauſe,
The Eternal One, whoſe wiſdom cannot err,
From the beginning of the earlieſt time,
Declar'd, that man and all his race, ſhould die?
'Tis the eſſential paſſport that muſt bring
(No matter when, or how, or ſoon, or late)
All nature to that never-ending ſtate,
Which immortality alone can give.

The

The ſoul, then, as inſtructed from above,
Soon as it quits its lifeleſs, clay-cold corſe,
Mounts on the borrow'd ſilver plumes of Heav'n,
Thro' chequ'ring clouds, and ſoars above the ſtars.
But, oh! who dare enquire its fate decreed?
For Heav'n that knowledge interdicts to man,
And ſtupifies the buſy, wand'ring ſenſe,
That may attempt this ſecret to explore.

GRANT I may ever, at the morning ray,
Open with pray'r the conſecrated day;
Tune thy great praiſe, and bid my ſoul ariſe,
And with the mounting ſun aſcend the ſkies;
As that advances, let my zeal improve,
And glow with ardour of conſummate love;
Nor ceaſe at eve, but with the ſetting ſun
My endleſs worſhip ſhall be ſtill begun.

Extract from young's laſt Day.

HAVE angels ſinn'd, and ſhall not man beware?
How ſhall a ſon of earth decline the ſnare?
Not folded arms, and ſlackneſs of the mind,
Can promiſe for the ſafety of mankind:
None are ſupinely good: Thro' care and pain,
And various toils, the ſteep aſcent we gain.
This is the ſcene of combat, not of reſt,
Man's is laborious happineſs at beſt;
On this ſide death his dangers never ceaſe,
His joys are joys of conqueſt, crown'd with peace.

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